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# SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS :

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

VOLUME I.

Second Edition.

LONDON :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

DUBLIN :

ROBERT S. M'GEE, 35 LOWER SACKVILLE STREET;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1868.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## SECOND EDITION.

SURVIVING a First Edition and entering on a Second, is, to an author an accomplishment of comparative magnitude, on which frequently depends fame or oblivion; bright hopes of the future or gloomy shadows of the present, a continuance of a favourite pursuit or abandonment in chagrin and disappointment.

Although not naturally possessed of a nervous temperament, I must confess, I felt very considerable anxiety about my reception, and have been rewarded by the approbation of my readers, the rapid demand for the First Edition, and the favourable critiques of the Press which I append, as also rather an elaborate, certainly an enthusiastic one, in G. K. WHAMMOND'S household book, the valuable *Illustrated Historical Guide to Dublin, Wicklow, etc.*, and a generous retort to my satire on his engineering plan relative to Sandymount Strand.

The following copies of letters will prove the manner in which the Work has been appreciated in the very highest circles.

W. T. M.

21st May, 1868.

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*The Author has been favoured with the following communications.*

---

Sir Thomas Biddulph has received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to thank Mr. Meyler for sending his book, which Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept.

Buckingham Palace,  
6th April, 1868.

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Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W.  
April 6th, 1868.

SIR,

I am desired by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of two copies of your book, "Saint Catherine's Bells".

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HERBERT FISHER.

Walter Thomas Meyler, Esq.

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Viceregal Lodge, Dublin,  
April 6th, 1868.

SIR,

I am requested by the Marchioness of Abercorn to express her acknowledgments to you for the copy of your work, which you have been so kind as to send to her.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. HAYES.

W. T. Meyler, Esq.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"**SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS: An Autobiography.** By Walter Thomas Meyler. This is a very readable book, having a chapter for every taste--an incident amusing or startling to attract attention and rivet curiosity. It purports to be an autobiography, and is, in fact, the adventures of the writer in travels in various parts of the world. It is versatile in the subjects of which the author treats--now grave, now gay, now poetical, then philosophical. Dublin people who take an interest in local affairs, scenes, and anecdotes, and those who are fond of touring in general, will find this work amusing. Some lines to 'The Forget-me-not', and those descriptive of 'The Young Bride of Glashule', have pretty thoughts and freedom of versification. The book is such as an old citizen, with a touch of romance and a love of literature, old haunts, and old historical reminiscences, would feel pleasure in writing or in reading. Having 'done' Dublin and its suburbs in a sparkling and agreeable manner, he carries us to the far West, and treats us to some spirited ballads embodying incidents that occurred during the American war. 'The Federal Maiden's Dirge', and ballads of the chivalry of North and South, are of this kind. The sketches of London, Chelsea, and Liverpool have much interest. The travels of Mr. Meyler are, as we have said, varied in character, and the descriptions of all he saw and thought discursive, and have one great charm now-a-days--variety'.--*Saunders's Newsletter*.

"**SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS: An Autobiography.** By Walter Thomas Meyler. Mr. Meyler's latest production will, doubtless, create considerable interest in social and mercantile circles. We have not been able to discover why the volume is entitled 'St. Catherine's Bells', but we freely confess that we have not thoroughly read the peculiarly entertaining book. The eccentric style of Mr. Meyler's effusions has been developed in this book to the full. The autobiography certainly starts at the beginning, and the adventures of the youthful Meyler are detailed in a really amusing way. It never becomes tiresome. Mr. Meyler deals in the most generous manner with the characters and circumstances of the very many traders and merchants with whom he has had intimate social or business relations. The members, past and present, of the Town Council, the leading merchants and traders of the city, various 'professors' of vocal and other systems, are all dealt with, personal appearance being described with graphic skill. Perhaps the best hit in this very curious book is a glowing description of one of the most celebrated of our city bachelors', whose remarkable career and personal accomplishments have afforded Meyler scope for his most brilliant style. The author's 'wanderings' through the United States are sketched with considerable humour, and this portion of the volume adds to its interest and value'.--*Freeman's Journal*.

"This is a volume of reminiscences of travel and adventures, containing a lively account of men and things. In *St. Catherine's Bells* mention is made of many a notable character of whom the only record elsewhere is a laudatory epitaph seldom read. It is full of sketches dashed off in a moment, and will form a pleasant companion on the rail or by the fireside. We have only to add that the book is very neatly got up, both as respects typography and binding, and will, we anticipate, have a large sale'.--*Irish Times*.

"**SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS: An Autobiography.** By Walter Thomas Meyler, M.R.D.S.—This is one of the most interesting publications of the day, sparkling with wit, thrilling in its descriptive scenes of travel, glowing with gems of beauty, eloquent in style, and a model of composition, shedding a halo of beauty throughout its fascinations in poesy and prose; now creating laughter, again startling its readers with scenes of terror, or moistening their eyes with its pathos, impressed throughout with a spirit of truthfulness, and astonishing by its versatility. It is evidently the production of genius of a very high order. Its *delineations of character* are most interesting and humorous; gracefully descending from an altitude almost bursting with enthusiasm, to commercial sketches, interesting from their novelty and valuable from their information. The volume is full of scenes and descriptions, so varied, that in the author's own language in his prospectus, it is "a historical, literary, and descriptive work, suited for the boudoir, the drawingroom, the library, the counting-house, and a delightful companion from youth to age". The sketches of the Corporation, and embarkation at Liverpool, in rhyme, are full of interest and humour. *Forget-me-not*, *The Young Bride of Glashule*, *Evening at Sea near Cape Sable*, and *Now on board an Indian Bark*, are beautiful emanations from his lyre. *The Federal Maiden's Dirge* is melting with pathos; and the two epic ballads, *The Chivalry of the South* and *The Chivalry of the North*, rival Macaulay's *Lays of Rome*, with the great advantage of recording indisputable facts of the great Federal War. The travels in America thrill with interest. The sketches of London are brilliant and unique, and the City of the Dead, Liverpool, is a masterpiece of composition".--*Whammond's Illustrated Historical Guide*.

## PREAMBLE TO SECOND EDITION.

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### BELFAST OR CORK THE MODERN ATHENS.

CAN it be the charming scenery of the River Lee, with its picturesque banks and islets, or its southern aspect and o'erhanging elevations protecting it from north-east and north-west winds (those grim engenderers of bronchitis and various other direful ills which flesh is heir to), which has brought out in world-wide bold relief the genius of the natives of "Cork's own town"? Certainly the city itself has no pretensions to beauty, and its natives long since styled it "the cess-pool of Ireland"; nor is the petty village of Sunday's Well anything to boast of; and the County Lunatic Asylum, a little further up the stream, presents rather a gloomy prospect of the march of intellect. Neither does the aristocratic portion of the city, on the heights of Glanmire Road, from its architectural style or outlying streets, attract attention, having as much the appearance of a fortification as the adjoining barracks. Yet her sons, by their genius, have acquired a fame rarely achieved among the heterogeneous races inhabiting our island. The emblematic sunburst of the ancient Firbolgs would appear to have found reality in the capital of Munster, whose sons have shed a lustre on science and art. The Orrery, planned by the viscount of that name, is too well known to require comment; the great painter Barry was attended at his funeral by the first nobility of England, who

gloried in being his pall-bearers; succeeded by Maclise, Hogan, Robert Mannix, Frank Mahony, Joseph Brennan, Sir Thomas Deane, William Kirby Sullivan, and a host of others, in art, literature, poetry, and eloquence.

I have been led to these observations by the assumption of our industrious, thriving, and enterprising spindle-weaving neighbours of Belfast styling their straggling town on the banks of the very unromantic and muddy Lagan "the modern Athens". It certainly has produced clever and enterprising men as manufacturers and merchants, especially as buccaneers during the American war; some successful professionals, as Cairns, Whiteside, and Napier; but the oratory of lawyers is more an acquirement than a gift. I often imagined the title was assumed from the philippics of my old Kilmainham fellow-prisoner John Rea; but as he is all pluck and principle, and Demosthenes was an arrant coward and, I believe, a knave, seeking the gilded smiles of his opponent by his badinage, I could not discover the affinity; and, as a last effort at conjecture, I surmise it was in admiration of the laws of Draco, "written in blood"—the tragic muse being their patroness; or in their astonishment at seeing the representation of Bottom, the Athenian weaver (comedy with them being a novelty), and so delighted and tickled were they with the idea, that they dubbed their town the representative of the equally famous one which raised Titania's donkey.

Demosthenes sucking pebbles on the sea-shore; Grattan addressing his hat placed on the stump of an old hazel tree at Celbridge, and scaring the singing-birds; Curran rolling his great eyes at his mother's bare-footed barmaid, and whistling the "Rakes of Mallow" to practise euphony; White-



side swinging his lanky arms before the mirror, and wincing at the exhibition; Napier, stuck under a rookery, endeavouring to hear the crows warbling, and gazing at their elevation; Dowse screaming at old women, to practise modulation (well if he and others practised *moderation* also); Francis Fitzgerald sniffing iodine from sea-weed, to clear his nasal organ; Armstrong bellowing at a bull calf in rivalry; or Sullivan, like Richard the Third, watching his shadow, to practise graceful evolutions; proves the intense and irksome labour to be overcome before "entering an appearance". But unless the genius of music, poetry, painting, and sculpture is evidenced in early life, it is folly to attempt their pursuits.

The declamation or oratory of a lawyer rarely approaches eloquence—so rarely that when Isaac Butt or Denis Caulfield Heron are opening or closing a heavy case, the court is crowded with old and young practitioners, to listen; and Phillips' celebrated diatribe in the case of ——— v. General Sterne has been a model of denunciation and pathos for the bar in cases where the sanctity of domestic ties has been outraged; whilst the public have been relieved from the platitudes of Whiteside, the bullying of Brewster, and the botheration of Napier, by their being pitchforked into office through a change of ministry.

Belfast men conceiving Devis Hill to be Mount Parnassus reminds me forcibly of Pyramus and Thisbe's wall, and "Roar, lion, roar!"

Men of Belfast! call your town Sparta, if you must be classical; and be not angered if I style Cork, the nursery of genius, arts, and eloquence—

## IRISH GEMS IN HALLS OF BACCHUS AND TERPSICHORE.

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A DECORATOR.

Thirsty individuals, whether teetotallers or alcohol imbibers, who have visited some of the handsome drinking saloons of our city, must have been surprised—and, with a taste for the fine arts, delighted—at the cartoons in oil embellishing their walls, which for beauty of design, harmony of colouring, correctness of portraiture and perspective, have not been surpassed, or perhaps equalled, by artists in the same line; and were we unfortunately inundated with “burnt ashes”, as were Herculaneum and Pompeii, and discovered by the “New Zealander of after ages”, should he dive into Fortune’s (Capel Street), Bloxam’s (Essex Street), or P. Ryan’s (Hawkin’s Street), and discover their decorations, he would rub his eyes, clap his hands, dance an Irish jig, and send protocols of his great archaeological discovery throughout the globe, and, if the “creature comforts” had not evaporated, imbibe goblets of “the native” until he danced “a reel”.

The artist must have closely studied the celebrated Sir James Thornton’s decorations in Whitehall and Greenwich Hospital, and his works, although on a far minor scale, are fully equal;—in fact, if he was disembodied, and his spirit floating in other regions, the owner of those beautiful cartooned walls would have them carefully varnished and enclosed in glass cases for the advent of the New Zealander and other distinguished antiquarians and connoisseurs, and

Robert Mannix's fame be sent onwards to the millennium with Michael Angelo's and Raffael's.

The productions of our modern native artists in portraiture within the past quarter century have equalled some of the best specimens of the old or modern school of paintings in oil, as the glories of Hogan and Foley have done in the sister art of sculpture. Maclise's "Gil Blas", purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel for a thousand guineas, is a gem in the gallery of his successor; the numerous beauties of Shee and Rothwell; Crowley's "Cup-tossing"; W. H. Collier's "Winter Morn" and "The Ransom"; Haverty's "O'Connell", in the possession of Michael Hanrahan, Sandymount; William Howis's portrait of the Author; George Sharpe's "Schoolboy" in the National Gallery; and W. H. Burton's "Blind Girl", in water colours, have been gazed at by thousands of visitors, in the Royal Hibernian Academy and elsewhere, with admiration.

Passing the music establishment of Gunn and Sons, Grafton Street, on the 5th May, 1868, my attention was attracted by a crowd of spectators at the window, when, elbowing my way in the midst, I was astonished at the full-sized portrait of our recent visitor the Prince of Wales. Never before had I witnessed a more faithful delineation. So life-like in figure, face, blue eyes, hair, beard, expression, and repose. If placed in a vista with suitable light, and viewed through "a Chancellor Binocular", instead of a work of human creation, the optical illusion would appear as the living presence. I gazed with intense interest at this noble work, and on inquiring the artist's name, I was not surprised when informed it was

ROBERT MANNIX, THE DECORATOR.

## CUPID AMONGST THE ATHLETES.

Having terminated my first inspection of Mannix's masterpiece, I strolled to the College Park, to view the revived "Lacedemonian" sports; and, certainly, if old Lycurgus was peeping from his cloud, he must have been agreeably astonished at the array, notwithstanding the departure from his undraped system.

Had the day been specially ordained for the occasion, it could not have been finer. The sun beamed with radiant smiles; a light cloud occasionally flitted before his brilliancy, and, assisted by a gentle zephyr, tempered to mildness the atmosphere, which otherwise would have been tropical.

Taking my position on an elevation near the Park wall, the *coup d'oeil* was truly magnificent. Twenty thousand spectators, three-fourths of them the gentler sex, were circled round the scene of operations, and certainly the galaxy of beauties, adorned with all the grace of fashion suited for so brilliant a day, shed a lustre which must have astonished and delighted old Phoebus, as it did the writer and all who witnessed it. The sports themselves were but indifferent, and there was a tedium about them which would have been irksome, were it not for the other attractions—shooting bolts of a more exquisite nature than sluggish hammers or meandering bowls. Certainly the blind and winged little imp was field-marshal of the day.

On leaving the park, a friend introduced me to see the prizes at Ellis's, Sackville Street; and again I had an opportunity of seeing beautiful specimens of native art which

would be a credit to Storr's, and have decidedly added a laurel to the fame of our enterprising and affable fellow-citizen Ellis.

The prizes manufactured by Francis Ellis consist of the medical one, the largest ever competed for in Trinity College. It is a splendid epergne, 26 inches in height, representing an Egyptian palm tree, the stems gracefully entwined, with drooping leaves at the top and base, standing on an elegant plateau;—two corresponding pieces, and several very handsome cups, engraved with the college arms and the winners' names.

That rascal Cupid, like Queen Mab or the leprechaun, is not to be trapped, although himself the prince of trappers. Our ancient erudite Trinity Fellow and Bursar, Dr. Todd, could he but "wing" him after that day's proceedings, would be disposed to enchain him in "blood-stones" strung by Ellis, and employ him turning the College "spit", that he might be roasted as a punishment for his tricks.

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### SIR BENJAMIN LEE GUINNESS, BART.

In closing this preamble to my second edition, I join in the melancholy duty of mourning the decease of the above amiable noble-minded peer of the people, a laudatory sketch of whom I inserted in my first edition. On the 19th May, in London, he fell the victim of his arduous attendance to his public duties in the overcrowded, ill-ventilated, and circumscribed chamber of the House of Commons.





TO

EDWARD LITTON, ESQ., M.C.

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DEAR SIR,

Entertaining the highest sentiment of respect for the gentler sex, I first thought of soliciting the favour of one of our fair countrywomen to become my patroness, and permit the dedication of my work to her; but when in London, in 1866, I sought permission from two ladies of distinguished rank to dedicate some poems on the great American War to them, and in accepting a composition on a different subject, they graciously declined my proffered homage. As a bashful Irishman, I dreaded the idea of a third refusal, and rest satisfied in securing the patronage of a man who through life has been one of their most gallant cavaliers.

Having been my father's heir-at-law to the celebrated chancery suit of Hall and Meyler *v.* Raymond of Dromin, in which, after twenty-five years' litigation, an adverse judgment was given by a chancellor who never heard the case, and having afterwards been ruined more than once by chancery and law proceedings, you may consider it strange that I should select a lawyer as my leader on the present occasion.

Years since I heard of your fame at the bar; and who, conversant with the history of public men, does not remember the manly, honest, and facetious Edward Litton, member for Coleraine?

About the year 1858 I was introduced into your court as a defendant in the suit of *Collvile v. Hall and Meyler*, of which more anon. On one occasion, owing to the gross neglect of my solicitor in instructing a junior barrister, I was obliged to tell you my counsel knew nothing of the case, and you kindly permitted me to plead on my own behalf for nearly an hour. Between precedents, affidavits, and old chancery practice, the result was a judgment adverse to me, under penalty of attachment. You evidently appreciated my efforts to defend myself, and granted me a month to pay. In leaving your crowded court, you called me back and said: "Meyler, if I have to send you to the Marshalsea, I shall go and dine with you". To which I replied: "By Jove, Master, if you do, you will have to bring the prog along with you". The observation showed the kindly feeling of the judge; my retort courteous, the prospective position of a suitor in chancery.

That day's proceedings created silent sentiments of friendship between us; for on meeting you a few days afterwards in Grafton Street, you favoured me with a

most gracious salute, which has been renewed on several occasions since, and which I appreciate the more as the effluence of sterling worth, not of superficial civility

The ordinary opinion of mankind is strongly prejudiced against members of your profession; but with the run of men the waving of a feather would make them take the converse view: there are few more popular personations on the stage than that of Portia in Shylock; but the character being represented by a woman may account for public sympathy. As in all grades of society, venal men have been often found amongst its members, some of the brightest ornaments of our country have also illuminated its ranks. In seeking a noble-minded, honourable man, I applied to you to become my sponsor, to which you kindly and promptly acceded; and I now dedicate my first volume of SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS to

EDWARD LITTON, ESQ.,

Master in Chancery.

I remain, dear Sir,

Ever faithfully yours,

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER.





## INTRODUCTION.

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It is a novel course of procedure, as the lawyers say, for an author to introduce his biography with one of the most recent movements of an eventful life; but the circumstances occurred so recently, and my address to the Corporation forming a short epitome of a considerable portion of my career (to a certain extent serving the purpose of an index), I claim indulgence for a course which may be considered erratic, especially by those readers who steadily peruse a book from its commencement, carefully avoiding any allusion to its termination until arrived at in proper course; nay, so tenacious are some about destroying the gradual effect of the denouement, that they cautiously abstain from learning by conversation the finality, treasuring it as an anticipated morceau.

In my case, having written the address for a different purpose, it struck me forcibly as an excellent source of introduction to my readers, and I give it in accordance with that feeling. Having in my address promised a notice of our corporate men, I commence with the succeeding sketches in rhyme, as a preliminary which is likely to be supplemented throughout the work in their position as citizens also; and having obtained a short introduction to the Council, I propose paying occasional visits to the reporters' gallery. The lines were composed in one of those eccentric evolutions of mind to which all authors are fitfully subject, almost forcing the composing

stick into operation to "catch waifs and strays", ere they become evanescent. The style may be considered crude; but in recording the proceedings, and in the short personal sketches, I was influenced by nothing like adverse feelings; on the contrary, I respect individually the representatives of our City Commonwealth, and feel proud of an institution which thirty years since was considered Utopian. Notwithstanding the acidity of style in which they are mentioned by individuals who blame them for supposed shortcomings, such as muddy highways, defective light, sewage, and water, enormous taxation (the latter a favourite hobby), they lose sight or are totally ignorant of the fact that their predecessors of the old school left them an enormous incubus of debt, incurred by mismanagement; nor do we forget that a century since, the trustees of the Corporation property (now called the Fitzwilliam Estate, and worth forty thousand pounds per annum), were outwitted at Mount Merrion by the proposed lessee, who had 999 years filled in the deeds instead of 99, which was duly executed by the civic deputies under the influence of a convivial soiree; and not many years after, the entire slobbs called the North Lotts, extending from the Liffey at the Custom-House and the Light House at North Wall to the sea at Wharf Road, Clontarf, after having been reclaimed from the estuary of the Liffey at enormous expense, were coolly parcelled out in lots amongst the different corporate members.

The difficulties of road-making are nowhere more apparent than in London, the great emporium of wealth and improvements. Pass at any hour of the day through the Poultry, Cheapside, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to Charing Cross; you will almost invariably

witness the falling of a cab or omnibus horse on the large block slippery pavement, and in two cases out of three the destruction of the animals. In wet weather Leadenhall, Gracechurch, Bishopsgate, King William, and Cannon Streets, Mile End and Commercial Roads in the east, City Road, Oxford Street, Goswell Street, Euston, Caledonian, Gray's Inn, Camberwell Roads, Piccadilly, Regent Street, and other great thoroughfares in the north and west, form immense conduits of liquified mud, composed of pulverized shingling.

Miles of our city streets have, as a matter of necessity, been opened for the Vartry pipes; and it is not generous, but the contrary, to attack the Corporation for results which are unavoidable; and so thoughtless is public opinion on the subject, that in railing at the mud in the streets and the Vartry scheme, they forget altogether the composition of the mud on which the citizens have been fattening for ages: let them visit the Grand Canal opposite James's basin, and the Royal Canal opposite Blessington one, and see the nauseous abominations conveyed right into them from manure boats, dead dogs, decomposed human bodies, etc., and they would blush at reviling the superhuman efforts to supply the city with pure water, one of the most essential elements of life. Drink the Canal water as it is, and you swallow filth and animated nature; boil it, and you drink a decoction of poison; whilst wherever the cool, crystal Vartry water has been introduced, people of all classes receive it as a manifold blessing. Ratepayers must remember, for the list of taxes is on their receipts, that of the heavy amount levied, only two shillings and four pence apply to Corporation purposes of paving, lighting, sewage, etc.: the remainder is absorbed in poor rates, police rate, grand

jury cess, and income tax. The water is a distinct rate, and few will complain of it; but in levying the taxes the rating value is fixed at less than one-half of the letting, exclusive of repairs and insurance.

Committee No. One have all but finished the draining of the entire city with new sewerage on the most improved principles, and when supplemented by proper regulation of the Liffey, and the Water Works are complete, the Corporation will have performed two Herculean tasks of which any nation may be proud, proving the power and value of municipal institutions, now established in almost every town and village in Ireland. No doubt irrelevant matters are sometimes introduced in the debates, but the public must remember that many of the present council were educated in the political faith of having the "Old House at Home" reopened in College Green, and in their disappointment have adopted the not unnatural proceeding of introducing subjects in the only assembly they could address with any prospect of being reported by the press to make or retain political capital. Party feuds, the natural result of antagonism between ins and outs in parliament and elsewhere, have nearly died out, and it is questionable if the cessation of constitutional opposition to a moderate extent in the body politic, might not lead to *inertia*, and deprive the citizens of the piquant, business-like, and eloquent addresses emanating from such men as the late Francis Codd, Sir John Gray, Woods Maunsell, the late Alderman John Martin, and John Reynolds, who (notwithstanding a little unpopularity with a few parties) in parliament, the Municipal Council, or on a popular platform, has been one of our cleverest men. His independence was proved by the manner in which he met

his chief, O'Connell, on the seven days' keen discussion on the Borough Rate, in the early days of the reformed Corporation, in which he defeated his old leader. His maiden speech in Parliament, on the Banking Question, astonished the English and Scotch members, and met the unanimous admiration of his countrymen; to him the depositors were indebted for payment of ten shillings in the pound by government, on the amounts out of which they were swindled in the Cuffe Street Savings' Bank; and to him they owe the abolition of city attachments, which, during the terrific existence of the system, weekly crowded the *Gazette* with bankrupts and insolvents of the most industrious classes. I would say, by all means let his name appear on the pedestal of his chieftain's statue at the City Hall, and bury all old acerbities in oblivion. Bigotry has disappeared altogether, and a short time since, John Norwood, an eminent member of the conservative party, moved and unanimously carried a resolution to defray the expense of fitting up sittings in Marlborough Street Cathedral for the Roman Catholic Lords Mayor, Members of Council, and Officers, contrasting forcibly with twenty years past, when O'Connell was threatened with a criminal prosecution if he dared to enter the same building with the collar of S.S.

Whilst acting on the noble old Roman principle of welcoming estimable immigrants from every clime to enrol themselves amongst us as citizens, it is scarcely fair to attempt forcing a monopoly of "too much honour" even on such men as William Lane Joynt, by endeavouring to elect them a second year to the office, when men like Joseph Casson, Richard J. Devitt, Henry Maclean, John Draper, James Plunket, Joseph Manning, James Crotty, John French (the Joe Hume of the house),



Philip Redmond, P. Dolan, Michael Murphy, and many others have not passed the chair. R. J. Devitt has special claims: besides being one of the most energetic men in the Council, he proved his value as an indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the last Famine Committee in conjunction with Major Knox. In all metropolitan cities immigrants from the provinces, to a considerable extent, elbow natives out of their way. More than a moiety of our chief magistrates have been selected from amongst them, but our native citizens have proved ornaments to their position. Sir Benjamin L. Guinness, Bart., M.P. for the city, distinguished his year of office by the most unbounded hospitality, and his extraordinary munificence in rebuilding Saint Patrick's Cathedral, at an expense approaching two hundred thousand pounds, has made his name renowned in every civilized land. At the express desire of the Queen, he was created a baronet in 1867, and my readers will find several interesting sketches concerning him in the present work. He is decidedly our first citizen. The late George Roe, Richard Atkinson, and Robert Kinahan won high favour in their public capacity, and were universally beloved as private citizens; and there is no man more deservedly popular than Alderman John Campbell. Of the provincials, Alderman Moylan has been distinguished for urbanity and unostentatious ability; and the late Sir Timothy O'Brien, Bart., was decidedly one of the most able business men, and so much appreciated as to have been twice elected to the office of chief magistrate. Amongst the conservative members the late Alderman John Martin of Gardiner Street, a man of a very high order of intellect, excellent business habits, and an eloquent debater, was so highly esteemed that his premature demise in the

prime of life was lamented by all parties, and his funeral attended by the Lord Mayor and Corporation.

Sir John Gray, a native of that country which at one period was the alternative of being sent to a warmer region, declined the civic throne, but I presume modestly awaits the period when the pipes can play and the fountains stream forth *jet deaus* in honour of the occasion. It is to be regretted Major Knox retired from the council. The Hector of the Dublin press, he was well pitted against its Ulysses, Sir John Gray, and their keen encounters on various occasions of importance, were advantageous to the citizens, directing their attention to municipal affairs from political ones, which have too long absorbed their attention. Victors or vanquished, on returning to their own citadels, they oftentimes plunged the quiver to the feather, not in blood, but ink, to place their conflict of opinion before readers of their broad sheets. Although not in the council, he keeps a sharp look out to its proceedings, and in giving it every credit for wise acts, he has no hesitation in criticizing what might be considered otherwise. Courteous and popular, it was a mistake to allow his leaving the council without having first passed the civic chair.

“Vavasour Square, Dublin, Dec. 1867.

“APPOINTMENT OF CITY MARSHAL.

“*To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the Corporation of Dublin.*

“MY LORD AND GENTLEMEN,

“I take leave to propose for the vacant situation of CITY MARSHAL, and would have done so on the previous occasion, but for the candidature of our late respected and lamented friend Martin Crean.



“Having for many years been one of the most extensive merchants and rate payers in the city, and also one of its freemen; being in the prime of life and health, of active habits, well acquainted with business, and a first-class accountant; I feel I have some claim to the appointment, and seek it on simple principles of merit and fair play.

“For some years, ending 1862, I was a fifty pound freeholder for the Bessborough Estate, West Road; I was also leaseholder of Bay View House, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Bay View, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 Charleville Avenue, Nos. 49 and 50 Bay View Avenue, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Foster Street; the Lands of Love's Charity; and six acres of the Blessington Estate, Ballybough Road, which latter I held under the Court; all of which were rated for city taxation, but which, from chancery and law proceedings, I was obliged to dispose of in 1861 and in 1862, at great sacrifices.

“When I first commenced as a merchant in my twenty-fourth year, I turned half a million sterling per annum, in Eustace Street, Temple Lane, and Cope Street, all rated premises; from 1847 to 1850, I had one-third share in the firm of Foxall and Barrington; and for some years, terminating in 1853, I was head of the firm of Thomas Barrington & Co., Eustace Street, Nos. 8, 9, and 10 Temple Lane, 11 Fownes's Street, and 6 Dame Lane, also paying heavy rates to the Corporation. I paid salaries and wages to the amount of £2,500 per annum, and in my private capacity, until 1861, about £300 per annum for wages at the north side. I have been for more than twenty-five years a member of the Chamber of Commerce; am a life member of the Royal Dublin Society, and am personally known to many respected members of your Council.

“As a rate payer in the city, you will find my name in the *Directory* for twenty-five years; living in Portlaw Terrace, Manor Street, in 1862–63 I was connected with the press; in 1864–65 I followed literary pursuits in Vavasour square; in 1866 I was in London; and this year I have been preparing a work having special reference to the city, its corporate, professional, and commercial men.

“I will not trespass on you with a personal canvass, believing you will be influenced solely for the public service in selecting the candidate you consider most suitable, and respectfully soliciting your votes for the appointment, should you deem me competent,

“I remain, my Lord and Gentlemen,

“Your obedient servant,

“WALTER THOMAS MEYLER”.

#### ELECTION OF CITY MARSHAL.

*City Hall, Dublin, 23rd December, 1867.*

To elect a marshal with cocked hat  
 And truncheon bold to ride before him,  
 The Lord Mayor in grave council sat,  
 With city fathers congregate,  
 A crowded quorum.  
 For weeks before poor Crean's last hour,  
 To give them the cocked hat and feathers,  
 Some candidates were all astir,  
 And bored to death our city fathers.

#### THE COUNCIL.

Sir John Gray of the Vartry scheme,  
 Which, if it fails, destroys his fame;  
 Or if to kitchen or to garret,  
 To housetop, fountain, or to closet,  
 The Wicklow Mountain stream pipes in,  
 Will hail him as the Knight of Glen.  
 Near the vast basin strong, if true,  
 Which holds our cups of mountain dew,

Condensed by that great chemist, nature,  
 Fit stuff to blend with drops of crathur,  
 And spite the doubters and the scoffers,  
 Old grumblers and sneering laughers,  
 We'll place his statue in the hall,  
 And on a pedestal as well,  
 That unborn races there may see  
 The effigy of Sir John Gray,  
 Who grasped the clouds in Vartry span,  
 To benefit his fellow man.

Con. Dennehy of High Street fame, and banker's terror, too;  
 James Whelan with straightforward aim, but crotchety also;  
 John French, the Mountjoy councillor, a sturdy, zealous wight,  
 Who with dead knowledge works amain to keep our taxes light.  
 Those three in concert often pull, armed cap-a-pie,  
 Reminding us of ancient times and famed Thermopylæ.  
 Now like a mighty torrent rushes the lagging crowd  
 Of aldermen and councillors, and in the chamber spread.  
 Stout Devitt takes the Lord Mayor's right, and sticks close to the chair,  
 With eyes askance and anxious glance to guess how he'd fit there.  
 Joe Casson's tall and manly form, erect as mountain fir,  
 Moves on beside famed H. Maclean, nuisance abolisher.  
 James Bolger and Joe Butler, two jovial men of weight,  
 Crush Michael Carey in between, and nearly seal his fate.  
 But Peter Street and Exchange Ward retain that worthy still,  
 Good councilman, good counsellor, where way is he has will.  
 Bob Callow, though a wheeler, wheels into proper place.  
 James Crotty, though an alderman, moves on with modest grace.  
 John Byrne, though a banker, is oft a van man here,  
 A daring leader in the fight produced in civic war,  
 Nor oft retires in vanquishment: with tact and steady aim,  
 A sportsman true, he keeps in view to bag his little game.  
 P. Dolan to the civic chair directs his dark brown eye,  
 And if once there, *naboklish*, sir, he'd make the rhyno fly;  
 John Draper's grave intelligence shows him a proper man.  
 In Peter Finnegan's bluff face true honesty is plain.  
 Around the council chamber each member takes his seat,  
 L. Eakins from Rotundo Ward, Norwood from Nelson Street,  
 M. Gavacan from Arran Quay, Joseph, and Long, and Ryan,  
 Rochford, and Sykes, and Sullivan, and Warren,  
 Owens, and Mackey, O'Rorke, O'Reilly, Wallace,

M'Grath, and Meagher, Matthews from Russell Place ;  
Lalor, and Keating, Mackey, Purdon, Lombard,  
Hamilton, Barrington, Jameson, and Leonard.  
From Linen Hall Ward, Michael Murphy dashes,  
Active as when he first surveyed the mashes ;  
Will. Carroll, Lord elect, prepares for coming state.  
Last councillor, not least concise when in debate,  
Sage Philip Redmond takes his vacant seat.  
Make way ! make way for Aldermen ! a host is coming on,  
John Reynolds, veteran in the fight at many a civic din,  
John Campbell and D. Moylan, move stately in the throng,  
As ex-Lord Mayors they feel the weight of honour on them strong.  
And, sooth to say, they worthily maintained their elevation  
With all due credit and renown in their exalted station.  
Next, Joe M'Cann an alderman, of peaceful quiet turn ;  
And sturdy independence in James Plunket we discern ;  
John Ousely Bonsall, knight of the woeful face,  
Since Torydom has met its doom, and here is out of place.  
J. W. Mackey, ex-Lord Mayor, moves on with vacant glance,  
The bauble glory 's passed away as in a byegone trance ;  
Joe Manning bears his honour meek, nor time wastes in debate,  
Or vapid declamations, or discussions out of date.  
Whilst Laurence Reynolds, with good sense, his silent vote records,  
Hugh Tarpey works the oracle with trite and honeyed words ;  
And Gregg and Durdin, men of note upon the civic roll,  
Perform their duties so discreet as rarely to embroil.  
But Peter Paul 's conspicuous by absence from his post,  
Oh ! where, and oh ! where are MacSwiney and his host,  
With boars' heads on their banners ? stout galloglasses grim,  
Their occupation 's passed away, and he has gone to Rome,  
Having married his fair daughter to a prince of high degree,  
First cousin to two monarchs, and possibly to three.  
Bravo ! bravo ! Clonmel's fair maid, born on the banks of Suir,  
Eight centuries after Brian's death you 've proved the Celtic power  
In conquering a Danish knight, now captive in your bower ;  
But if you think of ancient lays, of Brian and the slain,  
Fair princess, pray, remember now that you are half a Dane.  
Oh ! may our ancient party feuds, dividing race from race,  
Submit thus to fair beauty's power, as minister of peace !  
May Norman, Saxon, Celt, and Dane, as brethren be united,  
And drive away those ills that prey on our island now benighted.

And now to business they attend, the case is read aloud  
By Lord Mayor Joynt, in silvery tones, of Limerick the pride.  
The salary, seven fifty pounds, advertised to the winner,  
Had been cut down by bargaining to buy a favourite runner.  
John Martin, who was feathered well, required another pinion  
Plucked from opposing candidate to stay in his dominion.  
Six fifties now are offered to the aspirants who remain,  
And each is called to sign a deed of penalty and pain.  
An hour was spent in balloting, four hours in debate,  
Oh! why not, ere poor Crean died, say who should have his hat?

When I became a candidate, I was not aware that for weeks before an active canvass had been carried on, nor did I know who the candidates were. Two parties, on making up their books, agreed to an arrangement. I made no personal canvass for votes, and return my best thanks to the unknown friend who kindly gave me ONE. The appointment was virtually filled by agreement of the favourites, and only required the sanction of the Council.

Michael Angelo Hayes, the gentleman who obtained the appointment, is an ornament to his profession as an artist, has been twice lord mayor's secretary, and made a most respectable appearance in his official capacity. I would suggest that such appointments, open to public competition, should be made in a more straightforward manner, as it is inconsistent for members of a public institution, such as the corporation, to pledge themselves to any particular candidate before others are put in nomination. It would have been far more generous if the fifty pounds per annum thus tossed from one official to another, had been conferred on the widow of Martin Crean, who only enjoyed the office for about twelve months.

In introducing myself to my readers, I have dilated on subjects which I trust will not be considered inopport-

tune in connection with the noble city of which I have the honour to be a native, and conclude my introduction in the faith that any shortcomings, inconsistencies, or outre opinions will be received by my readers with kindness and forbearance.

I may mention I commenced this work in 1863: my readers will perceive that I have carried it down to the present year, 1868.

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER.





# SAINT CATHERINE'S BELLS :

## An Autobiography.

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A L O N G   R A N G E

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4 C. M., B. 11, 12.

THE story of my life, the chimes which now are sounding musically in my ears, and fluttering my spirit with bygone scenes—recollections of childhood, of boyhood, of adolescence, of youthful joys and youthful sorrows—scenes of schoolboy days, scenes of travel—the loveliness of nature, the joyousness of life, of existence, of friendship, of love; the world as it has been to me, chequered, fitful; now gliding with rays of hope, of sunshine, of success; again, lowering with the gloom of disappointment, of trial, of torture, but never of despair.

Before me in the family annals, on the first page of an old Bible, lies a record of my birth and birthplace, the fond memoranda of an amiable and attached mother, who died in the prime of her existence, just when her sons and daughters were progressing upwards. Here of her first-born, on the 29th January, 1813, at 15 Portland Street, in the Parish of Saint Catherine, Walter Thomas Meyler, baptized in Catherine's Church—fifty years since. What a period for retrospection!

The harbour of the Grand Canal was at that period the great centre of traffic for the south-west, and the pioneers of progress had years long past penetrated the important district of country to Shannon Harbour. At the period

of their commencement, an immense advance in similar undertakings, carried out principally by the private enterprise of merchants, professionals, small capitalists, caught by the glowing prospects of the enterprise, and faithfully believing, from the inducements for investment held out by the projectors, they had discovered an El Dorado. Grand Canal scrips were issued, deposits paid, chairman and directors appointed, further calls made and paid up, debentures issued, and Grand Canal shares appeared on the Stock Exchange. It was in those days a Herculean undertaking. The first private citizens, judges, lawyers, merchants, widows, spinsters, and executors rushed to assist at the diggings with their offerings. The task was commenced and carried out. The harbours at the Shannon and James's Street and Ringsend were formed, and the whole undertaking was carried out with energy and good faith. The directors, officers, engineers, contractors, performed their several duties in the most satisfactory manner, and the canal and its three entrepôts form a monument of the enterprise and skill of our predecessors. They formed one branch of the pioneers of civilization, and carried out a project as perfect this day as when completed. But alas for the debenture holders! the entire capital was exhausted in the undertaking, and exercising their borrowing powers to a very considerable extent, money was procured from parliament, of course, as a first charge; but the Irish parliament, during its brief independent existence, from 1782, acted in the most generous patriotic spirit, and made advances to a large extent to encourage native manufacture and enterprise. The linen manufacturers of the North, cotton manufacturers and hosiers of Balbriggan, those of Prosperous and Kilkenny; in fact, wherever *bona fide* application was

made to forward and foster the industrial developements of the country, the purse strings of the nation were freely opened, without a forethought of having to foreclose their mortgages; nevertheless, the shares remained seriously depreciated from that period until within the last ten or twelve years past, when, by an improved management and economy, from having been down to all but Zero, they are now, I think, quoted at about £40 per share, and the weekly revenue averaging about £900.

The apartments, letter B, Nos. 11 and 12, in the Four Courts Marshalsea, from which I now write as a prisoner, are within gunshot of the home of my paternity; and with a feeling to record past scenes and localities which I often purposed to do, I seize on the opportunity to gratify my long desire, and occupy my mind in such a chaotic region for the intelligence and industry of the system as the position presents, tending to reduce it to listlessness, recklessness, idleness, idiocy, insanity, and death, all of which phases I have seen innumerable, and which hideous termination to all my intense and unceasing exertions to attain an honourable independence throughout my career of life, I trust to escape from. My recollection at this moment brings me back to about the year 1818, when I was in my fifth year. No. 15 Portland Street is still in being, in capital preservation—not a scale off the well-built brick work, and the timber of Memel and roofing of same, intact, built, as all such were at the period, to last for generations, as will be seen in portions of the city where, to make room for modern banks, insurance offices, drapers, and other establishments, they have been, and are being, levelled at a great expense of labour, and their materials of bricks, granite, window sills, and coping, doors, windows, joists,

flooring, wainscoting, chimney pieces of the finest marble and execution, and mahogany doors, are reserved by the contractors as valuable material, to be re-worked into choice *morceaux* in modern style, in the new townships of Pembroke, Rathmines, and elsewhere. Reader, whilst any of those mansions of the past are still in being, it would repay your curiosity to visit one or two. The expansive frontages, ample hall doors, iron pillars attached to the railings for lamps, iron cones to place the burning flambeaux from the hand of the link boy, the noble halls, and well-lighted apartments of grand proportions as to extent and height, the wide accessible stairway, extending four stories above the basement, the commodious out-offices, large flagged yards between the rere of the houses, and the stabling and coach houses, the whole style of first-class elegance, durability, and comfort. You will find some still in the Liberty; two or three in Thomas Street and James's Street; several in Leinster Street, North Cumberland Street, Marlborough Street, Sackville Street, William Street. Go judge for yourselves the manner in which the citizens must have lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Splendid houses belonging to the nobility and gentry were—some still are—in existence, and many of their residents thanked God they had a country to sell. It was the same then as it has been since, and through previous ages of self-interest and strife. The house in Portland Street bore no pretensions to the mansions I have alluded to; it was, and still is, a substantial brick house of three stories, and whilst its founder erected it in a lighter style of architecture, with large Wyatt windows in the parlour, and well-proportioned and lightsome ones in the upper apartments, he adhered strictly to the old-

fashioned style of using material of the best Memel timber, and well-shaped hardened gray stock bricks, cemented with the best roche lime and river sand. At the reere is still unencroached on, the large well-paved yard, and the extensive and commodious building, which, at the period I have alluded to, formed my father's malt stores and kilns; in Basin Street adjoining, still stands the large square of merchants' stores, the first floors arched, and they and the warehouses above erected in the sensible enduring style of the period. The building is an imposing one, extending in frontage, north, east, and south in three streets. Each appportioned store has an office to the street, and a large gateway for entry; the west side is connected with the harbour, by which boats have access to a dock in the centre of the pile of warehouses, and each trader's boat can "haul taut and belay", and deliver and receive their cargoes at the dock entrance of each store. The arrangement is one of the best I have seen, and facilitates business with economy and expedition. The traffic at the period was very considerable, and continued so until the railway absorbed the most profitable portion of it: still there is a fair share in heavy goods, as coals, timber, flour, sugar, manures, corn, potatoes, bacon, turf, etc., etc. The harbour is a commodious one, surrounded by wharfs, stores, sheds, offices. Formerly there was a small hotel and bar to accommodate passengers by "fly-boat", one of which is lying moored, I suppose as a relic of the past. The whole arrangement is excellent for economising time, labour, expense, and waste. On the celebrated Erie Canal, in the State of New York, I saw nothing approaching to it in their famous corn cities of Schenectady, Athens, Palmyra, or Rochester, whilst the useless depth of the Grand Canal, which entailed



an enormous unnecessary outlay on its shareholders, is avoided—in fact, the American engineers who built the bridges at Wexford, Waterford, and New Ross, had their wits about them, as their countrymen still have. The great Bridgewater Canal is barely more than four feet in depth, the boats are less cumbrous, and require less expense, but I think do not carry more than two-thirds the tonnage, and are similar to those light elongated narrow boats used in the Barrow navigation.

My first childish remembrance is a family scene. I had been playing in the garden with some juveniles, one of whom commenced pumping, and, not an unusual occurrence, my clean check bib was sprinkled. On going into the house my poor mother was attracted, and without inquiring, asked me in a hasty manner why I had inked it. I denied I had done so. The charge was repeated, and I was well slapped. Indignant at feeling myself unjustly accused and punished, I retreated to the nursery, threw myself on the bed, remained there until the following morning without speaking or eating. My mother became alarmed; no one could induce me to do either, until it was discovered my bib was dry and was not spotted with ink. This led to a reconciliation satisfactory to all parties, and I was not again hastily accused. My sunny days were spent with my nurse walking along the banks of the Canal, a magnificent promenade, bordered on either side with splendid elms, then about forty years planted for miles along its banks, grassy hillocks at their stems, forming most agreeable resting places, where sunshine or shade could be equally enjoyed; and days and hours have I often occasionally sat, gazing with delight at the range of water, the long vista of magnificent grand elms, the passing trade boats with their trotting horses dragging them

slowly along, the skippers, with their glazed hats and "dhudeens", at the helm, the rippling of the water after passing, then the rush of water from the lock, when each boat went through, creating nearly as great astonishment to my young mind, as did the Falls of Niagara many years afterwards. Then the disciples of Isaac Walton, seeking the finny tribe, the practical angler with his fly, warily watching the wily trout; the less ambitious with canes or ash rods, patiently watching the nibbling at their floats, anticipating a perch or gudgeon; the less expert with hand line thrown out near the exit of the rushing waters at the lock, to capture their eel suppers, and juvenile tyros with osiers, laths, or hoops baited with dough, chandlers' maggots, or corbate stuck on pins, to nab the more youthful and less wary of the finny tribe which ventured near the banks. Then the jokes among the young urchins when one would chuck up his rod and catch "luke", and similar pasquinades on those returning after a day's patient working with empty baskets. The more bashful of the sportsmen would retire by another route; and those who would face the storm generally lost temper and beat a hasty retreat. Those scenes were regular ones of fun for the nursery maids and their charges; and often a pert young damsel would, from the safe side of the Canal, join in the shilloo, and tell the party to make an equal divide of "luke" amongst their friends for supper. Again in the evenings, the music from Richmond Barracks sounded delightfully across the water, and the tall elm trees threw their shadows along its glassy surface, which, like a mirror, reflected everything along the banks; and as the evening promenaders passed along, their varied figures and dresses were seen from the opposite side reflected in the water;



and on reading the old poets in after life, I could well understand the style of mirrors Diana, her nymphs, Narcissus, and other heathen celebrities patronized. On Sunday evening, every one's holiday, the banks on either side were crowded with promenaders, soldiers and citizens, with their wives and families or sweethearts, children gleefully skipping along or playing "hide-and seek" behind the elms, or inducing their elder companions to pluck them flaggers from the water's bank, or thorn blossoms from the hedge at the ditch side; then when coming to a gap, they would rush down the descent, which was considerable, into a lovely emerald field of several broad acres, crowded with cowslips, buttercups, daisies, and pansies, primroses, violets, and forget-me-nots on the banks; then came the rush of industry, and tiny feet ran from wild flower to wild flower, until the craving was satisfied; and mingled with hawthorn, blue-bell, and flaggers, they were carried in triumph to their friends, to form a gay and joyous trophy in their city seclusion until they could take another stroll and make another foray amongst the wild flowers.

Those excursions on the green garden of nature were never interfered with. At that period there were no selfish rights of trespass or rights of property in wild flowers, as at the present; every one appeared delighted to see the happiness of his neighbour; no surly Cerberus guarded the children's Hesperides; and the gathering gave as much pleasure and amusement to the honest dairyman and his wife as the juveniles themselves. Often have I lain with rapture in a bed of those flowers, to visit which I had to offer little pressure to my nurse, and always culled for her a bouquet, and sought for her the juciest cuckoo-sorrell, or ventured to the little brook to

gather for her young sprigs of cresses. Strange, when plucking wild peaches and grapes at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and wild raspberries and strawberries in the occasional glades of the wild forests of Western Canada, the dairyman's field at the "Back of the Pipes" recurred vividly to my recollection; and years after I brought my own group of little ones to the same scene; they gambolled along the banks, sat under the same trees, listened to the music from the barracks, plucked the wild flowers in the dairyman's field, the hawthorn, the sorrell, and the flagger, and bore them with them in triumph to mingle with and outshine many of their cultivated ones at Rathmines. Recurring to those scenes, encompassed by the gloomy walls surrounding me, I have just composed the following:

## FORGET ME NOT.

The azure blue forget-me-not,  
Which blooms along our path,  
I meet it in my morning walk,  
Its petals peeping forth.

I meet it in the shady glade,  
Where sun-burst rays are dim;  
I meet it in the eventide  
At sunset's fading beam.

Near trodden paths it lifts its head  
With tiny modest grace;  
And on the towering forest's side  
Its coy blue tints we trace.

Oh! may it ever cheer our path,  
Where'er we listless stray,  
And with mute eloquence still speak,  
When friends are far away.

Forget-me-not, thou tiny flower,  
With heart's-ease ever dwell,  
Together grace the maiden's bower,  
And bloom in lover's dell.

And when in other scenes we stray,  
In palace or in cot,  
Oh ! let our brightest emblem be  
The loved forget-me-not.

Before leaving the neighbourhood I showed them the place I have described, made them cross the plank on the lock gates, and rest on the burr millstones, waiting transmission on the harbour side, introduced them to Healy's confectionary in James's Street, showed them the house in Portland Street, and told them and manma the story of the bib, as a caution against hastiness on one side and sullenness on the other.

By directions from home our walks were limited to those I have described, on the Canal, and James's Street, extending to Murdering Lane at Mount Brown. What strange ideas did the name of this lane start in my young mind ! nor do I recollect ever learning its origin, and to the present day it escaped me to inquire. I gazed with wonder at the high gray prison walls of the Foundling Hospital, and the mysterious revolving wooden cradle, and my nurse told me the story of its inmates, with many additions of her own. I had a horror of the place, and a dread I did not shake off for several years, of wandering kidnappers, with strange eyes, like ghoulies, looking out for young children to carry off to strip, and then toss them into the retreat for the innocents. St. James's Fair, with its ranges of stands covered with baskets of cherries, gooseberries, gilt gingerbread, toys, tin whistles, drums, tops, horses, and whips, and the decorated figure of St. Patrick at Hutton's, formed my gala day of the year, and securely did I hoard my halfpennies for the occasion. Once I was allowed to go to a pattern at St. John's Well with my nurse and her swain, a soldier on furlough, on our way to which we passed through the Royal Hospital,

and strangely did I gaze on the veterans in their singular costumes and cocked hats. The quiet imposing appearance of the place struck me forcibly, and then the bustle as we passed from the western gate to John's Well—the booths formed on country carts, covered with blankets and patchwork quilts—turf and bramble fires, like gipsy ones, with pots hooked over them; smoking potatoes, cabbages, and crubeens, fruit, gingerbread, toys, and thimble riggers. Then the drinking scenes. Jars of pop and ginger beer, bottles and jars of whisky. Votaries rushing to the well with tumblers or horn goblets, to pay their devotions, by mixing the whiskey with its saintly water; then the dancing, reeling, tumbling, and reclining from the effects of the well mixture.

Amused, yet weary of the scene, I felt relieved when, by persevering entreaties, I induced my nurse to leave "the gay and festive scene", but not until I was fully initiated, by taking a portion of the "native" diluted slightly from the spring, and thus I closed my acquaintance with the pattern of St. John's Well by internal baptism, having my nurse and her soldier as sponsors. She did not return, however, until her friend promenaded us through "Bully's Acre", just above the roadside, pointed out Brian Boromhe's grave (who was interred at Armagh!) showed, to my terror, the graves desecrated by the "sack-em-ups", and strewn over in several places by shreds of winding sheets; strange, not a word about Robert Emmett, whose unmarked resting-place is in the same classic cemetery, now some years closed up.

We started homewards; nurse, with a wee drop in her eye, which overflowed at parting with her escort. On arriving home, giving me a caution about the draught I had taken, after tea we both retreated to the nursery, and I slept like a top until breakfast time.

Two years thus passed away, and in 1820, we removed to a retired avenue in Ranelagh, called Sallymount. The houses were of some fifty years' standing, the most ancient dashed, and never having been subject to the whitewash brush, presented a dusty gray gloomy appearance. The house we retired to was about the centre, opposite a handsome park residence, the occupier of which I forget, but I recollect well a fine young fellow practising joiner's work as an amateur, injured his leg with a saw, and it was amputated, very much to the regret of the belles of the locality, with whom he was a favourite. Strange, if after such an interval he should meet this slight record of his misfortune! At the period I allude to, there were two venerable piers, with dismantled walls at either side: the remains of the dashing showed their antiquity, and the walls answered the purpose of seats for the old and young idlers of the neighbourhood, amongst whom, as in all localities, were many "ne'er-do-wells". Our home was distinguished by circular iron balconies to the upper windows, was comfortable, with garden of tolerable size, coachhouse and stable, and rare entrance in "Old Kavanagh's Field". The avenue was about a furlong in length, terminated by a private iron gate, on the left of which resided a wealthy member of the Society of Friends, named Clibborn, in a very comfortable villa house. The grounds and garden attached were considerable, and extended to the lane opposite Manders' Buildings, Ranelagh; Kavanagh's Field was at the west side, bounded by the stables at Sallymount, and south-west by the high road, along which was a venerable whitethorn hedge (opposite Toole and Mackey's Nursery), which supplied the boys with commons to hurl with and switches to make their kites, and in the season, numbers of the "rising" genera-



tion were to be seen perched among the branches whilst a "haw" was visible. This was the only trespass which annoyed our neighbour Kavanagh, but being slightly lame and aged, he gave up testiness and hunting as useless, and made a judicious treaty with the flying brigade, that if they did no real damage, and conducted themselves decently, they might pluck as much haws, and make as many kites, or pull as many switches to throw potato apples, as they thought fit; so the treaty became a benefit to both parties; the youths conducted themselves with propriety, protected the hedge and field from interlopers, and woe to the intruder who had the temerity to chance running to cover by twenty or thirty ardent spirits eager for the sport. The hedge was greatly benefited by its autumnal trimming; the old gnarled boughs were cut away for hurling, and the topmost shoots for various purposes; the hedge was kept down at the top, and became close and compact in the centre. I was not one of your de'il-may-care youngsters, and preferred the company of boys and girls of my own age; we generally amused ourselves strolling in the fields, plucking daisies for the girls to make necklaces, making juvenile gardens, spending our pocket money in fruit, cakes, etc., for little tea parties. Sometimes we would purchase flour, and as our seniors were constantly shooting sparrows, yellow hammers, and tom tits, we tested the skill of the girls in making pies, and generally elected the best pastry cook, who was invariably the best looking, and most good-tempered "queen of the May". In moist weather we set to work in our garden to build a "real cottage of mud and straw" to protect our fair playmates in inclement weather, and enable us to enjoy their society, instead of leaving them moping at home (this had only reference to play time permitted by

parents). When completed we divided a part off, erected a fire-place, and put the girls in possession. Here we had many a feast, and in the latter end of September we gathered lots of the finest blackberries, which we manufactured into what we called wine, strengthened with some of the native which we begged from our parents for the purpose. In fine weather, after our usual juvenile sports, we would, for variety, have a pic-nic in some secluded corner of Kavanagh's. Then our betrothal feasts were real stunners. Within two years, I think, I went through the ceremony three times before I was nine years of age, and those generally lasted until in a fit from *ennui*, temper, or a desire to change, the obligation was mutually rescinded, and the parties at liberty to enter into new engagements. In the cold season, being a tough boy, I ventured into the hurling matches which were carried on from the old pier to Clibborn's gate; and many a mark in the shin I endured and inflicted in this really healthy and invigorating sport, which appears to have ceased altogether. During this period my rambles never extended beyond Mountpleasant at one side, and Sandford at the other. In the latter locality, in Baron George's fields, where Sandford Terrace now stands, we plucked the largest and juiciest blackberries, which we bore with glee to our fair helpmate, generally accompanied with bouquets of such wild flowers as would then be in season. My chief changes of scene occurred on Sundays, when, duly furnished with a penny for myself, and half the amount for the "box", I journeyed with my mother and "aunt Priss" to Plunket Street Meeting House (where the celebrated Mr. Cooper officiated), having carefully popped my own revenue in the savings box, to remain from temptation until handed to my



childish fair one for purposes before mentioned. Something like a Yankee whittling at a stick for want of other occupation, about a year after our sojourn, I whittled away at a potato I found in the garden, and on seeing the juice, that of the blackberries struck me forcibly, and getting a bowl and grater from Betty the cook, I grated half-a-dozen, wondering if the liquid would make cider or any palatable draught. My grating completed, I poured the juice into another vessel, when I was surprised to see a residuum like damp flour at the bottom. I put my finger in the liquid and tasted it. AUGH! I dashed it from me. Curious about the residuum, I poured in fresh water, stirred it, repeated the operation, placed the cake in the sunshine, and in about an hour it became quite dry, and powdered when I pressed it. I watched my father's return, and showed him my discovery. He declared it farina of the potato; told me to make it like arrowroot. I did so, felt overjoyed at my discovery, and oftentimes after we worked earnestly at the manufacture which rewarded us with luxurious repasts, and my young friend was elected empress for the year.

Amongst the celebrated individuals who resided in our *cul de sac*, beside the writer of this memoir, were the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, and his wife, Cecily, and my friend and rival, Napoleon Bonaparte Fowler. The former, from the state of his domestic felicity, was called Dionysius "the tyrant of Cecily", and amongst other scientific performances, many years afterwards he astonished the whole British Association by carrying off "a blue stocking", the wife of one of its associates; the interesting couple—"December and May"—retiring to study zoology in the United States.

N. B. F., my chum, and rival in love and war, was a

year my senior, stout-built, but not sturdier, as was proved by a challenge boxing match. We fought for empire. The ring being formed in the usual style, with umpire or referee, sponge, etc., and a council of our *grave* seniors to keep all right—after deadly pummelling—getting an occasional grip of head under arm—mutually giving and receiving punishment—when the forty-fifth round was fought, exhibiting bunged up black eyes, bloody noses, swelled lips, etc., the sponge was thrown up, and I concluded my last fight in the “ring”; both parties were declared invincible, and two chairs being procured, we were carried in triumph through the mount. From thence we became respected leaders of two rival factions, but our rivalry was in all honour—no treachery in the trenches—no ogling each other’s *Dulcineas*—no back-sliding; and on several occasions, forming an offensive and defensive alliance for the occasion, we met the fellows of Keely’s school, Old Mount Pleasant Avenue, in Kavanagh’s Field, and held pitched battles under the inspiring eyes of our lady loves.

My dear friend, Bony, like his great namesake, never reached the climax of his ambition. He died in early life from disease of the heart, said to be brought on by the fickleness of a sprightly girl to whom he was greatly attached, who would not submit to a despotic autocracy, and renounced allegiance.

He was one of the few fellows I really liked. I think I am looking at the scenes where we had our fortresses with redoubts, built of huge collections of snow, and thick slabs of ice surrounded with deep slopes, and garrisoned with sturdy valiant followers, who fought till both or either entrenchments were destroyed, and the brass artillery carried off in triumph to be redeemed

from spiking by a pound of coarse powder, presented with a white flag.

Many worthy suburban citizens also resided on the range. My friend Bony's father, an eminent officer in the Bank of Ireland. His brother, John, a sleek senior of our order, vibrated between the church and mammon, was rather a favourite, especially when leading us to "box the fox" in Clibborn's garden, or in Cullen's Wood adjoining; but taking care to keep clear of Major Sirr's springtraps and darbies. There were also Arthur Haffield of the Treasury, and his young wife, residing next door to us, who were great florists, and he and his lady were celebrated for propagating some of the choicest specimens of the season. I think he follows out the same amusing occupation still, and carries prizes at Mount Pleasant show. There was also Tom Wilkins, a young surgeon, afterwards of some eminence, and his brother Harry, a literary good-natured fellow, but an awful pedant, and Ned Collier, whose family replaced Clibborn's, a wiry, sharp, hardy fellow, who would hit a ball or shin with equal force in hurling. He was one of the senior Romeos, and several years afterwards carried off a beautiful girl, the belle of Mount Pleasant Square, Susan Harding. Oh! how fellows raved and swore when Collier made it an accomplished fact. He afterwards settled as a merchant in Liverpool, of course conveying the Irish propagating system in his emigration, and extending the population of the neighbouring isle. Then there was my senior half-brother (grandson to Wm. Raymond, of Dromin, county Kerry) Tom; he studied chemistry with my father, or spent his time shooting or fishing with Wilkins, Jack Fowler, or Will Lardner, brother to the doctor, and several other seniors whose names have

passed from my memory, prospecting to the rocks of Howth or Dalkey, to which they pedestrianized, or in a Ringsend trawler to Lambay or the Kish on a fishing excursion, with full hampers of prog and grog on going, and returning with empty ones. They also shot snipe, plover, stares, and, to my horror, blackbirds and thrushes in the winter, in the Bloody Fields and surrounding districts, and snared hares and rabbits in preserves, with as little compunction as we juveniles "boxed the fox".

Those excursions were popular from the kitchen to the supper table. On each occasion, as the duty was but two shillings and four pence per gallon on whiskey, and the first cost little more, or as we frequently had a traffic with a buxom dairy maid for a well filled milkcan of the native without the incumbrance of duty, parties of all ages and sexes had a stoup of generous whiskey punch, in proportion to their sex, age, and pretensions at supper.

At the termination of the dog-day holidays in 1822, my father introduced me to Mr. Keely and his boys at Old Mount Pleasant. This was one of the steps of my ambition. Keely was a fine portly man, broad chested and shouldered, had an intelligent, manly countenance, with wide temples, aquiline nose, blue eyes, a mild expression, and an occasional look of sternness, plainly assumed by him as a matter of duty and necessity when actually required.

In this academy there were about sixty boys, from eight or nine to twenty years of age. Here I stood my first school "roughing", but amongst my own standard I was pretty well known from my performances in Kavanagh's Field, and respected accordingly; and, as a matter of course, if a senior attempted cuffing, he would be flittered by the youthful lambs in a body. I remained

here until the break up at Christmas, after which I commenced my first journey in life. At Keely's several of the Sallymount boys attended, having joined as I did, including the Fowlers and Ned Collier. I also met Aby Palmer's sons and two Perrins. When Dick Perrin, a sandy haired urchin, would flag in his tasks, our worthy "padre" would mildly repeat from Marmontel's *Honesty is the best Policy*: "'T will not do, Perrin, 't will not do"; and seizing his open hand, half turn aside his face, and tip him with his cane in a manner which made him retire much more lively than he advanced.

The academy broke up for Christmas; then skating, sliding, snow balls, hurling, sporting, snow-fortress building and storming, were pursued by the different performers, and birdcribs and birdlime set. Being Advent, the religious cooks, housemaids, and nurserymaids received a plentiful supply of frozen lumps of attention, going to and fro to prayers, which the young ones generally returned in the most interesting manner; and if warmed by their devotion at the termination of their chilling walk, they were equally so on their return by the ardour of their reception and the glow arising from its consequent activity.

About three days before Christmas, 1822, the maid of all work and the nursemaid were busy brightening up everything, and the kitchen and passage were after being white-washed, and prickly variegated holly with its pale green and yellow hues and bright red berries, and dark green ivy with its velvet leaves and vinous twigs were hung together and festooned wherever fancy directed the performance; a bright fire burned in the kitchen grate, forming a comfortable contrast to the pile of snow in the area and on the iron railings; the dinner



had been placed on the table, and we were about being seated, when a loud knock sounded at the hall door. On being opened, a bustle was heard in the hall, as of something heavy having been rolled along it. The parlour door opened, a sturdy looking gentleman entered, muffled in a frieze travelling coat and cape, short travelling top boots, a red muffler round his throat, and his caroline hat well cased in oilskin. He was about five feet six inches in height, had a benign expression, very sallow face, blue eyes, well formed head, and projecting Oliver Cromwell nose. The embracing of the stranger by my mother and aunt Priss, and my father's warm shake of the hand and "Welcome, Will; just in time, my boy", informed me I was, for the time, in presence of my oft-talked-of bachelor uncle Will, for the first time. Of course, the salutations over, my father's first move was to fill a glass of five year old malt to clear the frost from the traveller's throat, and his accoutrements being removed, the gingle driver received his fare and a horn of grog, and trotted off. The family circle sat to dinner, the bachelor uncle being placed between the matron and the maiden aunt. The evening passed with agreeable exhibitions natural to such a joyful occasion. Uncle Will retired "pretty well I thank you" for the night. My father, an abstemious man, appeared a little elevated, and his large black lustrous eyes emitted a few additional sparkles. My mother's fair mild face and blue eyes showed feelings of strong affection, and aunt Priss tripped off to show the light and the way to her brother's chamber, with that amiable expression of interest and affection often to be found with maidens who have given up all idea of changing their condition, and console themselves with reciprocal affection and attention of relatives and their younger branches.



Whether my olive complexion and blue eyes like his own, or my being the eldest son of his sister, caused me to become his white-headed boy, I cannot answer, but the following morning he took me into especial favour, and having had a cask and firkin which were deposited in the hall the previous evening from the jingle, removed to the pantry, he called on me to assist him in opening them, when a plentiful supply of pork, cheeks, and tongues in the former, and prime western butter in the latter, were presented as a Christmas gift to my mother. Acting as *chaperon*, I showed him the lions of the locality. We strolled through the snow to Mountpleasant Square, then surrounded by a rubble stone wall and ditch, with an embryo plantation, through Richmond Hill, and along the Rathmines Road. The road from Portobello Bridge to Castlewood Avenue on the lefthand side, was then fenced with an ugly ditch, and an occasional thorn-hedge, about the middle of which was a sentry box for the night watchman, whose crooked pole was often carried off in a lark by wild ones on finding him asleep, which with him was the general rule, with rare exceptions. On the occasion of a row or a highway robbery, he invariably preferred doing garrison duty, leaving marauders or rowdies to act as seemed most agreeable to their views. Through Castlewood Avenue—then a narrow lane without a house or a cabin—we entered the Bloody Fields, along a high narrow path to Milltown, and returning, crossed into Cullenswood, a rustic avenue with a turnstile from the fields, and home. At the period this was a most lawless district, especially at night. Rathmines village commenced opposite Rathgar Road. The whole district was laid out in meadows and dairy fields. Rathgar Road was not formed, and the passage to Roundtown was by

Old Rathmines. Leinster Road, then part of Mowld's Farm, was formed to Harold's Cross, in 1840, by Frederick Jackson, about which period I became lessee of some acres of it as building ground, pulled down the old farm house on the right hand side, and built two houses with stucco fronts. It is now all built on, as is nearly the entire district from the Canal at Harold's Cross and Leeson Street bridge, to the Dodder river. Old Sallymount now runs through Leeson Park, then also dairy fields, to Donnybrook Road. The entire locality has been built on in streets, squares, terraces, villas (a railway passing through it to Bray and Wexford, another projected to Blessington and Baltinglass, within twelve miles of the South-Eastern Railway at Castledermot, which I presume it will eventually join), a large Episcopal church and R. C. chapel at Rathmines, another Episcopal church, a Presbyterian one, and Roman Catholic chapel at Rathgar, elegant shops, etc., all forming—including Harold's Cross—the now important township of Rathmines, having gas, water, paving, sewerage, and all the usual appliances of civilization. Kavanagh's Field is all built on, an avenue runs through it, and a portion of Clibborn's large garden, extending into another district of elegant new houses to Leeson Street, where it joins the new Pembroke township, consisting of Sandymount, Irishtown, Ball's Bridge, Ringsend, and Donnybrook. In Leeson Street is the elegant new Molyneaux Asylum, and a short distance from it, near Mountpleasant Square, the new asylum for decayed citizens. The lands where cattle grazed and boys hurled, have been converted into an elegant and extensive city, with gas lamps in every direction, from the Grand Canal to the Dodder, and many of the streets are planted with elm trees, on the American system, which

produce a most pleasing rural appearance, and a peculiar effect by moon or gaslight.

If Goldsmith's "Burchell" left any descendants, I could almost imagine uncle Will to have been one of them, and as I discovered his qualities, day by day I became more and more attached to him. His favours were always conferred by surprise, without the slightest ostentation. Positive in his arguments and opinions, as was proved every evening with my father; stern in his ideas of moral and religious duties, he yet led, rather than formed, those ideas in his younger friends; warm in his affections to an extreme, and readily forgiving and forgetting offences, which he attributed to infirmity of temper, rather than viciousness, his great pleasure through life appeared to be to contribute to the comfort and happiness of others, and it was only when his spirit departed to other regions, I learned to feel the great loss I had sustained.

Christmas passed away with its usual jollification, and before New Year's Day uncle Will proposed to my father to take me with him to Sligo. After much demurring from my mother at the idea of parting with her young hopeful, it was agreed to, and uncle Will set to work to get me into trim as to outfit, allowing no interference on the subject. On the morning of the 1st January, 1823, when within a lunar month of completing my tenth year, after a comfortable breakfast, at which some of the Connaught tongues and butter served their intended duties, I found myself buttoned up in my little "great" coat, a muffler tied closely around my neck by my mother, a new seal skin cap, with the lugs brought over my ears, and tied at the chin (not unlike a young Laplander), my valise well crammed with my wardrobe,

and sundry tokens of affection from those I was leaving behind, a jingle, the ordinary conveyance of the day, pulled up to the door. This vehicle (long superseded) was then considered an especial luxury, shaped like half a sphere, with a seat front and rere, it was hung on four strong elevated springs, with a door at either side, drawn on four wheels; it formed a most commodious and comfortable mode of transit. In this we took our position, bade adieu to home, and proceeded at a lively pace over the frozen roadway, from which the snow had been cleared, to the Royal Canal at Broadstone. Here the fly boat lay at her moorings, and all was bustle and of course a little confusion in embarking passengers and luggage; the difficulty in stowing away both was very considerable, when about forty passengers had to be crowded into the long narrow cabin of the boat, about thirty feet long, seven feet high, and ten feet in width, with a table in the centre, running the whole way, and bench seats at either side. After the usual delay in packing live and inanimate luggage, the bell tolled, the post boy started with his three horses yoked tandem fashion, and we dashed along at the contract speed of seven Irish miles an hour, including the locks. Being my first excursion, I was amused at everything occurring, and watched the scenes and scenery from the limited space on deck where passengers were permitted to remain in turn. Wearied after passing through some of the deep cuttings in the rocks, and the tedium of going through the locks, I retired to the cabin, looked through the window, but the quick motion of the little vessel passing the banks and rocks made me giddy, so I quickly gathered myself on the carpet under the table, placed my valise under my head, and was rocked quietly to

sleep by the motion of my new cradle, until uncle Will aroused me when we arrived at Mullingar. We hurried off to a hotel, had supper, slept soundly, started in the morning by coach for Sligo *via* the shore of little Lough Gill. Having traversed the counties of Longford and Leitrim, we arrived at the ancient, and at that time secluded town, seated on Sligo Lough, which runs into the bay, and pulled up on the beach close to the town, where stood a comfortable two-story house, with extensive stores attached, into which I was welcomed by uncle Will with all the satisfaction of one having secured a prize, and handed over to the care and particular attention of his Connaught housekeeper.

My first day was spent in being shown about, and in introducing me to several hospitable burgesses and their wives and families, amongst whom we were alternately at home almost every evening in the week. I was also introduced through the town, took several long walks along the lough, and altogether was made as happy as any young gentleman, not over fastidious, need wish to be, whilst the good-natured housekeeper at home appeared never comfortable unless I was with her. My kind uncle was extensively engaged in the export of corn and provisions, and owned several brigs of respectable tonnage, which, when in port, moored opposite his own house and stores at the wharf, which was then as nature formed it, without quay walls, the vessels having to be reached in boats on the rising of the tide. About every two months he made a trip to Dublin, Belfast, or Glasgow; and having my other interests at heart, as well as comfortable quarters, he sent me to a leading ladies' school in the town, kept by his worthy friend Mrs. Macan and her daughters, with one of whom he



appeared to be on very particular terms. He acted wisely in placing his *protégé* amongst those he knew would pay him every attention. He was not mistaken. I soon became reconciled to my fate, with most interesting and agreeable companions, forming a contrast to the roughs at Keely's school; and I found the more I studied, and the more attention I paid, the more leisure I was allowed to play forfeits and other interesting games with my schoolmates. At this period Mrs. Macan's son had returned from Trinity College, and whilst waiting for some appointment, he conducted the writing and ciphering department of the academy; but his sharp thin nose and features, cold callous looking gray eyes, pedantic overbearing manner, combined with a hasty fraptious temper, made him unpopular with all. On one occasion he ventured his spleen on me, with an attempt to strike me with a rule, but two fine girls flew to the rescue, and I was almost smothered amid a gathering of friendly petticoats. Strange, that in nineteen years afterwards, when he was sole judge of the Bankrupt Court, the same vicious, fraptious, overbearing ill-nature led him to commit an act of gross injustice to me, which neither of us forgot, and in ten years after (two or three years before his death) he appeared delighted at having an opportunity to make all the amends in his power, on which I forgave him.

Uncle Will belonged to the Presbyterian faith, was a sturdy descendant of one of the Norman French Huguenots who came over with William of Nassau. His ancestor fought at the Boyne, and was interred with several of his descendants in St. Peter's graveyard, Drogheda. Whilst believing fervently in his own ritual, he had universal toleration for all, and although strongly



opposed to prelacy and papacy in the abstract, his most intimate friends belonged to the latter sect, whilst his prejudices against prelacy never prevented his attending his religious duties in an Episcopal Church when there was no other in the district. Satisfied with the moderate prelatism of the Macans, he left me to their guidance. Fortunately a Presbyterian Church was established in the town, of which the Rev. William Urwick, a young English divine, was the pastor, since celebrated as the Rev. Dr. Urwick, of York Street congregation, Dublin, venerated for the faithful and zealous performance of his duties. Here we attended on all occasions, and in his absence I was placed under the charge of a lady friend who belonged to the congregation.

During our leisure hours at home, having an excellent library, he read, or made me read, *Henry, Earl of Moreland, or the Fool of Quality*, by Richardson. This work, I think, gave me a thorough insight into independent action of mind and body, which by nature I was prepared to receive and act on. Our evenings were generally spent with the family of some respectable burgess, whose little tea parties in their unostentatious but comfortable drawing rooms were most agreeable, the elders indulging in a quiet game of whist, whilst I had one or two male or female companions about my own age to play at teetotum, push pin, card house, or beggar my neighbour, or if without a companion, watching the game or stretching myself on the soft hearthrug before the fire, with my lady's lap-dog beside me, the cat purring at my feet, and the green parrot to talk and play with, keeping a sharp look out to avoid a nip from his beak.

Having finished the *Fool of Quality*, my next study was De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*. This I devoured, and it

became my primer, and assisted by *Sinbad the Sailor* and other adventurous young gentlemen, I fully resolved to see the world when opportunity should arrive. In this agreeable manner of passing my school and life studies, I remained until the summer of 1824, when Uncle Will received a letter from my father, requesting he would include me in his bill of parcels on his coming to Dublin in July. With unaffected sorrow I bid adieu to all my kind Sligo friends, and returning the same route we came by, at the latter end of that month we arrived at Pembroke Lodge, London Bridge Road, Dublin, to which my father had removed almost immediately after our leaving Sallymount for Sligo, and being "welcome as the flowers of May", we made ourselves at home.

My mother having increased our family circle shortly before our leaving, on our return we found an additional member introduced to us; for as she most piously and maternally nursed her babies until the age of nine months, and kept up a continuous supply until her decease, she had a very busy time of it. My father's new residence, Pembroke Lodge, was a comfortable mansion, built of brick, having a cantaliver roof, two narrow wings, about ten steps leading to the hall door, commonly called the Umbrella House, and a neat garden railed in front, a large garden in the rere, coach house and stables in first range, with extensive premises in the rere of them, substantial new brick buildings and sheds, numerous leaden coolers, a building with large copper pans and furnace, a lime kiln and extensive cisterns, forming his new chemical works, an extensive triangular field, enclosed with stone walls, the north side bounded by the high wall and footpath leading to Ringsend, it extended to the five roads, facing Beggars Bush Barrack. The

district across to Ringsend, the docks, and Irishtown, was unbuilt on, with the exception of two old dashed houses nearly opposite my father's, three or four cottages in a lane opposite, one occupied by Mrs. Newman, washerwoman, who died in 1866, aged ninety years; another by an old barrister, named Cahill, with a fourth wife and large grown up family; another by the celebrated Richard Radford Roe and Mary Weston; one of the dashed houses by old counsellor Huband and a buxom *cher amie*; two hovels near London Bridge—still there; and an old cottage at the dilapidated wooden toll bridge across the Dodder. Low mud walls and ugly brackish ditches formed the fences; no Northumberland or Landsdown Roads, barracks, or railways dreamed of, and at that corner of the field where the barrack now stands, were the vaulted ruins of Le Fevre's folly, covered with nettles, brambles, and rubbish, forming the retreat for robbers and smugglers, said to be under the protection of some of the old Dublin police and Charlies. Those ruins commanded the five roads, including the high walk to Ringsend. Gas was unknown, and the hazy little oil lamps of the city only made gloom more visible. It might have been a suitable place for a philosopher to reside in, but the last I would select for an agreeable or cheerful family residence. The boys' room, into which I was introduced, was the guard house of the establishment, looking into the factory, where huge leaden cisterns, copper boilers, brass cocks, and lead pipes, formed a tempting bait. The walls were hung with fowling pieces, a rifle, a blunderbuss, two bayonets on ash poles, several pistols of all sizes, old swords and daggers, forming a formidable arsenal for attack or defence.

My respected relation was one of those individuals who,

with an assumed brusqueness of manner, conceals feelings of the utmost benevolence, journeying through life as it were solely to minister to the happiness of others, and after accomplishing his design, retreating from beholding the sense of obligation conferred, or receiving the oft attempted acknowledgment of thanks with immovable taciturnity, or retiring altogether from the scene, whilst those who knew him well respected his feelings as they did his acts, and never uselessly intruded after the first attempt. Without ceremony he told my mother he came to stay a week, quietly sent the accustomed barrel of pickled cheeks and tongues and firkin of butter through the coach house to the kitchen, asked her opinion of his competence as dry nurse and travelling companion to her eldest born, told her: "If my father was an alchemist and philosopher, he had discovered I was a natural born genius; to let me follow my own bent; it would be certain to terminate in all honour; that if I was not hanged or shot for my Cromwellian ideas, or drowned in a ditch or river, or on the ocean, in my desire for adventure, I might settle into a respectable burgess; but above all, cautioned her against making me a lawyer, clergyman, or attorney (the latter of which, in her worldly wisdom, she intended me to be); that if a physician, I would never exact my fees; as a lawyer I would be certain to tell the truth, and thus ruin my client; if a clergyman, I would horrify my spiritual superiors, and astonish my congregation by boldness in denouncing traditions, the doctrines of pluralities and temporalities; and from my youthful ideas that bishops, deans, and rectors should not fatten on the forced contributions of the people; that at least the working clergy should have an equitable proportion, I would surely be set down by them as a free-thinker, and like a certain animal

with a kettle tied to his tail, exhibited to my flock, who in terror would leave me to take up my bed and walk. Moreover, if I became an attorney, my ruin of body and soul was certain, if I entered into the spirit and practice of the profession; that, indifferent as some of the other professionals in pursuit of gain were to the happiness and well being of their clients, many attorneys or solicitors in chancery were notorious for their selfishness and cunning, masked under a sycophantic address and demeanour often displayed by the old buccaneers of the Spanish main or the pirates of Algiers, Morocco, or Borneo, until the game was trapped, and the human animal, if not absolutely slaughtered in the operation, was left to the mercy of a "rude stream that must for ever hide him".

Having finished his homily, which rather puzzled my mother, he invited me to accompany him in navigating over the locality, being the only "one of the second branch fit for a tramp. After breakfast we had the long day before us, and marching up Haddington Road to Baggot Street Bridge, we entered a jingle, one of those useful and fashionable chariots of the period, licensed to carry four, and (as the young urchins would say) a dog in the well. At the period the whole locality was laid out in grazing fields, neither wheat, oats, barley, nor potatoes being visible in any direction, and the houses extended only on the left hand side from the bridge to Eastmoreland Place. From here we jogged along the Rock Road over the cumbrous old Ball's Bridge (afterwards swept away by a flood) at a comfortable pace. Our *vis-a-vis* companions were a gentleman named Wallace *alias* Perrin, a dark complexioned, rather snubbish looking individual, with one eye; the other a comfortable looking, soft, flabby, round faced man, with nothing very peculiar



in his appearance, but the smallness of his optics and the curling tendency of his nasal organ. He was a stock broker, named Patterson, living in Kingstown, having his office, "the Globe Insurance", in Westmoreland Street. Great was the indignation of those two individuals some years afterwards at the Gothic barbarity of certain parties, Quakers included, in establishing that monstrous iniquity the Dublin and Kingstown railway. Long after the jingles were superseded by the low-backed car and modern cab, they were to be seen in the last piece of antiquity belonging to the order, for a period of between thirty and forty years kept for their special conveyance, and as a travelling protest against the system which transformed the miserable little village of Dunleary into the extensive and important Kingstown. As we jogged on through the ruts of the old Rock Road, the mud, which after the rain accumulated to the extent of three or four inches in depth, was quickly dried by the sea and mountain breezes, and the latter whirled the disembodied clouds of powdered calp stone in almost continuous showers of dust, penetrating eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth, inside our clothing, and covering us with ample layers, making us resemble the jolly miller, but too *drily* powdered to represent his hilarity. Near Serpentine Avenue is a small two story house, where Ashford, the landscape painter, resided: it is now occupied by his son, a medical man. At the corner of Sandymount Avenue we passed the Bird House, a cosy thatched tavern and snack house, the resting place of many a citizen and many a travelling jingler. This, like other places of similar resort, has disappeared, and been replaced by a private residence. On approaching Merion we came in full view of the Strand, the Pigeon House, Poolbeg Light, Howth, Dunleary, the Hill of



Killiney, and Dalkey, and the Dublin mountains. The spring tide was just on ebb, after dashing high against the wall which bounded the road. The prospect was grand. Vessels (no steamers then) of different rigging with their white canvas, making their way to the Liffey or to the nearly completed harbour of Kingstown, *alias* Dunleary, and the murmur of the tide rolling forward, and then receding, the magnificent scenery in every direction of the noble bay, the beautiful shore with its groves and villas, the undulating inland, terminating at the mountain tops, the suburban flower gardens and orchards, the fishing luggers with their tan coloured sails, the pilot boats similarly rigged, with their numbers painted in white on the brown canvas, the picturesque shore along Clontarf, Dollymount, and Sutton, and ending with the Baily Light, Ireland's Eye, and Lambay visible in the distance, and the summit of Howth, capped with its golden gorse and purple heather, radiating in the sun, gave me my first marine view, which has never since been obliterated.

The old grave yard at Merrion, with its broken down walls and shreds and patches of mortality visible through the openings, skulls, arms, legs, desecrated graves, half filled in after the visit of the college "sack-em-ups"; bits of torn sere cloth caught on thistles, or lying on the luxurious grass, fattened with the relics of humanity—in fact, a miniature of Bully's Acre I had visited some years before—formed rather a solemn spectacle for passengers. Williamstown, with its thatched cottages neatly arranged in all the panoply of scanty crimson curtains, muslin blinds, small work tables at the windows, with a large family Bible, or some plants of musk or old-fashioned scarlet geraniums, crowding out the light by their straggling

branches, never profaned by the pruning knife, occasionally a tidy old dame with white cap and gaunt old-fashioned borders and a well-quilled frill, and horn-cased spectacles on nose, seated in a cushioned arm-chair of straw, at the tidy sea coal fire, and the Bible on the window, with "rooms to let", showed we had approached the first important watering place for the citizens along the southern shores of the bay. We pulled up at the old cross at the Rock, which was still standing a few years past, and leaving our "stage", we entered a quaint old tavern, where we enjoyed a horn goblet filled with good ale, and an old-fashioned sailor's brown biscuit broken in two and buttered.

We passed Maretimo, the residence of Lord Cloncurry (a respectable man, although his father obtained his title by selling his country), that of the celebrated Sir Harcourt Lees, driven insane by studying *Revelations*, and connected with the Orange conspiracy for placing the Duke of Cumberland on the throne, instead of Victoria, and entered Seapoint Avenue. Passing Seapoint Hotel (Martin Burke's), near where the baths now stand, we proceeded along a range of precipices extending to Salt Hill. Those rocks, from the present level of the road, overhung the beach where the tides had worn the base considerably inwards. The rocks over head were rugged, and had fallen down: in several places stunted brambles grew where there was any surface. It was a wild picturesque spot, only passable on foot through a turnstile, and in blustry weather rather trying for nervous passengers. The height was upwards of thirty feet, and many an unfortunate has "toppled down headlong" on the rocks or amongst the breakers, giving the county coroner considerable employment during tempestuous or foggy

weather. These rocks have disappeared: at their base runs the railway, and a sloping bank of flower gardens opposite to, and belonging to Longford and De Vesci Terraces, has taken the place of the rugged way. Moving onwards, we passed a salt factory belonging to a Mr. Grayden, from which I think the name of Salt Hill arose. This was a continuation of sheds in a sheltered elevation on the beach, about where the railway station now is. Turning round Salt Hill, we entered Byrne's tavern, where we viewed the celebrated kitchen with its imposing grate, ovens, and boilers, the walls hung with pewter dishes, plates, tankards, bright gridirons, frying pans, and necessities for culinary operations. The open larder was supplied with tempting joints and juicy chops and steaks, where many a city party, after their long journey, had their holiday feasts. We then proceeded to the equally comfortable and resplendent tap, where taking another goblet of ale after our stroll from the Rock, we proceeded across the road to Monkstown, passing the old church, where the modern one now stands. We entered another district called Mounttown, passing an ivy-mantled castle, of what age I know not, and a Samaritan spring on the road side, the water oozing from the granite rock, arched over, with descending steps, and an iron drinking ladle fastened by a chain, for thirsty teetotalers, whether from necessity or choice. Here my good uncle made some mysterious inquiries from a passer-by, and increasing his speed, passed on in brooding silence, until we arrived at a neat villa cottage with large garden in front, handsome iron gates and wicket, the grounds planted with Portugal laurels and beautiful laurustinas (which appear to thrive with peculiar luxuriance in the neighbourhood). Raising the wicket latch, we advanced to a

roundabout gentleman in morning costume, pruning his shrubs. With extended hands my seniors took a warm grip, and after customary salutations, I was introduced to solicitor and attorney, uncle Sam, as his very promising eldest nephew, who commenced life by travelling to the extreme west of the far famed kingdom of Connaught, residing there for a period, and being particularly conversant with bogs, canals, and clamped turf: that I had taken out my degrees in a lady's seminary, gingled with him from Baggot Street bridge to the Rock, pedestrianized along the rocks from Seapoint, and now appeared as a specimen amongst his exotics. My new acquired relative gave me a warm reception, rubbed his hands with glee, placed his gold-set glass to his eye, and if he did not say with the worthy Dominie "prodigious!" he ejaculated something having a similar tendency, and I felt highly flattered with my reception.

Uncle Sam was five feet two inches, had a considerate rotundity for his height, with a complexion equally sallow as his brother's, expressive dark gray eyes, slightly marked with small pock, had a good humoured expression whilst pleased, but one that could easily be roused to ire. Of course, we remained to dinner and tea, and, making our way to the newly-baptized Kingstown, we ensconced ourselves in a gingle, and arrived at Pembroke Lodge at a very decorous hour of the night, much to my mother's satisfaction, where, after a warm glass of the native, we retired to our different hammocks.

In connection with Kingstown and its locality I composed and presented the original of the following verses to an interesting and amiable young bride, 1865:—

## THE YOUNG BRIDE OF GLASTHULE.

Oh! merry is the month of May,  
When cooing doves and thrushes mate,  
And maidens give fond hearts away,  
And swains are caught in Cupid's net.

Merrily! merrily! dash the waves  
From Sandycove to Old Dunleary,  
As Neptune, from his ocean caves,  
With mermaids dances gay and airy.

And merrily flies the seagull o'er,  
His white breast in the sunshine gleaming,  
The rocky beach or inland shore,  
Where maidens' brilliant eyes are beaming.

Oh! merrily the sky lark sings  
O'er Glasthule or o'er Mount-town daisies;  
And bright and bubbling gush the streams  
In flowing bumpers to the fairies.

Oh! cheerily sighs the southern breeze  
O'er granite hills, through Kingstown vale,  
And groves of Launstinias raise  
Their starbright petals in the dell.

The hedgerow sounds with merry notes  
Of linnet, blackbird, thrush, or sparrow;  
On rocky mounds the frisking goats  
Skip, heedless of the coming morrow.

In this bright vale was Marian's home;  
There had her girlish hours passed o'er:  
There would she oft o'er greensward roam,  
Or wander by the rocky shore;

And merrily as the skylark sing,  
Or merrily skip the rock mounds o'er,  
Or sit beside the bubbling spring,  
Or pluck the wild flower on the moor.

Gayest among the lively throng  
Of maidens in the merry dance,  
Or listening to the Syren song  
Of love in maid-inspiring trance.



As o'er the moor fair Marian roved,  
Or culled the flower, or sipped the spring,  
Or on the rocky beach she strayed,  
Or sat beneath the sky lark's wing.

Young swains would hovering flit around,  
Like bees about a blush rose flying;  
But, vain was all their humming sound:  
Fair Marian heeded not their sighing.

Young love-sick James, in mute despair,  
Had sighed amid the gathered throng;  
Her rising charms, from year to year,  
Had pierced his heart, but sealed his tongue.

But, bashful lover's simpering sighs  
Will never pass with sprightly maidens,  
Or glances charm their sympathies,  
Unless the voice of deep love gladdens.

Across the wide Atlantic's roar,  
Despairing, off he flew in anguish,  
Determined in the Federal war  
To end his life, nor longer languish.

The ocean's roar, the billow's crest,  
New York's stern scenes, his absent love,  
With mingled feelings filled his breast—  
Oh! wherefore did he ever rove?

Why should he, then, engage in strife  
With those who never did him ill?  
And, should that struggle end his life,  
Murder would be his guerdon still.

Better return to Kingstown vale,  
Dash through the dunes who round her flutter,  
With fervent words his love reveal,  
And vow he could not live without her.

Thus thought—'t was done! the loving one  
Received her truant bashful lover;  
The church transformed them bone to bone,  
And Hymen bid them love for ever.

Now, o'er them shines the honey moon,  
Nor passing clouds will dull its brightness,



His natal day, this afternoon,  
They keep with souls of joy and lightness.

Oh! merry is the month of May,  
When cooing doves and thrushes mate,  
And maidens give fond hearts away,  
And swains are caught in Cupid's net.

*24th May, 1865.*

The following morning we started before breakfast over the old wooden toll bridge across the Dodder (now replaced by a handsome cut stone one), strolled along that river to Bob Haig's celebrated distillery, which was approached across a stone weir through the river from Haig's Avenue, now also replaced by a respectable cut stone bridge, opposite New Bridge Avenue. The distillery extended along the right hand of the road leading to Tritonville, surrounded by grazing land and meadows. It was a very extensive, rather dilapidated concern, notorious as the most smuggling establishment of the kind, and the temerity with which proceedings were carried on, both night and day. Many strange, but I believe truthful stories, were told of encounters with excise officers, who were constantly baffled; two had been smothered in vats, and two others, who secreted themselves in a vaulted recess on the banks of the river adjoining, met also a summary fate. Some of Haig's people had observed them ensconcing themselves. The neighborhood all around—Ringsend, Irishtown, Ball's Bridge, Donnybrook, and Sandymount—was of a most lawless character; burglaries and highway robberies were of nightly occurrence, and special police officers of the ancient force were on patrol. They were informed two burglars were secreted in this hiding place, at once appeared before it, calling on the parties to surrender; not a sound was heard in reply, when a volley

was fired, and the two men—one named Brown, a coach-maker—were taken out dead, much to the gratification of the bold smugglers, whose locality was rendered more terrible than before, without involving them in the consequences, and looked on without commiseration by the general public, who had no sympathy with the preventive service.

Old Bob was a sturdy Scotchman, who, with others of that ilk, established themselves from small beginnings as large gross distillers, viz., James Jameson, of Thomas Street distillery, in partnership with Silvester Costigan and Peter Roe, merchant, of Aston's Quay; afterwards, George Roe and George Meyler; John Jameson, of Bow Street; James Jameson, of Mary-le-bon, alias Marrowbone Lane, previously of Thomas-street; besides those who pushed into the trade were John Power, of Thomas Street, and Nicholas Roe, of Belview, afterwards pensioned off at £500 a-year by the others to keep out his competition. Bob Haig fought the revenue with every species of ingenuity and terror, and fought them in the Court of Exchequer until he had to succumb, retreated in that direction where Scotchmen are not fond of going—home. His concern was dismantled, and the *debris* of it furnished the foundation stones for the two avenues built on the distillery fields, viz., Tritonville and Newbridge.

From Haig's we turned to Irishtown strand, by Cranfield's baths, which appear to-day as they did then, with the same little gut for supplying water from the incoming tide, and discharging it at flow; the same high wall and granite stones on which bathers and strollers rest themselves, and basket girls attend on them with cockles and dressed crabs; the walls boys and girls leaped from, to the loose, dry sand beneath, and climbed up again and

again to display their agility. Then we passed on by the old wooden bathing boxes on Irishtown Strand, and, the tide being in, crowds of women and girls were disporting in the waves, throwing up the soles of their feet when diving, and their flowing hair on arising, dripping like mermaids, or, with bunches of briny weeds in their hands, looking like sea Ophelias. In Ringsend we stopped to purchase a supply of crabs and cockles, and crossing the bridge, returned by the high walk just in time for a welcome breakfast, when we did ample justice to the cold Sligo swine flesh, pleased with our trip through a locality which to me was a perfect novelty, and my first close acquaintance with the rolling ocean wave, which reached over my shoes more than once in passing along the strand.

Being men of action, after breakfast Uncle Will proposed a visit to the city, to which we proceeded through Lower Mount Street (Upper Mount Street then contained about six or eight houses of the square end), Merrion Square appearing at the present period as it did then, with its internal beauty of verdure, its hawthorn, white and pink, lilac, laburnum, evergreens, flowers, nurses, children playing, adolescents reading under the bowery trees, or young couples whispering softly to each other in some secluded nook; or nursemaids ogling through the bars, or kindly admitting strangers to the sylvan scene with their protectionist keys; the same old-fashioned hammered Swedish iron rails, similar to what I saw in Lincoln's Inn Fields some twenty years past, and the same identical fountain with its bass relief erected in the polished reign of Viceroy Chesterfield, opposite Leinster House, then a ducal residence, now the Royal Dublin Society, part of the lawn being occupied by the Museum and the National Gallery, which has been the scene of many an

exhibition of live stock and works of art and ingenuity. From Merrion Square we passed along Clare Street, Leinster Street, and Nassau Street. In Leinster Street we saw the portly figure of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, with his two Irish wolf dogs, making his exit for his morning walk. His then residence is now Strahan and Company's cabinet warehouse, opposite Lincoln Place, then called Park Street, where the celebrated Mrs. Kelly, who was afterwards murdered, kept the Kildare Hotel on the site of the Turkish Baths, notorious as a leading rendezvous for intriguants for nearly half a century before. Nassau Street was then about twenty feet wide, including a narrow pathway. Opposite the houses was a disgraceful old dashed wall about twelve feet high at the street side, and shutting out all view of the College Park, extending to three or four houses which were at the side near the corner of Grafton Street, one of them inhabited by a highly respectable citizen, named Goodisson, in the tapestry line. In fact, the street was more entitled to the *soubriquet* of Nassau Lane, from its extreme narrow, gloomy, and filthy appearance. Pushing on round the College and King William, the wonders of which, the Bank of Ireland, and the Castle were pointed out to me, we passed up Cork Hill through Castle Street, went to view Daly's Club House in Werburgh Street, and, turning back again, emerged into Skinner's Row. Here was a leading street from the Castle to Thomas Street, Kilmainham, etc. Passing in front of Christ Church, with houses at either side, four storeys in height, basketmakers, turners, hosiers, drapery, cloth, and tailors' shops, etc., etc. The street was not more than twelve feet wide, extending from Castle Street to the corner of Nicholas Street. On our passing to the right my chaperon espied a long narrow passage,

and, darting down it in his eagerness for discovery, we arrived at a place called Hell, passing the east end of Christ Church, and terminating in John's Lane. Just at the termination, a jet black figure of wood, symbolical of his Satanic Majesty, on a stone pedestal, disputed our passage, and we had, or rather he had, a squeeze to pass by. From John's Lane we skirted round the northern side of Christ Church, and, turning up St. Michael's Hill, we came again into Skinner's Row, wheeled round by Audoen's Arch, a very antique, into Cook Street, where coffinmakers were working for death, crossed Winetavern Street, through John's Lane again, and paid a day visit to the pretty little theatre in Fishamble Street, once a celebrated and fashionable resort, the stage of which has been trodden by various characters, thespian and political, since its first formation to the present day, now glorying in the title of Prince Patrick's. Here I afterwards saw and heard Cobbett on his Chartist mission to Dublin. Here have been dramas, operas, concerts, professional and dramatic performances. Handel played in its orchestra, and Madame Wharton exhibited her troupe of artistes (*Poses Plastique*) on the stage. From Fishamble Street we turned out on Essex Quay, which was then as it is now, its narrow width forming a strong contrast to the adjoining ones. One would imagine the same jewellers, spur-makers, glove makers, fishing tackle makers, looking glass and print dealers, were there from that day to this. On over Essex Bridge, by Capel Street (now as then), into Mary's Abbey to the Bank of Ireland (now occupied as the Jews' synagogue), through Charles Street, celebrated then as now for its old and new Brumagem and Sheffield ware, and particularly distinguished in 1848 as the residence of Hyland, the celebrated pike manufacturer to his



Excellency Earl Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Four Courts being in vacation, I could only gaze in wonderment at them, and, pushing our way along Ormond Quays, Bachelor's Walk, across Sackville Street to the Custom House, we continued on to the end of the North Wall, and, crossing the Ringsend Ferry, we reached home by dinner time, during and after which I supplied a fund of my newly discovered wonders; and I sorely tickled my aunt Priss's religious precision in describing our visit to his Satanic Majesty in Hell. The remainder of Uncle Will's stay was occupied in business affairs, and his departure was as brusque as his *entré*, never intimating his move until after breakfast, when, calling me to assist him, he tumbled his luggage into the hall, and, having engaged a four-wheeler the evening previous, he bid us all a hasty good bye, gave me a smack, popped a bright guinea into my hand, and disappeared.

Now for a change of occupation. Education being a primary consideration for an embryo citizen, after being duly introduced I went to O'Gallagher, who held an academy for a limited number of young gentlemen in Warrington Place, Grand Canal, near Lower Mount Street. Schoolmasters in those days were generally savages, and it has often surprised me since how they have escaped from the indignation of their pupils, or legal punishment from their parents. This fellow outheroed Herod. Individually I had not much cause to complain; but as a specimen I will remark, when the pupils were writing, his invariable rule of showing his displeasure was by striking on the back of the hand, over the two forefingers with the heavy knob of a massy silver pencil case. I held on with him for about eighteen months. There I met Thomas Davis, who then showed none

of the gifts for which he afterwards became celebrated. He was a good-natured-fellow, very bashful, lisped in speaking, and appeared anything but a genius; but the ruffianly manner and conduct of our preceptor might have had a strong effect on perhaps a very sensitive conformation of intellect. Three rustic youths, named Gore, from the west, the eldest named Ralph, intended, I think, for the army, I never heard of after. Two young fellows, named Knox, from Mount Street; Tom and Sam Steele, afterwards of the Four Courts; two Graves from the Bank of Ireland, are all the parties I recollect; the silver knocker was no improvement to my handwriting, having given me an aristocratic style, legible to few but myself, and often a puzzle to the printers.

Having acquired as much education as O'Gallagher could impart, I left him without ceremony or regret, and shortly after joined the famed but fading establishment of John, or as the boys called him, Johnny M'Crea, in Upper Stephen Street. Here I was introduced by my kind mother into a large oblong room, about thirty feet wide by eighty long, in a detached building, at the rear of the old gentleman's house, with a distinct entrance from the front, a range of desks and forms on each side, with passage down the centre for training and drilling (no offence in those days), and a little pulpit with reading desk at the end for the principal. I was introduced to a dapper little man, about sixty-five years of age, slightly over five feet in height, with a pleasing expressive face (perhaps assumed for the occasion), powdered hair and queue, knee breeches, white hose, silver buckled shoes, with lively action and address. There were about forty boys in the academy, which was erected for about two hundred, and the old man boasted, amongst other celebrities, that

my cousin, Tom Moore was his pupil, he having been born and residing in No. 12 Aungier Street, corner of Longford Street, about half a furlong from the academy.

Here I worked assiduously, notwithstanding the testy passionate temper of the old gentleman, which often broke out into paroxysms of rage and brutality; but schoolboys, like eels to skinning, from being accustomed to it, were expected to receive everything of the kind as a born inheritance, in nine cases out of ten being afraid to complain to their parents, who would only say, served you right. As I minded my business, I never came under the old man's six foot *cutting whip*, but others were not so fortunate; and one soft country lad in particular, who had no friends resident in the city, became a special plaything for the old man. Whenever his temper required a safety valve, poor L—— was thrashed. The school not increasing, or some fellow not having paid up, or a fit of indignation, or a recent visit from the taxman, put him into a state of savage irritation, which ended in his picking some error in L——'s exercise, collaring him at the desk, and hurling him into the central passage, then placing his foot on the poor boy's chest, he raised the cutting whip which he had carried behind his back, and made him cringe with a blow which was not repeated. Just as he raised the whip a second time, I dashed in, snapped it out of his grasp, touched him smartly *a posteriori* and on his calves, called on the boys to open the door, and lashed him out of the room. All was uproar. As I took the lead, they followed my directions. The old man's tool chest was brought from beneath his pulpit. I nailed the door, nailed down the windows, chopped up the whip with his hatchet, hacked his pulpit nearly to pieces, and the school became a regu-

lar hullabulu. There was danger in the row to the old man of being closed up. He sent his daughter to parley. Terms were agreed to, amongst others his pledge to discontinue such exercises, guaranteed by his daughter. I threw the chopped whip at his feet, went home, told my father I had thrashed my schoolmaster, and the reason why. He said I acted right, and my schoolboy days terminated.

#### NEW HOLLAND.

The delta which formed the slobbs at the confluence of the Dodder, the Little Swan river, and the Liffey from Beech Hill and Beggar's Bush Roads at the west, to Tritonville and Irishtown Roads on the east, the Dodder and Swan rivers having been embanked and the slobbs reclaimed, formed the district then known as New Holland, a reclamation from the sea, and just the spot for smugglers, freebooters, highwaymen, and burglars, who, in case of pursuit, had the water communication of the Dodder, the strand at Irishtown, Ringsend point, and the Pigeon House wall to retire through, whilst on shore they had Le Fever's Folly, the great double ditches where the barrack now stands, and the fields extending to Baggot Rath and Eastmoreland Place for redoubts, in which they had their relays of marauders and scouts prepared for their winter evening pastime. Northumberland Road was not then thought of, and where the barrack is placed five roads met then as now. The high road to Ringsend was a favourite tramp for them, and a dangerous one for travellers; whilst to add to the ill odour of the locality, the dock at the Canal bridge was unfenced, and rarely a week passed from the first of November to the first of March, without an unfortunate

passenger being taken out of it, caused by fog, drunkenness, or foul play, keeping the coroner in requisition. The roads were bounded by mud banks, with the ditches at the road side; and when the winter evenings were dark, it was about as gloomy a slough of despond as ever timid traveller groped his way through. No light, unless from a hand lamp, the old oil lamps beyond the bridge forming "no glimmering taper's guide" to the benighted ones, their dingy glare did not exceed a radius of three yards from their glass bell casements, and there was no such organization as police vigilance.

Like their predecessors the Danes, of a thousand years previous, those pirates were supposed to come by sea from some rendezvous at Clontarf, or down the Liffey in boats from the cellars in Thomas Street, Francis Street, or Church Street, which at the period were lodgings for individuals of the lowest class, dens of robbers and loose women, traps to entice strangers from the country of the labouring and carrier class, seeking lodgings at two pence and three pence a night, and suppers of crubeens and oysters, washed down with new smuggled whiskey. Many a foul deed was committed in those subterranean caravanseries, and many an unwary or inebriated passenger of the better class was caught by the legs and pulled or pushed down to be drugged and plundered, or garotted, if he resisted. Fortunately for society, it was one of the early acts of the new Corporation to close them up. An individual named Murphy was celebrated as captain of those fillibusters, and became a terror to the district. Unlike Collier or other celebrated knights of the road, he had no trace of manliness in his character, or generosity in distributing his plunder amongst the needy. His character was that of brutal violence if resisted,



spending in debauchery in some secure retreat his ill-gotten spoils, or fleeing to cover, should fortunately an alarm be given to favour the escape of his prey. I never heard of their carrying arms: their weapons appeared to be the bludgeon and the old Turkey red spotted handkerchief, one of which was occasionally picked up after a retreat. The old vaults of the bramble covered ruins of Le Fever's Folly were their favourite look out, as they could command a full view as far as light would permit of the five roads, viz.:—Beggar's Bush, now Shelbourne Road, Haddington Road to Baggot Street, the Artichoke Road, now Canal Street, to the city, Ringsend Road, with its dangerous high pathway, and London Bridge Road and the rickety old wooden bridge, with its toll gate standing like a caricatured portcullis, leading to Irishtown and Sandymount, and left open after eleven o'clock, P.M. About five hundred families were employed in Duffy's factory at Ball's Bridge, extending to Donnybrook, but when out at night they generally travelled in force, especially on Saturdays; but woe to those who did not, in which case the week's wages or the week's provisions were sure to change proprietors. Opposite Haig's Lane, along the Botanic Garden wall, now planted as a shrubbery, was Watery Lane, facing where Lansdown Road has since been formed and built on with elegant houses. This lane was more like a ditch, for it was immersed by springs oozing from the banks, having to be traversed on stepping stones, was another favourite lie-by. The rope walk under the high road to Ringsend was another. If the night was too hazy, they could discern like Indians at a long distance whether passengers were single or in groups, and planned accordingly. Many a corpse taken out of the Canal, the Dock,

the Liffey, or the Dodder, was supposed to have been flung in by them.

After our sojourn at Pembroke Lodge, the doors and windows were well secured in the evenings; the armoury well looked to; and although two ferocious dogs were in the yard, if a growl was heard after nightfall, the window was quietly opened and a shot fired as a caution; nor did we ever go into town or about the neighbourhood without being well armed. As this was well known, we were never molested, but on numerous occasions saved both female and male passengers from the harpies; in fact, I became a regular knight errant, and had a peculiar whistle which summoned to the rescue. One evening I was in our little park playing with a pet buck, whose long antlers were a terror to strangers, when I observed an ill looking fellow with seal skin cap and red 'kerchief peeping cautiously over the wall where Walker's house now stands, and surveying the approaches to the chemical works, where the desired prey of copper pans and lead cisterns were performing duty. The object of the fellow was palpable. That night the window of our little battery was left open. Approaching the small hours stealthy tramps were heard, the dogs growled fiercely, the wicket from the park was prized open, half a dozen fellows entered the yard: a blunderbuss loaded with slugs was fired at the group, smothered moans were heard, we dashed from the window, there was a hasty retreat and pursuit, they gained the high wall, ascended by ropes amid a volley, and reached the other side. The quick dash of a dray was heard carrying off its load of bone and muscle instead of copper and lead. We made prizes of the ropes, two crowbars, two dark lanterns, and a bottle of phosphorus. In the morning we traced a stream

of blood across the little park, over the wall, along the road to the point of the wall at Ringsend at the back of Dock House where there are steps to the river. Two familiar faces were missed from the locality, and it was rumoured they were dropped by their companions at full tide into Halpin's Pool, and we were not again disturbed by similar visitors.

Instead of the honour of martyrdom on the gallows of Kilmainham, Jack Murphy had a most ignoble exit from his beloved locality, having been transported for life in 1832, for abstracting a watch from a gentleman's pocket at the Four Courts; perhaps he afterwards became a bush-ranger, or reformed, and turned shepherd or gold digger, and established a dynasty in another New Holland at the antipodes; but he never was heard of here after leaving the country for his country's good.

#### SACK-EM-UPS.

If the highwaymen and burglars were a terror to the living, the sack-em-ups were an awe to those anticipating death. The daring manner in which those robbers of the dead carried out their operations in every graveyard in the city and for miles in the surrounding country districts, filled the timid with horror, and the general public with disgust. So soon as the dissecting season set in, the surgical pupils, assisted by the most daring ruffians they could select as their assistants, put society at defiance, and owing to the ineffective police system, were almost invariably successful. Whenever detected in their unhallowed operations by relatives or friends of the deceased, they fought their way through the opposition, and generally carried off their prizes in triumph, for which purpose they were well prepared with light vehicles, with

muffled wheels and swift horses. Bully's Acre, adjoining the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, the cemetery of the poorer classes, before those of Richmond and Glasnevin were thought of, was their great field of action, from which they gathered in their harvest of mortality, and the graveyards of Kilbarrack, Artane, Coolock, Swords, Merrion, Irishtown, and Donnybrook formed their reserves. Their operations were short and simple: with a screw they penetrated the fresh earth at the head of the coffin, prizing it with a lever, and raising it to the surface, drew out their prey and bolted. The more aristocratic and formidable tombs of the wealthier classes in the parish graveyards were equally at their mercy, for whether a large slab stone or well secured family vault, emblazoned with the virtue of deceased as their passports to heaven, their crowbars and pickaxes soon cleared the way. In their operations occasionally they were interrupted by a shot from some watchful friends, but their scouts and assistants being numerous, soon scared the nervous protectors. In all the city graveyards can be seen at the present day broken tombstones and ruined vaults, which were left without repair when the living heirs of mortality secured more tranquil repose for their dead at Richmond, Glasnevin, and Harold's Cross.

My mother, an amiable and pious woman, having a strong presentiment of an early death, fostered, I presume, by her periodically increasing the family circle, had a melancholy dread of those midnight raiders, and selected a spot at the end of our garden for her interment, under shelter of the mansion, her sons, and the small battery. She died, after giving birth to her last son, in December, 1826, and, on a family consultation, it was resolved to inter her in her parents' grave in St. Mark's churchyard.

At the same time to protect her remains from desecration, we had her placed in the vaults of the church, and obtaining permission, held possession of the vestry with half-a-dozen sturdy fellows we could trust, "armed to the teeth". We guarded her remains alternately for a fortnight, until too decomposed for scientific operations. Here she was joined by the remains of my father in 1837, but the supply from hospitals and poorhouses rendered any precaution unnecessary.

#### A TIMBER MERCHANT AND A MEMBER OF THE PRESS.

We have often heard and read of individuals selling themselves to our invisible enemy, and the performances of *Faust*, *Manfred*, *Der Freischutz*, have rendered the subject popular and presentable, with a due share of horror on the stage. Madame Vestris played the devil as *Don Juan*, and created such a sensation that her limb became a model for artists, and was copied for breast pins, whip, stick, umbrella, and pen-knife handles, to gratify her votaries. There were two individuals who entered into bond with the sack-em-ups of the period, selling the reversion of their bodies for a life annuity. One was a woman of masculine frame, height, and proportions, who hawked wooden bowls, trenchers, and spoons, with a peculiar stentorian rolling voice, cried "W-o-o-o-o-den w-a-a-a-re"; another was a weazel-faced high shouldered little news vendor, who squeaked *Saunders*, the *Morning Register*, and *Freeman*, in a voice which, like rasping on an old iron hoop, set the teeth on edge. The remains of those celebrities are carefully preserved in the College of Surgeons Museum, Stephen's Green.



## A LIVELY SUBJECT AND A FAVOURITE LOCALITY.

Sandymount, a pretty little village, on the north-west side of the bay, had little pretensions in extent of houses and population to its present state. Its noble strand, pretty beach, and depth of wave at full tide, caused it to be a favourite bathing place for aristocratic females, who paid two pence for the box accommodation and dress, instead of a penny paid by their sisters at Irishtown. The population barely exceeded three hundred persons, including souls. Seafort Avenue was a leading one to the sea, facing the Pigeon House at its marine entrance. The little common forming a triangle in the centre of the village, had at the east side a range of lodging houses continuous with New Grove Avenue, a circuitous one, and the south approach to the briny wave. Cautious about the north, north-east, and south-west winds, in a position unprotected by any elevation, the houses were built not exceeding two stories in height, and were generally two storied cottages. Reilly's grocery concern, now Fox and Hanrahan's, and Nedly's, at opposite corners of Seafort Avenue, supplied the locality, and Mrs. Tunstall, in her castellated tavern, welcomed all visitors who had money to spend, and wished to enjoy themselves. The common formed a study for students of the George Moreland school of art, being a favourite promenade for goats, pigs, and poultry, and Ashford, who painted such beautiful truthful landscapes, had the beach for his rambles, and the magnificent bay and glorious scenery for his studio, from Lord Charlemont's, at Fairview Strand to the Needles at Howth Light House, including the picturesque shores of Clontarf and Dollymount, with numerous villas and varied timber plantations on the

elevated back ground, and the village of Clontarf, with its white-washed houses on the Strand. Baldoyle and Ireland's Eye were visible across the little isthmus connecting the peninsular mountain of Howth with the mainland, and the old "Traveller's Home", forming the principal portion of the little village of Sutton, on the sea shore, at the base of the "big hill", with its white-washed walls, formed a temptation for a row or sail to enjoy an hour or two of its comforts, or as a starting point, to cross the rocks, gorse, and heath, which beautified the glorious old land and sea mark. Ashford lived on the Rock road, between Sandymount and Serpentine Avenues, where his son Dr. Ashford still resides, and, as a contrast to the marine view at Sandymount, he had the noble range of Dublin mountains opposite his house, some nearly two thousand feet in height, commencing at Dalkey and Killiney, and extending to the county Kildare, with their variety of appearance, in some places gently sloping upwards, with pasture, corn fields, and farm houses; at others precipitous, rocky, and barren, with the exception of occasional "oases" of verdant mountain firs planted by proprietors to relieve the barrenness of the scenery, or as a shelter for such animals as ventured to seek pickings amongst the rocks. Ashford would have been more celebrated had he been better patronized; but the blighting effects of the union, causing the efflux of income-spenders, chilled his genius, and that of others who followed in his wake. My old friend Wm. Howis has painted many beautiful landscapes of national scenery, several of which I at one time felt proud in possessing and exhibiting in my gallery, and for which I paid the artist his own price; many others I knew to be bought on speculation, and laid aside to await

the decease of the artist to treble or quadruple their value; but many of those selfish speculators have themselves bit the dust, and I trust my friend Howis will live "the full length of his tether", even at the disadvantage of supplying patrons with his works at one-fourth their intrinsic value, instead of seeking the shades of his fathers to benefit his patrons. A pretty long programme this to "a lively subject"; but to the point. In those nights of adventure a Dr. R — resided at No. — Seafort Avenue, carrying on an export trade, which few knew of until the occurrence of rather a laughable catastrophe. It appeared that for years he had been supplying scientific men in England and Scotland with subjects for the knife, exporting them in piano cases, and as there were several eminent Dublin manufacturers at the period, the mode of transit created no observation. During the doctor's occasional absence, his lady took his position; and one evening, or rather night, the harvest being all gathered, and no fresh intimation of a prize, the "boys'" funds had run to Zero, and in a fit of pique, frolic, or something not quite so amiable, they plotted to raise the wind after a novel fashion. The empty sack was in their possession, but its intrinsic value, including its perfume, was nil, and a sharp-witted fellow proposed that he should be tied in it and delivered to the doctor's laboratory. The idea was promptly carried out, the sack duly delivered, the lady paid the bearers the accustomed guinea, and they departed. Being past midnight, the lady retired to rest, but shortly after was startled by a noise in the dead room, and then a bursting open of doors. Alarmed, she roused the household, and on examination found the laboratory and hall doors had been burst open. The sack received that evening

had been cut, and it was evident she had been duped. The story oozed out, the police set on the trail, discovered the mode of operation, and put a very summary termination to it. The story caused public amusement at the period, but in a generation was forgotten, and I take this mode for its revival. About the same period the diabolical murders by Burke and Hare occurred at Edinburgh, carried out by placing pitch plasters on the mouths of their victims, and causing strangulation. How scientific men ignored the cause of their subjects' deaths I cannot imagine, but the two villains were executed amid public execration. The village of Sandymount has been extended from Tritonville to the Tower on the east, Newbridge Avenue to Sidney Parade on the west, and the small elegant church of St. John's, erected on the reclaimed marsh where I have wielded my eel spear, embellished with most extraordinary carvings, which, I think, must have been designed by the late Sir Harcourt Lees. The goats, pigs, and poultry, have been long evicted from the common, which has been enclosed with a handsome iron railing, and planted with trees and shrubs, and I presume Michael Hanrahan and Michael Nedly, two respectable representatives of the early traders, will become commissioners at the next election for the township.

My humorous and highly talented friend, G. K. Whammond (Paul Pry) in his invaluable and interesting guide to Dublin, Wicklow, etc., referring to the refreshing salubrious dash of the ocean wave which favours Sandymount and Irishtown with its visits, bracing the nerves of bathers, and delighting the visions of old and young who view its fitful movement, suggests that it should be filled with the mud of the Liffey, from the

Pigeon House to the Tower near Merrion. for the purpose of a people's park. Now, Paul, my dear fellow, believing you the son of that worthy Scotian captain of a breeless regiment of kilted heroes, whose exploits you have so often spoken to me about, I cannot conceive where you imbibed the Dutch idea you have "ventilated". What! shut us out from the sea at the only part where the public have free admission along the whole south-eastern coast until you arrive at the short strand of Bray! Will your engineering skill enlighten us as to what the maidens and youths and aged men and women and infants of both sexes are to obtain as a substitute? Surely not the quarry hole at Donnybrook, or the Swan River which flows through the barrack, or the lower Dodder, whose effluvia you can nose a mile off when the tide is out. Repent, my dear friend! Defend that dash of ocean with your quiver, and, if necessary, with your life. If you would turn engineer, use your influence to convert the Portobello and Blessington basins into noble fresh water plunge baths for your fellow citizens, so soon as the Vartry supply is complete. The accomplishment of such evident benefits would revivify your jolly soul, and enable you and the grandchildren of that old Scottish hero to enjoy the luxury of an immersion not far from your residence at Rathmines, and also try to induce your friend and correspondent, D'Israeli, to dispose of the Bog of Allen by order in council at half a crown an acre or less; and if you cannot obtain a limited liability company of Irish and Scotch, invite our American cousins to turn bog trotters, who would soon convert it into paraffine and charcoal, corn and potato land. The water, from its tonic properties, would be the finest in the world to make bitter ale, requiring little hops; barley



grown on the new soil could be steeped and malted on the spot; and new rivers formed by the drainage would bear produce in every direction. On the same principle distillers would set in operation, and the peasants be induced to settle on the reclamation, charging them a reasonable profit on the outlay. Accomplish this little bit of engineering, my dear fellow, and no Irish-Scotchman who sucked goat's milk at Dundrum, and carved saddles of mutton in the township of Rathmines or any other locality, would be elevated to higher fame; but allow old Neptune with his trident to dash along the strand of Sandymount as heretofore, uncontrolled by human speculators.

#### GERALDINE.

Within the radius of a mile from the really pretty Green of Sandymount, "in a cottage near a wood", surrounded by the choicest flowers of the garden and exotics of the conservatory, which she illumines with her presence, resides the fair and gifted Geraldine, whose compositions in poesy and prose shed lustre on the pages of the *Tribune*.

#### SPIRITS.

Smugglers, from time immemorial, have been looked on as quasi-honourable men. The buccaneers of the Spanish Main, with whom the gentlemen of England and other lands made large investments and many took active part, were considered glorious fellows until they degenerated into piracy; and the muleteers of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Tyrol were welcome visitors to high and low. The haughty hidalgos of Spain, gay counts of France and Navarre and the Low Countries—celebrated by Romance writers, by poets and by bards—by Scott, in *Guy Mannering* and *Red Gauntlet*, by Lover, in *Rory O'Moore*,

besides thousands of other highly sensational sketches, testifying the estimation in which the profession was held, and the general advantage to those who had strong objections to oppressive and unjust revenue laws. On this subject I extract the following from Stanhope's *Life of William Pitt*, vol. i. p. 216, Murray's edition, 1861:

“In 1784 tea was the staple of smuggling. According to Pitt's calculation, thirteen million pounds of tea were consumed in England, while only four millions and a half were sold by the East India Company. Forty thousand persons, by sea and land, were said to be engaged in it, and the large capital requisite for their operations was said to come from gentlemen of rank and character in London. Ships of three hundred tons burthen lay out at sea and distributed their cargoes of tea to small colliers and barges, by which they were landed at different places along the coast, where bands of armed men were stationed to receive and protect them. Not merely the revenue was affected by smuggling, but the agriculture and manufactures of the country were in danger of being ruined; the farmers near the sea coast have changed their occupation, and instead of employing their horses to till the soil, they use them for carrying smuggled goods to a distance from the shore. In former wars the smugglers had not conducted themselves as enemies to their country, but in the late war they enticed away sailors from the king's ships, gave intelligence to the enemy”, etc., etc.

Ireland was no exception to the general law of society, versus the unjust law of tyranny, and the coast, as well as those of Great Britain, witnessed many scenes of daring “runs”. Up to about 1830 the Irish distillers of all grades carried on operations to an enormous extent, the advantage of which was reaped by persons in almost all

classes of society, and I believe even Claudius Beresford, himself the head of the Irish revenue department, had an open cellar for any of the craft who found it their interest in running thereunto sundry casks of choice old malt, whilst, from viceroys downwards, potteen was a coveted and welcome beverage, and, if I mistake not, royalty itself, in the person of George the Fourth, preferred it to old port. Nay, so little are modern ideas changed from those of old as to the morality of the offence, that persons of all creeds equipped fleets of smugglers from London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other ports, to run the American blockade, which was done to an immense extent, realizing large fortunes for modern adventurous buccaneers, without the slightest qualms of conscience or interference with their religious avocations.

Although the duty on Irish whiskey at the period I allude to, was moderate, still the order of the day, the love of adventure and enterprise, and the gross laxity of the Revenue Board and its officers, caused quite a furore in operations, and every device was used to carry them out; nor, owing to certain pecuniary transactions with the guagers, was the detection thought of. — in Patrick Street, and — in Townsend Street, with hundreds of others, carried on the running with little caution. The system was, obtaining a permit for one puncheon, which protected that quantity should a strange guager or an amateur detective, for the sake of half fine and half proceeds of seizure, interfere with the consignment; and on the one permit ten, twenty, or thirty puncheons were covered singly, until the consignee was sufficed, and women with milk cans, bladders, bottles, every conceivable utensil for the purpose, conveyed the liquid direct from the distillers to the small dealers and shebeen

houses. Bob Haig fought the revenue physically and at law, and was ruined. The politic owners of Thomas Street, Marrowbone Lane, John Street, and Bow Street subsidised the revenue and made large fortunes. Each man had his price. When I was a boy, dining frequently at my uncle George Meyler's, I met the general of his division, a well-looking, affable, elderly man, once or twice at dinner weekly, when there was always something under his plate, as well as on it, and my elder brother, who was distiller, kept open table and any amount of oyster suppers and old malt for the general staff, while business was being transacted.

About November, 1867, thirty casks of French brandy were seized in a cavern near Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, within the precincts of her majesty's rambles along the sea shore. Now, I do not insinuate the Queen had any finger in the pie, but it is more than probable some deputy comptroller put his finger to his nose on the occasion as on many others, and the imaginary duty of ten shillings per proof gallon was expected at quarterly settlement of accounts out of the privy purse, to be divided amongst those interested.

#### SPIRIT RAPPERS—TWO HEROES.

One evening at my father's, Pembroke Lodge, we were all at tea, Uncle Will amongst us. A loud, hurried knock was given at the hall door, and a voice cried out: "Let me in! let me in!" I opened the door, when a foppish looking young man with a large military style of cloak rushed into the parlour, and throwing himself on the sofa without any ceremony, cried out: "Save my brother! save my brother!" We quickly learned that he and his companion had a *melee* with Haig's men, who were con-

veying dray loads of hay to town, and whom they attempted to surround. M'Cormack was despatched with loaded whip handles and thrown into the field; he (Nugent) took the discretionary view and fled to cover. Uncle Will, my eldest brother (he of the distillery afterwards), and myself darted out with a lanthorn, and in the field at Beggar's Bush (now Shelbourne Road), opposite where the ball court of the barracks is, and which is now built on, we were attracted by heavy moaning, and observed M'Cormack lying in the ditch, his head just clear of the mud, and one mass of gore. With some difficulty, each assistant being plentifully covered with blood and mud, we conveyed him to the house, where he was cleaned down, his head washed and bandaged, and a conveyance being procured he was sent to Sir Patrick Dunn's hospital in charge of his gallant friend Nugent, and guided by his three preservers, with loaded arms.

The weapons those heroes had were cane swords, and pistols about three inches long in the barrel. M'Cormack's skull was cracked, and, as a locker in the sugar store, Custom House, he wore a silver plate on it for years after. Nugent, being an apothecary's assistant in Merrion Row, returned, I presume, to his mortar, neither having obtained honour or prize money in the transaction, and, with such a holy horror of Beggar's Bush and its locality, that they never ventured to call and return thanks for the attention they received.

#### SUNDRIES CONDENSED.

The life of a schoolboy (one of Shakespear's seven stages) is an epitome of his subsequent career. The really hard work morning and night at home, the brain labouring over Lindley Murray, repeating multiplication tables



to 19 times 19, diving into the mysteries of syntax, prosody, and parsing, attempting to gulp down the Latin grammar, repeating alpha, beta, gama, delta, etc., etc., like a parrot, and just as he has passed the Rubicon of practice, thinking himself near the hill top, driven into vulgar and compound fractions and decimals, the weary tedium only relieved by the delightful studies of geography, history, and drawing. With all its fun and frolic, its rollicking and rambling, the elementary studies of youth are by far severer than any other occupation in the life of man. Philanthropic in its truest sense will be the individual who clears the pathway of youthful education from the enormous incongruity of tares and brushwood, smothering and mystifying the course of instruction, placing intelligent, emulative, energetic, and bright intellects in the position of dolts, and in former times still more stupefying thousands of noble spirits by the brutal code of inflicting castigation as refreshers to intellects made morbid by the discipline pursued and the incongruous matters to be understood and committed to memory. Imagine the idea of commencing the spelling book with the declared purpose of committing to memory the 80,000 words in the English language, with the correct spelling and interpretations, whilst at the same time he is drilled on the same principle through Latin, Greek, and English, grammar, geometry, algebra, etc., and expected to aim at proficiency in all about the same period, without reference to intended pursuits or the suitability of extraneous study to the aspirations of the neophyte. What man in a thousand, professional or otherwise, lawyer, doctor, attorney, or apothecary, bears in remembrance any of the dead languages but the commonplace quotations which are stereotyped in his boyhood? Of what advantage are they

to the civil or the military services, the merchant or the higher class mechanic? forgotten like the lashes with which they were instilled, or only remembered with pain at the unnecessary and forced labour, as with the barbarity of the lash.

Of the pedantic fools, interlarding their ordinary conversation with the quotations of Latin and Greek to astonish the ears of the groundlings, take them up on the instant and challenge them to give an English translation on the spot, without the aid of dictionary, ten to one if they do not beat a hasty retreat, or form an empty excuse for not accepting it. Jonathan Swift, on his retreat to Ireland as to penal servitude, to escape from his plotting with Bolingbroke and others to establish the Stuart dynasty on Queen Anne's death, turned, as his source of penance, to travel again over his Trinity Classics, which he had forgotten within a few years of being robed with the churchman's gown.

My school days in New Holland were spent in the usual way of all boys, wrestling, hurling, leaping, bathing, splitting peg tops in playing gloss, with the satisfaction of a Mohawk scalping his foe, the juvenile billiard game of marbles, gathering cockles, catching balls near the Pigeon House, after passing the targets for infantry practice at Sandymount beach, etc., etc. I formed a friendship with a young fellow named M——, now residing in Liverpool as a merchant, with whom I kept up a correspondence for twenty years afterwards. During holidays we formed excursions to the Three Rock Mountain or Mount Pelier, the Scalp, Killiney, the Light House, and Green Hills, for which purpose we saved up our pocket money for bread, cheese, and porter; fished in the Canal for perch, the Dodder for flukes or young

flounders, or on damp dusky evenings with a ball of large worms fastened with worsted, bobbed for eels in the Sally Hole on the Dodder, from the bank at Dawson Grove, or the old brick building in Haig's Lane, now used as a malt house. From Sidney Parade to the Tower was an extensive salt marsh, now reclaimed and built on. Here we spear-d for eels, and caught shrimps; in the winter, shot wild duck, snipe, or widgeon, and in the field adjoining Cranfield's baths skated and pegged snow balls. At Ball's Bridge were Duffy's celebrated calico print works, employing about five hundred men, women, and children; the bleach green extended from the factory along the Dodder, to the old Shot Tower at Donnybrook, on which still stands the comfortable thatched cottage of one of the superintendents, with whose family we were intimate, and I still dwell with pleasure on the pleasant evenings I have spent there, gambolling through the Green, or playing "hide and seek" with his pretty daughters in the drying shed. Alas! how changed the concern, which turned out the finest class of prints, eagerly bought up by Manchester warehousemen, who reshipped them with their own brands to the shopkeepers of Dublin and throughout the country, who scorned to deal in such articles not imported. It was purchased ultimately by them and dismantled, to get rid of Irish competition, as long before they crushed out the woollen trade, and left the Liberty a region of pauperism. At Rathgar a similar one was carried on by C. Osbrey, who emigrated to New Jersey with his entire staff of operatives, and who died of apoplexy in 1832, brought on by anxiety and disappointment. At Island Bridge was another equally celebrated concern, belonging to William Henry, which was also sold and dismantled, all

owing to the selfishness and vanity of the shopkeepers and their customers, who scorned to purchase native manufacture. In a similar way very recently the women and girls throughout the country were employed by Glasgow houses at a miserable recompense, working collars and skirtings, and reshipped not only here, but to all parts of the world to an enormous extent and at enormous profits. Our fisheries in a similar way have been worked by Scotch, Cornish, and Manx fishermen, and herrings cured in Glasgow have supplied us with Scotch branded herrings. I am glad to see a move in the right direction in this traffic, and at Howth, Arklow, and other localities, proper boats and gear are working with a highly remunerative return.

My schooldays having terminated, I did not idle my time, which I spent in following out my studies with avidity, about eight hours and sometimes ten hours daily, reading every book I could obtain possession of, history, English classic, all the British poets, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Rollin, Cæsar's *Commentaries*, *Voyages*, *Travels*, Smollett, Fielding, Swift, Voltaire translated, Milton, Thomson, Cowper, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Scott, Moore, Byron, Shelly, Ossian, Falconer, Akenside, Pope, Dryden. Shakespere was my constant companion and delight; *Paradise Lost*, my glorious epic; *Lalla Rookh*, my day dream. I worked on in classics through the six books of Virgil and the first gospel in Greek testament; studied stenography until I had made considerable progress, and worked two books of Euclid. The classics, Euclid, and stenography I have totally forgot, regretting only my not pursuing the two latter, which would have been invaluable to me afterwards. The former I never had the slightest occasion to refer to, and, as



little learning in such matters is useless, I learned to forget them. In December, 1826, my mother died, in her tenth accouchement, at the age of thirty-eight, and as a life of inaction was not my purpose or that of my friends, I was placed with Wm. Alley, an eminent brewer in Townsend Street, on trial as an apprentice. Here I remained about six months; fell in love at first sight with an interesting and beautiful girl who was on a visit with Mrs. A. My indentures were prepared, presented to me for signing; but, on observing the term of seven years in them I objected; they would not be altered. I became puzzled, despairing, desperate; started from Kingstown in a steamer to my friend M—— at Liverpool; determined to go to sea or join the East India Company's service—in fact, up for anything desperate—when about three days after my arrival, strolling near the docks, my father pounced upon me; seemed highly delighted at the capture; brought me to his hotel, and we started that evening for home. Here was a disappointment; friends laughed heartily at the occasion, and I was made rather a butt of amongst my brothers and sisters, pointing to the melancholy Jacques of sixteen. Nothing daunted, I resumed my studies and love-making, had become a favourite with my uncle George. I spent most of my time at Laurel Lodge, Dundrum, and having a good horse to ride and plenty of books to read, with opportunities to write sonnets and present them, I spent the time pleasantly. After a few months I was placed in the counting house of Henry Roe and Co., Crampton Quay, where I remained a year and a half. I had become decidedly erratic, although I paid the closest attention to business, and, on expressing my desire to see the world, my father and uncle agreed to my request to visit America before I settled for life.



After many adieus, I arrived in Liverpool about the 24th April, 1831, had a welcome reception from my friend Mainwaring, paid my passage to New York, and in waiting the sailing of the vessel spent a few pleasant evenings with him. The contrast between the United States at the period with their present condition is most interesting. Then slavery was the great institution of the Southern states, and existed in all its horrors. The population of the entire states was about ten millions; the miles of railroad about one hundred; the population of New York about three hundred thousand; that of the pretty village of Brooklyn, on Long Island, opposite New York, about three thousand. Now, after the terrific and unparalleled conflict of four years' war, in which a million lives were sacrificed, slavery has been totally abolished, and the Negroes are not only free, but citizens. The population of the Great Republic amounts to about forty millions, rapidly increasing every year; the city of New York has a population of a million, the city of Brooklyn about five hundred thousand. Last year the numbers crossing the ferries at Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken amounted to seventy-eight millions, and the Irish element, amounting to one third of the population, is one of great political importance. The war and trading vessels of the great republic are to be found in every clime; their alliance is sought by every nation, extending civilization, industry, skill, and enterprise, wherever they plant the stars and stripes. They have become a terror to evil-doers, and Louis Napoleon, after his piratical expedition to Mexico, so soon as the Americans were free from domestic war, and gave a hint they were prepared to clear the decks, directed his forces to "skedaddle" ignominiously from the country, leaving

his unfortunate dupe, Maximilian, to a miserable fate, and his own name to the judgment of mankind. Notwithstanding occasional bickerings with Great Britain, their mutual associations are almost too strong for a serious quarrel; their interests are closely interwoven; and making every allowance for American gasconade, there can be no doubt that if they and Great Britain were united, they would "lick creation". Their population increasing in the ratio it has done, would, in thirty years more, amount to one hundred and fifty millions. Should a serious quarrel arise with Great Britain at any time, as a matter of course the new Confederated States of Canada, with Demerara and the West India Isles, would at once be annexed by them, and Erin's Island of Saints, which was the seat of a glorious propaganda fifteen centuries since, would become the battle field, as it almost invariably has been, of various races and principles. There is no doubt Ireland would be at once invaded; but there is a vast difference between crossing the Atlantic and the Potomac or St. Lawrence. No doubt the Irish Fenian element in the states forms a great power; but an invasion here would be resisted by parties whom they appear to ignore: with few exceptions, the entire episcopal and dissenting Protestants would form a compact and almost invincible force, comprising the various races of Celt, Norman, Saxon, and Danish, whilst the great population truly attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and of similar descent, would unite with them, proving their loyalty in the sternest manner, and resisting to the death the propagation of principles which invariably supersede all clerical authority, and, if successful in this country, would Americanize every religious institution. But before this could be accomplished, if there was a

possibility of it, a holocaust should be made, more than double the extent of that in the great war with the Confederate States.

As I was the last to leave the camp of the disastrous Michigan expedition, and I believe the only survivor—at all events the only one in a position to write its history, which I have done faithfully—my record is the only account of one of those reverses which form a historical epoch in the history of all nations. The United States were not then a military power; their standing army by law was but sixteen thousand men, chiefly for garrison duty in the west. And this expedition and its summary termination was keenly felt by the nation. Black Hawk remained safe until a treaty of peace was concluded, and he afterwards visited New York with his squaws. The American republic having become a great power amongst the nations of the earth, can now fairly afford to give up the “game of brag”, and hold out the right hand of fellowship to all deserving of it.

In reference to the horrors of sea sickness, I give vent to the following, not with any disrespect to the great emporium of western trade, but as an outburst of natural feeling, which can be appreciated by those suffering under the malady. Some of those sketches were printed for private circulation shortly after my arrival home, but they have been considerably both curtailed and amplified, in the latter introducing scenes not previously included, to avoid disturbing with cloudy pictures the happiness of a honeymoon

## LIVERPOOL.

O Liverpool! if ever a single feeling of hatred hath found its way into my bosom, it hath been directed against thee! Over thy head hangs retribution for engendering such feelings in the human breast. Thou hast used thy influence in corrupting a heart otherwise free from such fiend-like passions. Never until I beheld thee, could I name the being or thing which I hated. Thou town of masts! Thou city of steam-boats! Avaunt! My inmost soul sickens at the mention of thy name! Methinks this moment I am reeling on thy docks, after a channel-trip, in which my bowels yearned to behold you. And when I did—good heavens! how was I received! When I sprang upon thy shore, thinking that sea-sickness was at an end, what did I behold? There! There! 't is before my vision! An inland sea, tossed and agitated like that which I had left, was before my sickened view. Crowds of steam-boats emitting their nauseous vapours to my overpowered senses, and stunning my ears with their eternal din. Wherever I went, the odour of tar and oakum started up to receive me. Hotels, taverns, and boarding-houses, were crowded with blue jackets. Good God! could no retreat be found from being reminded of that most horrid of all horrible curses, sea-sickness? Even on my pillow, so didst thy appearance taint the imagination, that the paddle-wheels still rung upon my ears. I cannot curse thee! 't would be contrary to my nature; but thousands whom you have made to suffer, are ready to appear in judgment against you.

On the the 29th of April, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, I left Liverpool for New York, and in the following lines have attempted to give some idea of our embarkation:—

## OFF TO THE WEST.

Pray where lies the "Isaac Hicks",  
 That is to sail at ten o'clock?  
 She left yesterday at six,  
 And lies just below the Rock!  
 The Rock! the d——l! where is that, sir?  
 By Jupiter, I 'm finely done:  
 It's just five short miles off, sir,  
 See the signal to be gone!  
 The deuce take it! her cursed captain  
 Told me to be here at ten!  
 Will your honour have a boat, to  
 Reach her ere her anchor 's in?  
 What 's your charge, sir? come, say quickly.  
 Twenty shillings! In an hour  
 The vessel sails, sir. See the distance,  
 And we are in all but four.  
 Twenty shillings! Ha! ha! ha! sir!  
 I've been cheated but too oft!  
 You'll not give it! Very well, sir.  
 See the signal flies aloft!  
 Come, put off, look, here my trunks lie.  
 See that they touch not your bilge-water!  
 They are stowed quite safe and drily,  
 Your honour wo'nt forget the porter.  
 Now on board, I seek the cabin,  
 Through two hundred souls on deck.  
 "My good woman, let me pass on".  
 "Sir, I'll tread upon your neck".  
 Such confusion! such a Babel!  
 Squabbling, fighting, cursing round.  
 All hands aloft; coil up that cable.  
 We sail! we sail! 's the buzzing sound.  
 Now they seek, between the hatches,  
 For their berths in wild array.  
 Maids, who long to make good matches,  
 Wives who scold their lives away.  
 Oh! wurrasthrue! oh! wurrasthrue!  
 A woman with four children cries,  
 Dear captain, jewel? D——n your eyes,



What with my babies shall I do,  
 Be quiet, or I'll heave you over !  
 Here, Jack, those people stow below.  
 Aye, aye, sir, there they'll be in clover.  
 Hen-pecked husbands, boois, and boobies,  
 All are huddled down below.  
 Let's have air ! see here no room is.  
 Bring some lights ! I'm smothering—oh !

On the fourth of June, 1831, I arrived in New York, after a voyage of five weeks on board the "Isaac Hicks", a fine American vessel of six hundred tons burthen. A sea voyage, after the novelty of the first few days is over, is perhaps one of the most monotonous, uninteresting, and tiresome periods of a traveller's existence. The high buoyant feelings which are excited on embarkation, at the idea of visiting foreign climes, cities, forests, rivers, and mountains—those blissful ideas so inherent in the bosom of a youthful, imaginative traveller, gradually vanish, as the prospect of a long voyage presents itself to his imagination. He is at least doomed to spend his time "from morn till night, from night till startled morn", in one continued scene of dull nonentity. Indeed, he may now and then be roused from his torpor by the appearance of a vessel, a shark, or an aurora borealis, but to this he soon becomes habituated. Sometimes the prospect is too grand to be passed unnoticed, and I have attempted in the following lines to give some idea of an evening at sea near Cape Sable :—

Retiring through the western sky,  
 A brilliant orb of fire, the sun  
 Reflecting tints in bright array,  
 Along the wide-spread horizon.  
 'T is calm, no breeze the ocean moves,  
 Or fans the canvas, widely spread,  
 And dolphins 'long the vessel's sides  
 Come sportng from their coral bed.

Now dusky eve's faint gleam of light  
Succeeds the sun's effulgent ray,  
Whose parting beams now glimmer bright,  
Then vanish till the coming day.

Next through dark clouds of leaden hue  
Appears the moon's chaste silvery beam,  
Stealing along, then bursting through,  
In one pale, brilliant orb of flame.

Along the wide-spread waters see  
The moonbeams playing o'er the waves,  
Like mirrors shining brilliantly,  
Reflecting ocean's gem-lit caves.

A breeze is springing—sails are swelling,  
And swiftly through our course we sail;  
Gaily we pace our sea-girt dwelling,  
And greet with joy the fav'ring gale.

The afternoon of the 3rd of June, on awaking from a long slumber which I had enjoyed the most part of the day, hearing the busy hum of voices, I hastily dressed myself, and proceeded to the deck. Immediately on my appearance, the welcome expression of "see the land" greeted my ears. I turned round with delight, and beheld the shores of New Jersey within two or three miles. My torpor instantly vanished, and I doubt if Columbus's joy on first reaching the new world, was greater than mine. The fragrant smell from the flower-gardens on shore, the verdant foliage of the forest which stretched along the coast, the fine houses and handsome villages which were seen peering through the trees, produced a delightful sensation, and long and ardently did I feast my eyes with the scene. It was not until long after midnight, when our pilot ordered the anchor to be cast outside the Narrows, that I retired to rest, and next morning I was among the first on deck. It was late in the evening of the 4th when

we arrived at the city, in consequence of being becalmed outside the Narrows, during which our situation was not one of the most enviable description, for the thermometer was one hundred in the shade. We were, however, in some measure compensated by a breeze springing up in the evening, which gently fanned our scorching forms, and enabled us to reach the city about nine o'clock, through the most beautiful scenery which I ever witnessed. As we passed the Battery, it was brilliantly lighted up; gas-lamps glittering through the trees of the Castle Garden, which was crowded with the gay and beautiful: within the Battery there was an exhibition of fireworks, which were continually darting through the air, and the music of the bands came floating over the waters with the most harmonious effect. On arriving in the city I procured a bath, which was peculiarly refreshing after the long voyage; after which, and enjoying a good supper, I retired to rest, amid the comforts of the "Pearl St. House".

New York is a fine city, beautifully situated, and the bay is, perhaps, one of the finest in the world, crowded with shipping from every quarter of the globe. The streets are spacious, and run the full length and breadth of the city; some of them are planted on either side with weeping willows, a custom very general throughout the States, and producing a very pleasing and picturesque effect. The hotels are capacious, extremely comfortable, and fitted up in the most splendid style. Indeed they must be so to please the public taste, for the Americans indulge in every luxury. The churches of every persuasion are handsome, well-built edifices, and generally contain good organs and choirs. The Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic are predominant; the English

episcopal churches are few, and principally frequented by the descendants of the Tories of the revolution, many of whom reside in this city: their principal is Grace Church, the music in which is generally very fine. The Town Hall is a very noble pile of buildings, situated in the centre of the city. There are several large theatres, the principal of which are the Park and Bowery. Two noble museums, Peal's and the American, and numerous baths and public gardens; the benefits derived from which are very great, the summer being so intensely warm.

The prevailing custom amongst the young citizens, married and single, is to reside in boarding-houses, which is decidedly the most economical plan, when not encumbered by a family. It is particularly pleasant for a stranger to reside in one, for he at once mixes in society. The first week after my arrival, I became a resident in one, for which I paid ten dollars a week. The mistresses of the house were an elderly widow lady and her maiden sister: and their family (as they designated their boarders) consisted of about eighteen, most of whom were young persons of both sexes, and our time generally passed in the most agreeable manner. We called our landlady mother, and her sister aunt, a custom quite prevalent.

Accustomed as I had been to the quiet, uncommercial appearance of Dublin, I was not a little astonished at the bustle which pervades every part of this great city. Situated on the small island of Manhattan, which is connected to the mainland by a bridge at the confluence of the north and east rivers, New York is surrounded with water. The Americans are celebrated for the celerity with which they dispatch their meals, and on my first arrival I was literally half-starved.

Having remained sufficiently long in New York to

satisfy my curiosity, and being desirous of seeing the interior of the country, I determined on proceeding to the Virginian springs, and fortunately I met a young fellow-countryman, just arrived, whom I had known in Dublin, who agreed to accompany me.

On the 25th June, we left New York in a steam-boat for Philadelphia, proceeding through Raritan Bay, running between Staten Island and New Jersey, we arrived at Amboy, from whence to Bordentown on the Delaware we proceeded in stages.

Within five miles of Bordentown we passed the estate of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, which I understood was fitted up in the most elegant style. The house, however, was remarkably plain in its appearance. Nearer the river he has an observatory, which commands a prospect of the surrounding country.

Having left New York at six in the morning, we arrived at Bordentown about two, being a distance of sixty miles. We soon after found ourselves gliding down the gentle-flowing, beautiful Delaware, in a steam-boat, at the rate of ten miles an hour. This is one of the most beautiful of the American rivers, and is navigable to Trenton, upwards of two hundred miles from its mouth. As it runs through a thickly settled and wealthy district, the banks on each side are completely cleared of forest, with the exception of ornamental groups of trees left to add to the beauty of the scenery; handsome villas, many built of bastard marble, with orchards, flower-gardens, and shrubberies, villages and towns planted with locust and willow trees, fine farms, and pasture lands, form the varied scenery along its banks, which appear almost on a level with the water, and beyond which is an extended prospect of rich champaign country. At Trenton, the Delaware



is about three-quarters of a mile across, and becomes gradually wider descending the stream. As in most of the American rivers, there are numerous islands in its course. The distance is about thirty-eight miles from Bordentown to Philadelphia, where we arrived at six o'clock, being twelve hours on our trip. This city, as it lies rather low, cannot be seen until within about two miles, when on turning a curve in the river, it bursts all at once into view. Its appearance on approaching is not very striking, until in passing to the wharf there is a view of the streets, which run parallel and cross each other at right angles; most of them run two or three miles in a direct line. On disembarking, we proceeded to the City Hotel, and before retiring to rest, traversed a considerable portion of the city, the sombre, dull appearance of which formed a striking contrast to the bustle of New York.

Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, is situated about one hundred miles from the Atlantic. Its trade is not very considerable, owing to the obstruction of the bar at the mouth of the river, which prevents large vessels from coming up. It possesses, however, a considerable number of manufactories, from which it supplies the interior of the states.

In the morning we proceeded to the top of Christ Church steeple, the highest in the city, from which we had a most commanding view. The city is laid out with the most mathematical precision. The streets are wide, and the houses handsome, and well built of red brick, numbers of which are roofed with tiles.

The State House preserves the same appearance which it did on the meeting of the Delegates and Declaration of Independence, on the 4th July, 1776. It is an old, in-

elegant brick building, but justly venerated as the birth-place of freedom. On our visiting it the court of justice was open, and we witnessed the trial of some thieves. It was proceeded through with the most perfect decorum; and one advantage which I perceived it possessed over the British courts was, that neither pleaders nor judges were incumbered with the frizzled grisly wigs which our barristers put on, to give them an appearance of gravity and dignity, when they in fact make them appear like old women, and in many cases not unlike some of the monkey tribe.

The United States' and Gerard's Banks are chaste elegant buildings of the bastard marble. There is a handsome arcade near Arch Street, over which is a splendid museum and fine gallery of paintings. Here is one of the mammoth skeletons found a few years since in the state of New York. There are two very handsome theatres, one in Chestnut, the other in Arch Street—the former of which I visited, and saw Cooper, the celebrated American actor, as Othello, who went through the performance in a highly creditable manner.

During my stay I experienced two of the greatest extremes of heat and cold that had been felt for many years. The day on which I landed (June 4th), the thermometer was at one hundred in the shade; and the first week of December following it was six degrees below zero at New York. During the summer it varied from eighty to ninety-five. The atmosphere during the day is very dry (at night there are generally heavy dews), and the warm weather generally continues from the latter end of May until the middle of October. The cold weather set in on the 1st December, 1831; the rivers were all closed, and the ice on them, in the course of one week,

was two feet thick ; after the first week the weather became milder and more pleasant—much more agreeable than our winter in Ireland, not being accompanied by any cold winds or rain, and the sky was generally quite free from clouds. The rivers were not open until the end of March.

The Fairmount waterworks at Schuylkill (within four miles of Philadelphia) are well worthy of observation.

By means of immense forcing-pumps, worked by water wheels (a weir being built across the river), the water is raised to the top of a perpendicular rock, ninety-six feet in height, into two handsome basins, surrounded by walks and pallisades. From these basins the city is supplied with water by pipes. The buildings connected with the machinery are built in a tasteful, elegant style ; at the foot of the rock is a female figure holding a spread eagle in one hand, and from several parts of her body the water issues to a considerable height, forming one of the most beautiful fountains which I have ever witnessed.

There are not as many Quakers in Philadelphia as I expected to have found. The sect is fast dwindling away, and most of the young branches are as gay and sociable as those of any other sect.

On the 28th, we went on board a steamboat for Baltimore—one hundred and ten miles distant. Travelling on board the steamboats on the American rivers is the most delightful mode which can be imagined. They are fitted up in splendid style, sometimes going at the enormous speed of fifteen miles an hour. Consequently, the scenery presented to the view varies in rapid and pleasing succession, and travellers rarely quit the decks, which generally consist of two or three, rising one over the other, furnished with chairs and loungers.

The scene presented on board these boats at meal times is truly ludicrous. Being early risers, the Americans breakfast and dine early; the breakfast hour averaging from seven to eight, and that of dinner from twelve to two.

The dinner hour on board the steamboats, is generally two o'clock. As the hour approaches, a visible anxiety is observable amongst the crowd who throng the decks, looking at their watches, going back and forward to the cabin to see if the table is laid out, and gradually gathering around the purser's office. At a quarter before two a bell is rung, and all run to the purser's office to obtain dinner tickets. As fast as these are procured, the owner proceeds to the cabin, paces up and down the table, looks at each dish with a longing glance, and fixes on his favourite, near which he hovers, not unlike a cat watching a mouse. The perturbation observable in each countenance becomes intense as the fifteen minutes gradually glide away; and at two the delightful sound of the dinner-bell is heard reverberating throughout the vessel. Such a scene, were it accompanied by any yells, a stranger would certainly imagine that a party of Indians were rushing to battle—such crushing in the companion-way, and upsetting of chairs. Fortunate is he who has not to wait for a second course. Whole joints of meat vanish in the twinkling of an eye; and in fifteen minutes all is calm—still as the ocean after a storm. In this universal rout little attention is paid to gallantry; and on my return to Philadelphia a short time afterwards, I actually saw four ladies obliged to wait for a second service.

The distance to Delaware canal from Philadelphia is forty-five miles, at which place the river is about five miles across, presenting a very noble appearance.

This canal is cut through a low, narrow, marshy neck of land, fifteen miles in extent, between the river and Chesapeake Bay. Through this we proceeded at the rate of five miles an hour, in a commodious canal boat, drawn by horses.

At its termination we again went on board a steamboat at the head of Chesapeake Bay. Here the scenery was extremely wild and beautiful—the land being elevated a considerable height, and covered with impenetrable forests. The Elk and Susquehanna rivers fall into the head of the bay. The latter is one of the finest rivers in the states, and is navigable for upwards of two hundred miles through Pennsylvania. There is a noble bridge crossing this river at York in the above state. The navigation of the Chesapeake is rather dangerous, on account of shoals, and arrangements are made that the vessels get through these in daylight. The distance to Baltimore is fifty miles, and we did not arrive until near twelve o'clock at night. The night, however, was particularly fine, and there was something exquisitely romantic passing down this noble bay,—surrounded on all sides by gloomy forests—occasionally the log-fire of the fisherman appearing in view, reflecting a large volume of flame in the dark still waters, like beacons of hope gleaming o'er the gloomy ocean of despair.

Baltimore is built extremely low on the Patapsco, fifteen miles from the bay, and is one of the most public-spirited cities in the Union. It is the principal city in Maryland, though not the seat of government, which is at Annapolis, about twenty miles distant from it. Baltimore is built in a very handsome style, and ornamented with several handsome buildings, amongst which are the Unitarian and Roman Catholic chapels. The latter has a



splendid marble altar piece, adorned with two cherubims, which are beautiful pieces of sculpture; it has also an excellent organ and a choir of fine singers. The Unitarian chapel is built in a light, chaste, elegant style, of the bastard marble. Battle monument, in the centre of the city, is a light, beautiful piece of sculpture. Outside of the town is a monument, one hundred and seventy-eight feet in height, to the memory of Washington, from the summit of which is a view of the surrounding country. Baltimore is a place of very considerable trade, is protected by a fort, and has very good wharfs. Merchandize for the western states is generally transmitted here from New York by water, from whence it is conveyed by wag-gons. This is the most northern of the slave states, and possesses a large negro population. It has one theatre and museum, but no squares or public gardens. The walks, however, in the neighbourhood are of the most beautiful description, and obviate the necessity of the former. A railroad runs from here, for fifty or sixty miles into the interior, and is intended to join the Ohio—a distance of about *fifteen hundred miles*. There are now, 1868, nearly forty thousand miles of railway throughout the states. The steam carriages run as far as the road has been constructed, and pass through the centre of the city by one of the principal streets on the same level. Leaving Baltimore on the afternoon of the 2nd July, we arrived at Washington, district of Columbia, about six o'clock—distant thirty-six miles. On our approach to this city we were struck by the grand appearance of the Capitol, which stands on an eminence directly facing the main road. It is a majestic pile of buildings, with a fine piazza, which is ascended by a noble flight of steps.

Washington is situated on the banks of the Potomac,

and is the capital of the States. It is almost surrounded by gently sloping hills, in the form of an amphitheatre, covered with handsome villas and gardens. The streets are laid out on the grandest scale. Pennsylvania Avenue runs in a direct line from the Capitol, a distance of about three miles, leading to the president's house, a handsome building of white marble.

This city, though laid out on a most extensive plan, does not contain a population of more than seven or eight thousand. The members of congress reside here only during its sitting, and then generally in the hotels, of which there are several of the finest description. On our arrival we put up at Brown's, and next day drove out to George Town, about two miles from the city. This is an inconsiderable place, little deserving of notice. The 4th of July being the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the citizens were busily preparing for its celebration. The independent companies were all under arms in their different uniforms, which were generally very handsome. One company in particular, composed entirely of young men, were dressed in tartan-plaid trowsers, short frock coats and scarfs, with handsome caps and feathers, and armed with rifles. Having performed their evolutions in the forenoon of the 4th July, in the afternoon they embarked on board steamboats with their different bands, and proceeded down the river. The President, Jackson, went with a large party of friends to Frederickbourg, and consequently I had no opportunity of seeing him.

In the course of the day there was a public meeting, attended by a great number of beautiful and fashionable females, in the rotundo of the Capitol. Here a Mr. Brown spoke for about an hour on the happy condition of the

American people—read the Declaration of Rights—gave a rapid sketch of the glorious Revolution—animadverted on British tyranny—set forth the benefit derived from the union of the States—and concluded with a warm eulogium on the conduct of General Jackson, and another in praise of the venerable Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration, amid the warm plaudits of the assembly.

There is no doubt that those meetings are of considerable benefit to the younger citizens, in placing before them the noble conduct of their ancestors, and inciting them to patriotism and virtue.

The number of fire-flies which are to be seen in the warm season, and the effect which they produce, is extremely pleasing. Soon as the shades of dewy eve make their appearance, thousands are to be seen flitting through the air, like so many orbs of fire, shining with a transparent and dazzling brilliancy, and appearing like miniatures or satellites of the starry tribes which illumine and sparkle in the wide overspreading firmament.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th July, I found myself translated from Jesse Brown's comfortable table d'hôte at Washington, on board a handsome steamer on the Potomac, bound for Alexandria, seven miles distant. The beauty of the scenery as we proceeded through the different curvatures of this romantic and picturesque river, engrossed my attention and admiration for some time after starting, and consequently I had taken little notice of the varied group of passengers who thronged the decks, presenting a scene well worthy the observation of a traveller—that of an assemblage of persons from almost every quarter, impelled from different causes to leave their native countries, and concen-

trated on board the deck of an American steamer. The confusion of languages resembled a second Babel; English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Irish, etc., etc., continually saluting the organs of hearing.

Previous, however, to our arrival at Alexandria, my attention was attracted on hearing a female voice, in broken English, making inquiries about the route to Lynchburg. I immediately turned to take a survey of the person who I expected would be a fellow-traveller, and perceived her addressing one of the sailors, who could give her little information respecting her inquiries. I accordingly offered my services, and was not a little pleased on perceiving a beautiful and interesting countenance, shrouded by a green gallash and black veil. Having given her the information which she desired, and informed her that I was going the same route, we entered into conversation, during which I learned she was a German, had been one year in the United States, and was proceeding to North Carolina to join her brother. Here was a beautiful young creature, a foreigner, imperfectly acquainted with the language, going to become my companion for at least three days. The Americans are not a gallant people (at least when travelling, every individual attending as much as possible to his own comfort), and I therefore determined on becoming her squire. For the three succeeding days, we travelled eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. The weather was excessively warm, and our party consisted of nine inside the stage. We were all very social, and the time passed in a very agreeable and interesting manner. I could not, however, avoid remarking a visible expression of anxiety in the countenance of the fair German, which I endeavoured, by every attention in my power, to dissipate.

## SUSPENDING A TRAVELLER.

Previous to our leaving New York, as we were going to Dixie's Land, where bowie knives and rifles were the companions, and gouging and lynch law the pastime of its inhabitants, we each purchased a substantial dagger with silver sheath and mounting, as life protectors. The mail stage by which we started from Alexandria was a most commodious carriage, drawn by four horses, having front, end, and centre seats inside, the latter with a strap across the back, each seat intended for three passengers, the roof devoted to mail bags and luggage. Each side had three large windows, which, being open during the day until the chill of the forest dews set in, assisted to modify the intense heat. Our Negro driver was about as lively a Jehu as I have met with, and the style in which he kept his stud in hand and worked them with little whip or loss of temper, in fact, directing them kindly by his voice, would have obtained admiration from charioteers of the road in the palmiest days of the British and Irish mail service. He was about five feet four in height, and the coolness with which he crossed the sloping, circuitous, narrow roads, over the two ridges of the Alleghany Mountains, in some places nine thousand feet above the level of the Mississippi, with such confidence and circumspection, that two of our lady passengers proceeding to the Springs to benefit their nerves and general health, after a short advance on the mountain, beheld the tremendous elevation we ascended, and the depths beneath, into which the slightest incaution of the driver or insubordination of his horses would have whirled us to destruction, with the greatest *nonchalance*. He was perfectly black, with well formed head and profile, most



intelligent in his conversation, and kept a sharp eye to the noble animals in his guidance. He and his guard, an active young Negro, were hired for mail service by their Virginian owner; and he lived in a very elegant cottage on the road side, near Alexandria, its neat style and bloom of roses and jessamine on its front walls, attracting our attention as we passed it.

My fellow-countryman and traveller, although an Irishman, had none of the gallantry or courtesy for which his nation are famed; and I had often to apologize to strangers for his rudeness. We were within about thirty miles of Lynchburg, the day was exceedingly sultry, and nine passengers inside considerably added to the unusual heat. The three ladies were seated at the end, M—— and I were in the centre seat, he in the middle, a gentleman at his right, and I was at his left, three gentlemen being on the opposite seat, when he astonished us all by deliberately lighting a cigar, evidently to show his independence of atmosphere, heat, and courtesy. In the presence of females, cooped up in such a position, his conduct was outrageous; and on my whispering him in reference to it, he became more offensive, by puffing his cigar with redoubled energy. The ladies complained aloud, the gentlemen were indignant, and I beamed savage, saying: "M—— will you throw away that cigar"; it was useless, puff! puff! went the smoke gushing to where the ladies were sitting, and, raising my hand, I jerked the cigar into the roadway. He was a powerful young fellow, about four-and-twenty, and I had not a moment to wait the result of my charge; I saw him draw his dagger from his left side, his arm was raised to plunge it into my chest; on the instant, I caught his dagger wrist in my left hand, darted my right into his necktie, which I

twisted, put my thumb under his chin, and he became powerless. The stage was stopped, the indignant passengers hauled him to the road; a council was held, and lynch law was decreed. The guard brought ropes, his arms and legs were tightly bound, and the lasso was about being thrown over his head. Although indifferent to my friend's company, I had no idea of his summary exit to travel unknown regions with all his errors crowding upon him. I caught the lasso, and claimed him as my prisoner, which could not be denied; but in the admission the atrocity of his proceeding was reiterated, and in sparing his life on my claim, it was determined to punish him after a novel fashion. Two spikes were driven into the trunk of a white oak about six feet from its base, a rope was placed under his arms, two of the summary justices ascended the tree, and he was swung up until his feet rested on the spikes, the stage was backed over, from the roof of which he was tightly bound to the trunk with ropes, and his arms and legs well secured. Having accomplished the performance, the stage moved on, one determined looking Virginian regretting I interfered to save him from just punishment. Had I persisted in opposing the milder form, I knew his doom was sealed, and the bowie knife would have brought the matter to a short termination; but I was aware a "drove" of about two hundred Negroes in chains, with their drivers, who we passed in the stage, would be up to the tree in a few hours. I felt no uneasiness on the subject, as a couple of dollars would obtain his liberation, and I had not the slightest sympathy for his punishment.

It was about twelve o'clock at night when we arrived at Lynchburg, on the 9th, and most of the party having to continue their route at day-light next morning, had

retired to bed immediately after supper. Having bid farewell to my German friend, who was pursuing a different route, I determined on enjoying a cigar and a glass of mint julap, before I should be lulled by the wand of the sleepy god, and accordingly proceeded to the bar for that purpose. On passing the coach office, I was not a little surprised on seeing her with a gold chain in her hand, which she was offering to the coach agent for her passage to Charlotta, in North Carolina, one hundred and twenty miles distant. The man was on the eve of accepting the offer, which was at least ten times the value for which she was giving it. All the sympathetic feelings of my soul were in an instant in motion: I was master of but fifty dollars, and did not expect a remittance for a fortnight after my arrival at the Springs; but had it been the last cent which I ever expected to be master of, and had my existence depended upon it, I could not resist the scene which presented itself before me: a beautiful young female reduced to the necessity of parting with her ornaments for a trifle. I advanced, and taking her aside, presented her with twenty dollars, which she possibly declined accepting, unless I would receive the chain in return. This I refused, but informed her I expected to visit the town where she intended residing in about a month. She then insisted on giving me a memorandum for the amount, which I shall retain to the last moment of my existence.

Before parting, which was not without regret on both sides, she informed me she had been robbed of one hundred and seventy dollars on board the steam-boat coming from Philadelphia. In about a month I left Virginia, and in all human probability the fair Paulina and I (save situation of the springs is very fine, amid all the beauties

in some moment of reminiscence borne on the downy flight of time) shall never meet again. Thank Heaven for such a faculty—the forecast of our spiritual ubiquity.

Fully expecting my chum's arrival in a few hours, I engaged a double-bedded room, and he duly appeared, considerably crest-fallen and fatigued. The Negro drivers had supplied him with a horse, as I expected.

The route from Alexandria (a large town, containing six or seven thousand inhabitants) to Lynchburg is along the eastern ridge of the Alleghany, an immense chain of mountains, running through the heart of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania: the scenery along the road was delightful, the land fertile and well laid out in Indian corn and tobacco. The country is very hilly, and in the whole route I did not see a level of more than ten acres. There is no town or village on the route worthy of notice, except Charlottesville, which is celebrated for its noble university. Lynchburg, on James River, about three hundred and fifty miles from Washington, is a town of very considerable importance, and is the principal depot for the produce of the south-west of Virginia, proceeding to Norfolk.

On the morning of the 10th, we left Lynchburg, and were two days and a-half crossing the mountains to the Sweet Springs, viâ Fincastle; as we understood the White Sulphur were the best attended, we proceeded on to them, and found a large and fashionable company assembled, consisting of about four hundred; here we enjoyed ourselves in one continued scene of pleasure for about three weeks.

The numbers who resort to these springs are surprising, considering the distance they have to travel; most of the visitors being from the more southern states, great numbers from Charleston, New Orleans, and Mobile. The

of mountain scenery. Here resort the rich, the beautiful, the grave, the gay, forming a varied and agreeable society. At each of the springs there are a number of handsome cottages, divided into different streets, for the residence of each party or family, and all meet at the *table d'hôte*, in the commodious and comfortable hotel, in which is a spacious ball-room, and each evening all the young and gay unite in the mazy dance, whilst the old and enfeebled saunter amid the sylvan scenery around, or unite in a group under the spacious portico.

Those springs are the origin of many a wedding feast. Indeed, unless a person is pre-engaged it is almost impossible to avoid falling a victim to the tender passion. Time, place, opportunity, all conspire to enchain the sensitive; and even nature herself uses her most powerful influence to assist the wily god in making his conquests over the heart. The surrounding mountains, covered to their summits with impenetrable forests, appear to shut out all intercourse with the world, which appears as a dream. Shortly after arriving, you naturally look around for some one to be a sharer of your feelings, and who so appropriate as an interesting, amiable girl? You lead her through the mazes of the forest—point out the beauty of the scenery—quote some sweet, thrilling passage from a favourite author, and ere your next visit to the springs, “you and she become twin-bodied unity”.

Within ten miles of the sweet springs at Dunlap's Creek, is that part of the Alleghany ridge called its back-bone, where the rivers run east and west. In the neighbourhood are some of the highest mountains in the Alleghany chain, some of which are nine thousand feet above the level of the Mississippi. Among the number are Peter and Pott's mountains. This part of Virginia is



almost exclusively devoted to raising cattle, sheep, and horses, for the supply of the Baltimore and Philadelphian markets; immense droves are continually to be seen on all parts of the route, and some of the finest horses in the states are raised here.

After residing about three weeks at the White Sulphur, we proceeded to the Salt, and after to the Sweet Sulphur, where we remained about a week. During our residence we made several excursions to Louisburg and Uniontown, which were within about ten miles. Those are inconsiderable towns, but contain several stores for the accommodation of the visitors at the Springs, and many of the storekeepers have amassed immense fortunes. We became acquainted with several, and were invited by one to a wedding about being celebrated in his family.

In the morning the youthful couple were married in the village church, and about two o'clock all the respectable farmers who resided within ten or fifteen miles, assembled at the house of the bridegroom's father with their wives and daughters. The ladies all retired to a separate apartment, to the entire exclusion of the other sex, except a privileged few. The male party joined their host, who was engaged in making a profuse supply of mint julap, cocktail, etc., for his guests. Several boxes of cigars were opened, and we all were engaged in smoking and drinking, until dinner was announced, which was at four o'clock. The room being too small for the accommodation of all, the party were divided into several companies, according to their age, rank, etc.; each in turn charged the hospitable meal, and half an hour after dinner, the party were dispersed; groups of males and females on horseback, young men with their sweethearts on pillions behind them; a few carriages, and a number

of pedestrians, were all in active motion, returning to their respective homes. It is the custom here, and throughout the states, to marry very young; the bride was not more than seventeen, and her husband barely twenty.

#### UNCLE TOM.

Of all the sturdy, straightforward, honest, independent, spirited, republican citizens whom I have met, Uncle Tom was the pride, the pattern, the very prince of independence. He was a a roundabout little man, almost as broad as long, possessed an open, intelligent, good-natured physiognomy—kept his hands in his trousers' pockets—dressed in blue kersey of home manufacture—and was, moreover, an Irishman born. His eyes were gray, and possessed a remarkable cast, which, instead of being a deformity, added to the mild benignity of his honest face; and whoever met their friendly glance, was sure to feel a sensation of pleasure, except, indeed, some wealthy landowner attempting to be an aristocrat, or some recreant freeholder, who was known to have accepted a bribe. To such he was an object of terror; and they would invariably, on seeing him in the main street of the village, cross to the other side, to avoid his indignant glance. Indeed, I am confident that it was only on such occasions he ever felt a sensation of anger; and then it was evident it occasioned him pain, mingled with compassion and regret, that any of his race could be guilty of such weakness and corruption. His house was overrun with cats, because he would not suffer them to be destroyed when young. "Poor things", he would say, "surely they have feelings as well as ourselves, an' it would be pity to destroy them". Although he could

neither read nor write, yet no man in the country possessed a better library or more general information. Often have I found him seated on the stoup, which formed a handsome alcove, overgrown with roses, jessamine, and hops, with his wife (his old woman, as he styled her) seated by his side, who read Gibbon's *Roman Empire*, Cobbett's *Reformation*, or some work of a similar class, with all the charms of a rich Irish brogue. Desiring the book to be placed in its domicile (a handsome cabinet of well-polished oak) he would himself descend to his cellar and draw a tankard of his brightest ale (his own manufacture), and place it on a table in the alcove, furnished with fruit, sweetmeats, and home made cake, placed there by his niece—an interesting girl, with black hair, black eyes, and tall handsome figure. He would then pour forth its foaming contents into two ample glasses, and, placing before me some prime cigars, invite me to partake of his hospitable board.

I loved to be a partaker of his cheer; and many an evening have I beguiled away 'neath his hospitable roof. Being an old countryman, and born in the same city as himself, I was a great favourite; and as he resided within about ten miles of the Springs, I found it a pleasant evening ride. He was a native of Dublin, of humble origin, and left that city when about five-and-twenty, for the United States, and ultimately settled in the town of U——, in the vicinity of the Virginian Springs. Here he became a brewer; and, after twenty years of indefatigable industry, amassed about twenty thousand dollars, which he destined for his niece, whom he brought from Pennsylvania when a child. His concern was built under his own directions, and was the neatest, most compact, and ingenious which I have ever seen. He grew his own

hops and corn, made his own malt, and was four thousand miles distant from an exciseman. He spent his life in ease and independence—in the enjoyment of a good conscience—and uncle Tom was known and respected throughout a district of fifty miles around the village. His influence at elections was great, the integrity of his movements being well known. During my stay at the Springs, the election for the state representatives took place; amongst the candidates for his county was one of the wealthiest men in the state, and the village schoolmaster, who was also a carpenter; and through uncle Tom's influence the latter was returned.

The courthouse of a western village is a building of immense importance to the inhabitants, and is the theatre of various exhibitions, which alternately take place, being generally the only building in which a number of individuals can assemble together. On the Sabbath it is occupied by the parson and his congregation, in their gayest attire, who assemble from all quarters; the elderly portion, and their juvenile branches, arriving in their four-wheeled waggons, and the young maidens and men on horseback. During the time of service the village is thronged with horses and vehicles of various descriptions. During the week-days, whilst the magistrates, with all due gravity, are on the bench discussing some subject of importance, the children are collected in a distant corner, around the village pedagogue, prattling their tasks, or trembling 'neath the glances of his important eye. These are succeeded by the singing school, headed by the leader of the village choir, who is generally a person possessing a rough voice, remarkable only for its loudness and want of harmony. Standing a little in advance of his pupils he moves his head, hands, and feet,

for the purpose of keeping time. The concatenation of sounds produced by the united voices, the quavering, etc., etc., presents a ludicrous scene, and is a complete burlesque of the divine Apollonian art. Were the lyrical god to descend amongst them, I have no doubt but that the first effects of his rage would be to suspend the singing master from one of the strings of his lyre, and visit the maidens and swains with dumbness ever after. I would strongly advise my Transatlantic brethren to spend their time in a more profitable manner, and transfer the lyre of Apollo to the hands of the more gifted Negroes, among whom there are really numbers of fine singers and good musicians. One of the sweetest amateur singers whom I have ever heard was a fat Negro cook in a hotel in New Jersey. The singing school is succeeded by the votaries of the gayer and more graceful art of dancing; and the same floor which supported the preacher and his congregation—the grave and deliberate bench of magistrates—the warblers of harmony, and the saturnine pedagogue and his pupils, is made to shake beneath the movers in the graceful cotillion or lively jig. After the dancing appears the sheriff, to receive the poll tax from the assembled citizens, or leading a run-away slave to the adjacent whipping-post, to inflict on him his quantum of stripes, the court-house, amongst other services, answering the purpose of a prison.

During our residence at the Springs a great sensation was created throughout the country by the insurrection of the Negroes, which had extended to an alarming height, and fifty or sixty families had been murdered by them.

The origin was supposed to proceed from the fanatical preaching of some white men, who were their leaders.



Several hundreds of Negroes had united in one body ; and as every family had Negroes in their possession, either as house or farm servants, they were in a great state of alarm lest there should be a simultaneous movement, as in the eastern part of the state. By the timely raising of the militia, with the assistance of some regulars, the insurgents were driven to the Dismal Swamp, from whence they were ultimately driven by famine, and were executed in every quarter where taken. The murder of the whites was a just retribution for their cruelty to this unfortunate race, whom they sometimes treat in a most brutal manner. A southern could not receive a greater offence than being told that he and the Negro are the same species. Their masters have the power of giving them thirty-nine lashes whenever it pleases their brutality to do so. In Monroe county a free Negro, who was unable to pay his taxes, amounting to a few dollars, was dragged from his miserable hovel, from his wife and children, and sold at the county court-house for the amount. I have repeatedly seen large parties chained together, on foot, and driven through the country like cattle for sale, the driver mounted on a horse, with a long whip in his hand to keep them in order.

Being determined on our return to ride to Baltimore, we procured two excellent horses at the Sweet Springs, which we purchased for about sixty dollars each, and having arranged some necessaries in our saddlebags, and sending our baggage by a waggon, we left the Sweet Springs early on the 10th September. The ride over the mountains was delightful, and we had a much better opportunity of viewing the scenery than when shut up in the stage. Having come from Baltimore along the eastern ridge, we now determined on returning through the great Virginian valley, the finest portion of the state,

bounded by the east and western ridges of the Alleghanies. About three o'clock we dined on the top of Pott's Mountain, one of the highest of the ridge. Pursuing our route, we arrived about ten o'clock at Craig's Creek. The country was very thinly settled, and the few farm-houses were generally some distance from the main road. At the distance of every ten or fifteen miles there was a good substantial inn; and we now looked anxiously forward to our arrival at one: having been travelling since sunrise under the heat of a burning southern sun, we were extremely fatigued, particularly as we had to dismount repeatedly, and walk a considerable distance over the steepest part of the mountains, to relieve our horses.

The moon was at its full, and its silvery beams playing over the gently-flowing, murmuring stream, united with the appearance of the immense forest of white oak, of the noblest growth and most luxuriant foliage, had a delightful effect: not a sound was to be heard save the bubbling of the brook, and the howl of the wolves in search of plunder. We had not passed a house for several hours previous, and were beginning to despair of arriving at one, when the cheering prospect of a number of fires in the forest, a short distance from us, gave us renewed spirits, and we rode anxiously forward in the hope of obtaining rest and refreshment, or a direction to some contiguous inn.

On our arrival, the scene which presented itself was truly interesting: around the fire was a group of both sexes, old and young, busily preparing their evening meal. The men wore long beards and moustaches, and the women, most of whom were young and extremely beautiful, were bare-legged and bare-footed.

They proved to be a party of emigrants going to the west, and had come from Germany; they had several large waggons laden with furniture; in these they slept at night, and travelled from fifteen to twenty miles a day.

The interest which this scene excited in me prevented me from perceiving that M—— had gone on, thinking I was immediately after him. I now became a little alarmed, and hastily inquiring the route to the nearest house, rode on in a brisk gallop, in the hope of soon overtaking him. Having arrived at that part of the creek which, according to direction, we were to cross, I perceived the road on which we had been travelling continued along its banks. It immediately occurred to me that M—— had pursued it. I, however, crossed the creek, and rode for two or three miles, hoping that he had gone that way, and if so, I would soon overtake him; but I rode on in vain, and soon returned. It was now an hour since I had seen him, and as he was totally unacquainted with the route (having left the duty of making inquiries to me), I felt considerably alarmed.

The howling of the wolves in the woods, as it approached midnight, became dreadful, and I was in a state of the most painful anxiety. I rode along several by-roads, and made the woods reëcho with my shouts, when on my return to the creek, my shouts were answered, and I perceived M—— crossing it. He had pursued the road on the other side for five or six miles, and, surprised at my not joining, returned. We now made our way to a comfortable inn, and enjoyed a good supper and a refreshing night's rest.

On the morning of the eleventh we passed through Fincastle, a considerable town, built of wood, and containing a population of about fifteen hundred. About

ten miles beyond Fincastle we arrived at the banks of James's River, the scenery along which was very romantic. We proceeded along this river to Pattensburg, a small straggling town, built of brick; here we crossed an excellent bridge, the river running almost a direct eastern course to Lynchburg and Norfolk. Understanding that the natural bridge in Rockbridge county was situated a few miles off the main road, we determined to proceed to it; and accordingly, after very considerable difficulty, owing to our very imperfect direction, we arrived at a tavern within a few miles of it, about eleven o'clock.

After seeing our horses taken proper care of, we were ushered into a spacious bar-room; and after procuring cigars and ordering supper, we retired to a seat and commenced smoking. This is an enjoyment which generally produces a habit of reflection, and I was not long engaged in it until I commenced reconnoitering. On entering the house, which was of an unusual size for a retired country inn, I observed that it was in a ruinous condition, situated on a lonesome by-road, in an uncultivated portion of the country, and surrounded by the forest; there were no houses within five or six miles; and the two individuals who formed our company in the bar-room had something, I thought, peculiar in their appearance. I therefore determined to observe them narrowly. One of them (our landlord) was about five feet eight in height, wore a large slouched hat, paced up and down the room smoking a long Dutch pipe, spoke very little, and possessed a very saturnine countenance. I thought several times that he exchanged very significant glances with his companion, who was much younger, dressed in a very fashionable style, but evidently much above his rank. When supper

was announced we retired to an adjoining room, and were surprised at finding ourselves amongst three or four handsome, fashionably dressed females. The supper was of the best description; but I could not avoid observing that there was a good deal of plate on the table—spoons, cream-ewer, etc. The ladies retired immediately after supper, having spoken very little. Strange, thought I, such a scene in such a place. Our landlord escorted us to a comfortable apartment, and, desiring him to have us called at sunrise, he retired. I then advanced to the door, but perceived that it had no fastening. Very strange, thought I, and I immediately communicated my suspicions to M——. I placed a chair against the door in such a manner that if it was moved it would make a noise sufficient to awaken me, my bed being within two yards of it. Half undressing myself, and drawing my dagger from its sheath, which I placed under the pillow, I threw myself on the bed, determined to keep awake as long as possible. About two o'clock I fell asleep; I lay on my back, and dreamed of robbing, throat-cutting, and all the horrid paraphernalia attendant on the nightmare. I had slept some hours, and felt restless and uneasy from the horror of my dreams, when I was awakened by the falling of the chair. I raised myself on my left elbow, and grasped my dagger in my right hand. The door opened, and I saw a figure advancing into the centre of the room. M——'s bed was near the window; the figure approached it; I jumped into the middle of the room, dagger in hand. The curtains were drawn aside—the shutters opened—the sun darted into the room, and discovered our landlord, who had come up for the purpose of awaking us. The strange appearance I presented demanded an apology, which I made in the best manner I could.



Having breakfasted early, where we were joined by the ladies, who proved to be cousins of our host's, on a visit, and who resided at Lynchburg, we proceeded to the natural bridge, which is an extraordinary production of nature. It is a solid mass of rock of great size, crossing a small stream, over which it is elevated two hundred feet. On our return to the tavern the ladies had departed with the young man who was their escort, and our landlord made us pay pretty high for the pleasure of their society and the use of his family plate.

On the twelfth we continued our route from the natural bridge, and dined at Staunton, a very fine town, built of brick, containing several good hotels, handsome shops, and a noble lunatic asylum. We now continued our route without intermission, with the exception of two days' delay at Weyer's Cave. The Virginian valley is very thickly settled. Tobacco and Indian corn are the staple productions; and the farms are amongst the finest throughout the states. Most of the farmers are wealthy, and possess handsome brick edifices, not inferior to those of the middle classes of gentry in England.

One of the greatest objections to the climate of North America, is the prevalence of the ague, or intermitting fever. It attacks all classes, nor spares age nor sex, and rages during the spring and fall throughout the whole continent. I would attribute it to the heavy dews which fall at night, and which must very much impair the constitution after the intense heat of the day. These dews are so penetrating, that after being exposed to them for half an hour, every article of apparel becomes completely wet through.

Another scourge is the mosquitoes. These little insects are about the size of our midges, and swarm the country during the warm weather, tormenting man and beast.

Their bite is most painful, and raises a blister. Go where you will, they are your persecutors; in the air they congregate about you in swarms; retire to your dwelling, and there you find them flitting about in every direction, with their disagreeable buzzing noise; hands, arms, and face, are the varied objects of their attack. The fair and beautiful are equally their victims; and frequently the face is covered with red pimples, caused by their bites. On retiring to bed, if not provided with a mosquito net, your sufferings are much worse. Buzzing and biting in every direction, they not unfrequently keep their victims awake the whole night in a state of torture. Smoke appears the only means of banishing them, and the cigar is an excellent fortification against their attacks.

After riding late on the evening of the 16th, beyond Mount Sidney, through a forest road, we were overtaken by the shades of night and a heavy fall of rain before we could reach any tavern, and were informed the nearest one was five miles distant. As we had no alternative, we determined on riding on and reaching it as soon as possible; but before we advanced much further, we completely lost our way. We now had the disagreeable prospect before us of spending the night in the forest under the drenching rain, when luckily we espied at a little distance a log house, and immediately rode up to it. Here we procured a kindly shelter from the elements; and our horses being brought to a comfortable barn, we dried ourselves before a blazing log fire, the comfort of which could only be duly appreciated by those who have been under similar circumstances. Whilst the worthy farmer was employed with his son in tending our horses, our hospitable hostess was engaged in preparing an excellent supper, consisting of fried ham and eggs (the national Virginian

dish) and a fine fowl, which we partook of with all the zest of hungry travellers. Having had a comfortable night's rest, we arose next morning by day-light to continue our journey. The rain still continued without intermission. We, however, determined on proceeding to Weyer's Cavern, which we understood to be about fifteen miles distant, where, after repeatedly losing our way in the forest, and being completely drenched with the rain, we arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon. On reaching the cavern, which is kept by the guide, we found a party, consisting of a lady and two gentlemen, proceeding to it, and immediately joined them. To approach the mouth of the cave, we had to ascend a very steep and rugged hill, which was rather dangerous, in consequence of the rain rendering it quite slippery. This difficulty we, however, soon surmounted, and proceeded through the intricacies of this grand and stupendous grotto, consisting of six-and-thirty distinct chambers, of varied and beautiful formation, and incrustated with transparent spars, stalactites, etc., etc., which produced a beautiful effect when viewed with flambeaux. After proceeding through a number of chambers, through several of which we had to creep on all-fours, we arrived at an immense chamber, ninety yards in length and fifty in height, called Washington Hall: this had on one occasion been the scene of a large entertainment, and was illuminated with four hundred lights, which produced a splendid effect. After passing through this hall, we ascended a shelving rock about twenty feet in height, by means of a ladder which our guide had constructed. Here we passed through another suite of apartments, one of which was styled the Drum Room, from an immense sheet resembling drapery, of a sparry nature, covered

with a brown incrustation, which reached from the roof to the floor: this, on being struck with a stone, produced a loud sound like that of a drum, and which we heard reverberating to the extremity of the cavern.

On our return we were all admiring the beauty of the different spars overhead, and M—— was engaged in breaking a piece off, when his light was suddenly extinguished, and he disappeared from off the rock. All uttered a cry of horror; the lady shrieked and fainted away, and I darted forward to ascertain the fate of my friend, with feelings which it would be impossible to describe. Fortunately the guide seized me by the arm as I reached the verge of the precipice, and pulling me back, directed my attention to the ladder. On our descending, we found M—— stretched senseless, and at first imagined he was dead; but on our guide's applying some spirits to his face and temples, he uttered a hollow moan, and after a considerable time he was able with our assistance to rise. Fortunately he had fallen on a bed of yellow clay, which was softened by the damp, and which was surrounded on all sides by sharp, pointing rocks. His head had struck against a stone which was imbedded in the clay, and which caused a slight fracture, but otherwise, with the exception of a few bruises, he was unhurt. As we were near the extremity of the cavern, we had to convey him a distance of about eight hundred yards. On reaching the mouth of the cave his horse was brought, on which he was conveyed to the tavern, put to bed, and bled by our guide, who fortunately had a lance. After experiencing every kindness from our host and his family for two days, we proceeded on our route, M—— having an excellent memento of Weyer's Cavern implanted near his pericranium.

This cavern is situated in Rockingham county, Virginia, and was discovered about seventeen years ago, by a German named Weyer, whose name it bears. It is about nine hundred yards in extent, and lies about fifteen miles from the main road.

Pursuing our route through a number of towns, few of which are deserving of notice, being principally built of wood, we arrived at Winchester, a large well-built town, containing a population of six or seven thousand. The district of country surrounding this town is extremely beautiful, and in its immediate neighbourhood are a number of very elegant villas and domains. On approaching the town we overtook two very pretty Dutch girls carrying a spinning-wheel between them. Their load was rather troublesome, and my Irish gallantry was immediately exercised in relieving them, and placing the spinning-wheel on my horse, conveyed it into the suburbs of the town; for which piece of service I was rewarded with smiles beaming all the sweetness of simplicity, from two of the prettiest faces I have seen, and tasting the ambrosial nectar of their pouting cherry lips, to the no small mortification of M——, who was a mere passive observer of the scene. I was moreover promised a pair of stockings which were to be knit by their own hands on my return, but which I have very faint expectations of possessing.

On the 20th we left Winchester, and rode to Charleston (twenty miles) to breakfast; from thence through a forest road, until we came within five miles of Harper's Ferry. Here we issued from the woods into an open country; at a distance appeared the south ridge of the Alleghanies; on our right, far as the eye could reach, the land was laid out in rich farms and pasture lands. As we approached the ferry the north ridge became visible, and appeared to join



the south, forming an amphitheatre, the mountains gently sloping to their summits. At the apparent junction of the two ridges there is an opening, not perceptible until approaching the town; here they appear as if they had been originally joined and rent asunder.

The junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers is in this immense breach of the mountains, thence flowing on to Washington, under the name of Potomac. It is navigable to Washington for flat-bottomed boats, many of which we saw passing amongst the numerous rocky islands laden with flour.

The scenery in passing through this cleft baffles all description: here a poet might live, reign, and revel in the realms of fancy. From Harper's Ferry we rode along the left bank of the Potomac (in Maryland) for four miles, through a delightful grove of percimon and chestnut, black haw, paupau, and sycamore. The spreading vines entwined their branches around the loftiest trees, which they covered with their foliage. The river ran close under the base of the mountains, which raised their rocky summits into the clouds, and whose craggy precipices were covered with trees, shrubs, and wild flowers.

In the evening we stopped at an inn near the river, which was principally frequented by waggoners. There were a number of happy fellows congregated together, enjoying all the pleasures of hilarity and good humour, and as I was desirous of seeing every grade of society, I made one of their party at the supper table, and was likewise joined by M——: it was a scene for a Hogarth. The party consisted of men of different ages and countries. Singing, joking, and story-telling formed the principal sources of their amusement; some even went into politics, and displayed not a little knowledge of what was passing

in the busy world. These men set out from Philadelphia, which is the grand emporium for the south and southwest, with a team of eight horses, and a load of from fifty to sixty hundred weight. They travel from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles, on an average from fifteen to twenty miles per day, and generally in companies. Their horses are a very fine and large breed; they never put them under shelter, even in the most severe weather, but fasten them to their waggons, giving them a plentiful supply of hay and Indian corn, and a drink of warm water and Indian meal, which is very refreshing. They generally have a set of bells, which produce a harmonious and pleasing effect, and help to break the monotony of their long and sometimes dreary journeys.

On the 21st we reached Frederickton, handsome, well-built, and populous, and next to Baltimore, one of the largest in Maryland.

On our route from Frederickton to Baltimore, riding through a forest, I perceived something in the form of a pumpkin hanging from one of the trees, which excited my curiosity, and I immediately dismounted to ascertain what it was. My first intention was to climb the tree and pluck it off; but on second consideration I took up a large stone, with which I struck it, in the hope of soon bringing it to the ground; but what was my surprise when I perceived several hundred hornets issuing from it, and making towards me in a formidable phalanx! Making a precipitate retreat I mounted my horse and galloped off, and was followed by them for fifty or sixty yards. My horse now commenced kicking and plunging, and on my turning round I perceived an immense hornet on his back, which I immediately dislodged.

This discovery only excited my curiosity the more, and

I was determined, if possible, to become possessed of one of their nests. I accordingly dismounted at the next one which I perceived, and left my horse some yards from the place of attack; but he, fearing a second infliction, went on, and left me to carry on the war alone.

Having collected a pile of large stones, and taken shelter behind a tree, I commenced a volley at the nest; but the only effect which they produced was to dislodge the inmates, who, in swarms, were flying in every direction in search of their enemy.

After several successive attacks I found my efforts to dislodge the nest ineffectual, it being built on a strong and limber branch, which yielded to each successive blow it received.

I now determined on a retreat, and had proceeded about twenty yards from the nest when an immense hornet perceived me, and gave chase. My legs were now in full speed, and before I was much further he was within three feet of my face. Here I made a stand, and cut at him with my riding whip, but this he evaded; then taking off my hat I whirled it about in every direction, but my enemy still persisted in his attack, and made a desperate sally at my left ear. I now summoned all my exertion and courage to defend the threatened quarter; and after a variety of evolutions succeeded in striking my antagonist lifeless at my feet. I did not, however, pursue my advantage, but left him to his fate, not a little proud of the successful issue of my novel trial at single combat; indeed my generosity in allowing my adversary to escape with life, was not a little heightened by the recollection of the dreadful sting inflicted on my poor *crittur*, and the fear that he might rally, and impose a similar one on me.

These hornets are about the size of the largest beetle: their sting produces most excruciating pain, occasioned by its poisonous nature.

Their nests are about the size of a large cocoa nut, with the outer rind on, and is similarly shaped; the interior is divided into cells similar to those in a honeycomb, and there are generally two or three hundred in each nest. On reaching my horse, which was patiently waiting for me, I soon rejoined my companion, and we reached Baltimore on the 24th September, having been twelve days on horseback, and travelled on an average thirty-five miles a day. After remaining a week at Baltimore, and selling our horses, we proceeded to Philadelphia, from hence to New York, *via* Trenton, Princetown, and New Brunswick in New Jersey. Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, is a small town, but a most picturesque and beautiful spot. The houses are principally of wood, built in a light, tasteful, and elegant style, and painted white, which, contrasted with the green foliage of the trees with which it is planted, produces a beautiful effect. Princetown is also a small village, resembling Trenton in appearance; it has a very fine university. New Brunswick, on the Raritan, is a town of considerable importance, and principally built of brick. On the 3rd October, I beheld the splendid and majestic city of New York, rising to view from the midst of the waters, and in a very short time was quietly located within its precincts.

If the Jerseys are inferior in agricultural productions, they are in some measure compensated by the number of manufactories, which employ a large portion of the population. On the Passaic are a number of beautiful and picturesque towns, amongst which are Patterson, Belville,

Newark, and Elizabethtown. Patterson contains a great number of cotton works, has a population of nearly twenty thousand, and has established a railroad to New York, a distance of fifteen miles, nine of which run through an immense prairie, and forms a causeway of twenty feet in height the whole distance. There is also an extensive brewery in the town, and in its neighbourhood are a large paper-mill and calico print works. It is generally styled the Manchester of America. Belville has a noble calico print works, which employs upwards of three hundred individuals; it has a handsome granite front, and cost upwards of two hundred thousand dollars; when in full work there are three thousand pieces printed per week. Newark is considered one of the most beautiful towns in America, and contains a population of ten thousand. It has a very handsome square, several fine churches of different persuasions, and extensive manufactories. It is celebrated for coach-building, and manufactures the principal coaches used throughout the states. It has also several foundries of brass and iron, manufactories of hats, saddles, boots, and shoes. Elizabethtown has several foundries and extensive calico print works. It is seated near the mouth of the river, and is the stopping-place for schooners passing up and down; these are generally from fifty to sixty tons burthen, and go up the Passaic to Patterson. New Jersey contains several mines of coal, lead, and copper. There is something extremely comfortable in the interior of a New Jersey farm-house; large stoves, well supplied with fuel in the winter season, and in summer ornamented with "flowers and fennel gay"; the best sitting room decorated with geraniums, orange and lemon trees; whilst in a distant corner appears the comfortable down bed,



with rich chintz curtains and handsome quilt, the manufacture of the female portion of the family. This is set apart for the repose of the patriarchs or the visitors, and is considered the state bed: then the comfortable carpet, and the old housewife seated in her rocking chair before the stove, employed in knitting or spinning, and the younger females engaged in making patch-work or articles of clothing. For comfort and contentment give me a Dutch farm-house in New Jersey.

It being rather late in the season to return to Europe, and desirous of experiencing an American winter, I concluded on remaining in New York until the ensuing spring. The winter was very fine, and although the coldest which had been experienced in New York for many years, yet the atmosphere was clear and rarefied, and it was but rarely that a cloud was visible in the sky. New York is perhaps one of the gayest and most dissipated cities in the universe, and presents a thousand temptations to a foreigner, particularly a young one, to engage in expense and extravagance. Of all the amusements of the Americans sleigh-riding is the greatest favourite amongst the young citizens. So soon as the ground is sufficiently covered with snow, the roads are thronged with sleighs of every size and description, from the rude one-horse vehicle of the homely farmer to the splendid chariot of the wealthy trader drawn by four noble horses with splendid trappings and bells. Night is the favourite time for travelling when on an excursion of pleasure, and this is really delightful, when the moon is visible, shedding its pale silvery light over an immense tract of snow. When a sleigh excursion is determined on by any young citizens, they invite a number of pretty girls to accompany them (which favour is rarely denied): they then start off, late in

the evening, and sometimes will make an excursion of forty or fifty miles before morning, stopping at every tavern on their route, in which they procure a supply of hot Irish whiskey punch (a great favourite), dance, and sometimes cut the most antic capers, not unfrequently arousing the inmates of the house, travellers, boarders, and every person they can lay hands on, to join in the dance. This is rarely complained of, as sleigh-riders are a privileged class, and the tavern keepers (finding them excellent customers) rarely thwart their humours. To guard against the severity of the frost, the parties are always well muffled with cloaks, coats, buffalo and beaver skins; the ladies having portable stoves, lit with charcoal, to keep their feet warm. The theatres are well attended, and the performances respectable. There are very few good native performers, and an American singer is a prodigy; European performers of talent get great encouragement, and generally amass large sums of money. Horse racing is also a favourite, and there is an excellent race-course on Long Island. The American females rank high in the scale of beauty, and next to my own fair countrywomen, I would certainly give them the preference; there is a peculiar naïveté about them which renders them extremely interesting. Their figures are tall and elegant, their step light and graceful, and their countenances inclining more to the Asiatic than European caste, being very pale, faintly tinged with a roseate hue: their beauty, however, declines much sooner than that of Europeans, and they are very liable to consumption; in the south it is quite common for females to become bald before thirty. I must not neglect making some remark on the black population, which is considerable. There are numbers of them good mechanics, but the principal

proportion are in the capacity of porters and servants; there are some considered wealthy, and all dress remarkably well, the females in particular, amongst whom are some of the finest figures I have ever seen. I have frequently been disappointed on seeing a fine, elegant, and fashionably dressed female tripping along the streets, when on overtaking her, and turning round to survey her charms (not of course until at a respectful distance), I perceived a countenance bright and shining as the blackest ebony, shaded by a costly parasol, evidently intended to prevent the tanning effects of the sun! The Americans, although professing to be republicans, are far from being such in the pure acceptation of the word; which is evident from the manner in which they treat the unfortunate Negro race. The meanest white man in the United States is a despot in his heart, when he comes in contact with either Indian or Negro. The great civil war has legally and gloriously terminated all distinctions of race and blotted out the foul stain so long on the federal institution.

Winter, spring, and a considerable part of summer had passed away yet I still found, myself lingering in New York, enchained by its fascinations. My desire for travel rekindled: I had travelled some thousand miles, and had not seen a single Indian. I had crossed the Atlantic, and the falls of Niagara and the lakes were yet to be visited.

On the 21st June, whilst perambulating the Battery, reflecting on what course I should take in an intended trip, I was attracted by a proclamation on one of the trees, calling on the young citizens to join an expedition about proceeding to the north-west territory of Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi, against the celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, who was at the head of a large Indian force spreading devastation in every direction. All the

wild romantic feelings of my nature instantly broke forth; Cortes and Pizarro were present to my imagination. The prospect of distinguishing myself flitted before my heated fancy; and in the wild romantic nature of the expedition I totally forgot its brutality, and instantly enrolled myself as a volunteer.

I hope the reader will not view the rashness of my conduct with the harshness it deserves when he considers that I was then but nineteen, of an impetuous, ardent disposition, and possessing the wildest feelings of romance, careless of life, and never looking forward to consequences: feelings which a few years have served to dissipate, and which a maturer judgment has taught me the folly of indulging in. Proud in the extreme, I felt acutely anything bordering on an insult, and when barely eighteen I challenged a gentleman for an obnoxious expression, and received a full and ample apology. The scene I now entered upon quite suited my disposition, and I longed for the termination of our journey, when I could rove through "woods and wilds" with my rifle slung across my shoulder, in search of the timid deer or savage Indian, never considering for a moment the unjustness of the cause in which I had engaged, and that I was about being one of the agents for destroying a noble, generous, and brave race of people—to drive them from their peaceful homes and cultivated farms.

#### APOSTLES.—PEACE AND WAR.

It was a fine evening on our route, that my companion and I arrived at the little village of Keezletown, in the great Virginian valley, and sprang from our horses on the stoup of a tavern with very considerable satisfaction, for we had been travelling since sunrise, and both horses and

riders were weary. Proceeding to the bar-room, we ordered supper, and taking a glass of "cocktail" each, retired to the stoup, and seating ourselves *a la Virginian*, commenced smoking cigars. There were no individuals in the house save the landlord and his family, consequently it was with some satisfaction that we perceived a traveller approach, who, following our example, dismounted, proceeded to the bar-room, and giving some directions, made his appearance on the stoup. He was about five feet in height; in years the other side of fifty; wore a dark gray frock coat, trowsers, and waistcoat; his neckcloth was white, and tied with great precision; and his whole outward man bearing a strong deportment of gravity. Folding his arms, he perambulated for a considerable time in profound silence. My cigar being burned away, I determined on becoming acquainted with the stranger, partly to obtain information, and partly to while away the time till supper. I accordingly approached him, and using the privilege of a traveller, entered at once into conversation. The crops, the country, roads, etc., etc., furnished a theme; and having arrived from opposite directions, we were enabled to afford each other considerable information. He appeared highly pleased at the interest I took in his conversation and the courtesy with which I treated him; and when supper was announced, we became as familiar with each other as if we had been acquainted for a considerable period.

"Pardon my curiosity", said I at supper; "your dress and physiognomy induce me to imagine that you profess the healing art".

"Yes! I am a physician of souls".

"Hah! of what sect?"

"The Baptist".



“ You are a foreigner”.

“ Yes, a Pole”.

Having broken the ice, he gratified us with a short sketch of his life. He had entered the French army at eighteen; served several campaigns; was one of Napoleon's attendants; had been at the battle of Austerlitz and the conflagration of Moscow, on his return from which he embarked for America, became a Baptist preacher, and had travelled nearly the whole of the United States. We parted in the morning on different missions; he to save the living soul; I to destroy its temple in the wilds of Michigan.

#### CAMPAIGN OF HORRORS.

I started on the evening of the 23rd June, 1831, from Bedloes Island in the bay of New York, at five o'clock in the evening, with a detachment consisting of about two hundred and fifty, on board a steam boat for Albany. It is almost superfluous describing the scenery of each of the American rivers; that of one giving a general character of the whole. In size and beauty they are superb; their banks presenting the varied scenery of noble forests, richly cultivated farms, and populous towns and villages; crowds of steamboats passing to and fro, laden with the produce of the west, or the goods of enterprising merchants, the inquiring traveller, or the transmigrating husbandman. The Hudson is one of the most useful rivers of North America; it is navigable for about two hundred miles from New York, and is the great source of communication with the west, by means of the Erie Canal, which it joins at Albany. I cannot neglect remarking the highlands near Westpoint, which form a grand feature in the scenery of this river. They extend on each

side of its banks, and appear as if they were originally united, forming a rocky elevation of considerable height, and most picturesque and beautiful scenery. The situation of the Westpoint Military School is delightful, on a curve of the river, the bank of which is elevated about seventy feet; the view is very fine, and in the most prominent positions are placed monuments to the memory of the early patriots and defenders of liberty. There is a very handsome one to the memory of the great Kosciusko, whose name will live whilst bravery, honour, patriotism, and friendship continue to be admired. The Westpoint school is on the Polytechnic system, and always contains from three to four hundred pupils, who are generally the sons of wealthy merchants, as, like most establishments of the kind, it requires considerable interest to procure admission.

On arriving at Albany on the evening of the 25th, after stopping in the Albany Barracks for the night, we embarked on board six boats on the Erie Canal, to proceed to Buffalo. This noble canal, which extends three hundred and sixty miles, cost the state of New York seven million dollars, and is an everlasting monument of the flourishing condition, enterprise, and public spirit of that state. It is the great communication with the lakes and western states. Situated on its banks are a number of beautiful and flourishing cities and towns, laid out in the most tasteful manner, and built of handsome cut stone and brick: amongst the number are Utica, Athens, Palmyra, Syracuse, Schenectady, Lockport, Rochester, and Buffalo, besides others too numerous to mention. These towns have all been built since the formation of the canal, with the exception of Schenectady, which is one of the earliest Dutch settlements; between it

and Albany a railroad has just been completed. They have, consequently, all the advantages of modern improvement. Rochester is a place of great importance, celebrated for its flour mills: the noise of water wheels and steam engines is heard in every quarter of the town, and will bring Birmingham and Manchester strongly to the recollection of an Englishman. Lockport is famous for its canal locks, ten in number, consisting of two ranges, running parallel with each other, five to ascend and five to descend a considerable elevation. There are two noble aqueducts across the Mohawk river, each four hundred yards in length: it is near the aqueducts that Cohoes Falls are situated. The river being almost dry when we passed them, I had no opportunity of judging of their beauty. It must, no doubt, be very grand, being about thirteen hundred feet in width, although not more than twenty in height.

The labour in forming the canal must have been immense; in some places it is elevated upwards of a hundred feet across extensive valleys, and in others it is cut through immense rocks. It runs along the southern border of Onandoga, a small salt lake, which supplies large quantities of that article, a number of manufactories of which are in its vicinity.

On the 29th June we arrived at Buffalo, on the borders of Lake Erie, having been six days passing through the canal. This is a good town, and the general rendezvous for all emigrants proceeding from New York or Quebec for the West. There are six splendid steam boats, of from eighty to one hundred and sixty horse power, plying between this and Detroit, one of which starts every day from either place. In the neighbourhood of Buffalo are numerous tribes of Indians settled in vil-

lages: they raise large quantities of cattle, and have some well cultivated farms. It is generally the case that when settled near the whites, they become greatly degenerated, abandoning all the primitive virtues of the red savage, and indulging in the most intemperate excesses of the whites. The consequences are, they are fast diminishing in numbers. They make rather a ludicrous appearance in endeavouring to combine the European and savage dress—thus, for instance, some will have their blankets made into great coats, their long black hair hanging down their shoulders, trowsers, and moccassins; others (the chiefs), in addition to the above, will have a large plate of silver and a plume of peacock's feathers. This is only, however, in the neighbourhood of the white settlements.

On the 2nd July we started from Buffalo in the "Henry Clay" built like all American steamers, with two decks. The number of troops embarked on board her was too great, considering that they were under a burning sun, had been cooped up for six days previous in small canal boats, without having any change of provisions. To these causes, and the lake water, which was extremely unfit for drinking, I attribute the dreadful malady which soon appeared amongst us.

Before describing the scenes which ensued, I cannot but remark the noble lake Erie through which we were passing at the rate of ten miles an hour. When we left Buffalo, there was a heavy swell, which made numbers sick; but in a few hours, the water became perfectly calm. Lake Erie is three hundred and fifty miles in length, from Buffalo to Detroit river; and its greatest breadth is ninety. The number of beautiful islands which we passed, covered with woods to the water's edge, and only inhabited by

the timid deer, or venomous serpent, presented a prospect beyond the powers of description. I turned from the busy scene on board the floating castle which was riding majestically through the waters, and placed myself at the bow of the vessel, to gaze on the prospects of nature, the grandeur of whose works was displayed in every direction around.

Whilst engaged as I have described, an event had occurred on board the vessel which threw every person into consternation. A few hours before, one of the men had been attacked with convulsions (as was stated by the doctor); he had just breathed his last, and died (as afterwards appeared) of cholera. Low murmurs were now heard, that the dreadful scourge had appeared amongst us; next morning two more were taken ill, who died before our arrival at Detroit. The fact could no longer be concealed; and we were ordered to perform quarantine at Fort Gratiot, in Michigan, on the borders of Lake Huron. The healthy and the dying were now mingled promiscuously together; and before we arrived at the fort, four more had fallen victims.

#### THE CAMP OF DEATH.—TRAGIC SCENES.

On our arrival we immediately disembarked, with the exception of the sick, who remained on board until a tent was provided for their reception. The place selected for the camp was about three miles from the fort (in which three companies were stationed). The provisions, tents, and baggage, were conveyed to the camp ground; but before a tent could be pitched, a great fall of rain, which lasted about an hour, drenched every one to the skin. This was another auxiliary to the disease. Numbers had no change of dry clothes, in consequence of the rain



getting at their knapsacks, and in this state were obliged to sleep on the wet ground all night. Next morning there were about a dozen corpses: all was horror and dismay. A temporary hospital was fitted up, and was soon filled; we had then recourse to a large barn belonging to the fort. The whole camp was become an hospital; every tent had its sick, its dying, and its dead; and those conveying the sick to the barn, became victims themselves. Numbers fled from the camp into the woods, which were strewn for leagues round with corpses: the troops in the fort deserted it, and proceeded along the banks of the St. Clair, where they encamped, about fifteen miles from us. On the morning of the 7th, there were not fifty men in the camp; these were the remainder of three artillery companies, about twenty in the hospital, and half a dozen attending on them (all who would volunteer)—the remainder had perished or fled.

The day previous to the cholera making its appearance I remarked, amid the throng who encircled me, a youth about my own age, of an interesting appearance, who seemed absorbed in melancholy reflections. A kindred spirit immediately seized me. His dark blue eyes, his pensive brow, and folded arms, told a tale of sorrow. I addressed him, and we became companions.

On the afternoon of the 7th Henry Edwards and I were among the few who remained in the camp. The doctor was seized with cholera, and begged of me to take care of him, to which I acceded. It was necessary for those who left the camp to go in parties, for mutual protection and assistance in proceeding through the forest. On the 8th a party was going off, amongst whom were all who had been attending on the sick, except two. Edwards and I had determined to keep together, but the charge I had

undertaken determined me on remaining at all hazards; accordingly, on meeting Edwards, I strongly recommended him to go. He asked me what he would do without money eleven hundred miles from New York. I had but fifteen dollars, which I divided with him. Finding that he could not persuade me to go with him, he burst into tears, gave my hand a convulsive grasp, and departed, leaving me almost the only living object where there had so recently been hundreds.

From the time I had become acquainted with Edwards, perceiving that he was not inclined to give me any account of himself, I had refrained from making any inquiries on the subject. On his departure he put the following into my hands written with a pencil:—

“*8th July, 1832.*”

“Good God! how long are my miseries to continue? How long, O Destiny! wilt thou persecute me with misfortune? I have braved tempests and seen numbers engulfed amid the boisterous billows of the ocean. I have endured poverty and famine. I have witnessed the scourge of pestilence, and seen death in its most horrifying appearance; yet still do I exist—still do I breathe in torture. You alone, my friend, have pitied me without knowing my misfortunes. You alone have soothed my bitter fate. Accept my thanks, my gratitude; they are all I can offer in return. At some future period, perhaps, you may learn my history; all that I can at present inform you of is, that my name is not Edwards, and that I am a native of England. Adieu.

“F. Y.”

Doctor E——’s tent was situated close to the barn, in a large field of cleared land, immediately outside of which

the little burying ground belonging to the fort was situated; thither, on the 6th and 7th, those who died were conveyed in a hand-cart, and thrown into a pit. For want of assistance this was no longer possible, consequently the barn was crowded with dead bodies, which were also strewn in every direction over the field. On the morning of the 9th the cook, who was attending the hospital, died. There was now no person to attend on the sick, the moaning and howling of whom, in the agonies of death, were terrific. About a half dozen ruffians who had been lingering about the camp, now came to the hospital, and commenced drinking brandy, of which there was a cask. The quarrelling and revelling of those wretches increased the horror of the scene. Upwards of sixty had fallen victims in the camp; besides, the country round was strewn with the bodies of those who had fled. Numbers had returned back rather than proceed, as the few settlers in the neighbourhood would not suffer them to go near their houses; whilst others marched through the country in large parties, raising contributions wherever they went.

The six scoundrels who remained continued drinking, plundering, and blaspheming, perhaps their very recklessness prolonging their existence in the foetid atmosphere, amidst the stiff, blackened, decomposing bodies of their comrades. Two, however, fell victims on the following day, but the others continued their orgies, and rifled all the bodies of what money or value they could find, one fellow, in many cases, striking the gasping victims with the butt of his rifle, to finish them out of the way.

Our marquee was about three hundred yards from the scenes of horror, and I could see the brutal savages carrying on their infernal proceedings, and tumbling, in beastly

intoxication, amongst the dead bodies as companions of their repose. I observed them often looking at our quarters, and pointing with significance, as if an excellent position to take possession of; and I watched my little canvas fort and my invalid charge with all the watchfulness of a red skin. My patient was quiet and listless; his attack promptly met and diligently cared for by me, under his directions, assumed a mild form, almost free from cramps. Without exhibiting any suspicion, the weather being fine, I left my position, walking or sitting about the entrance to the marquee, previous to which, preparing for what I expected, I placed the doctor's two pistols on the little toilet table and my rifle at the foot of the bed. The hour was approaching for the doctor's removal to the fort, from which the governor and garrison had fled. An old artilleryman was to arrive with an ambulance for the purpose, and I turned in to regulate his luggage. The fellows appeared to know what I was about, and looked determined to interrupt me. Lurking about the marquee, the four made a sudden rush to the entrance; the invalid raised himself in alarm; I seized the pistols, keeping them concealed; the leading ruffian called on me to quit or take the consequence, at the same time presenting his rifle at my face, whilst his foremost companion presented his at the doctor. There was no time for parley or necessity to take particular aim; I could not miss my marks, and in an instant I lodged a ball in each fellow's breast, and they fell back against their companions shrieking and blaspheming in the agonies of death. Snatching up my rifle, I presented it at the remaining two, who were retreating in terror, and made them return and remove their companions, after which they disappeared.

I walked down to the camp. Tents, baggage, arms,

and ammunition, were mingled in promiscuous heaps. Here and there were poor wretches in the last stage of existence, who were unable or unwilling to go to the hospital. Having attended on the doctor for forty-eight hours unremittingly, and assisted him to the fort, I parted from this amiable old man, from whom I received warm effusions of gratitude, and benedictions far more gratifying to my feelings than the brightest prospects fortune could bestow.

On my return to the camp, I naturally reflected on taking steps for my own safety. It was long past sundown. To remain another night would have been certain death; for, of the number of bodies remaining unburied, most of them were in a state of decomposition. My situation was peculiarly unpleasant: I was alone, and wholly unacquainted with what course to pursue. I was, however, relieved from this uncertainty on perceiving two young men of the rifle corps a considerable distance from the camp, on the banks of the river, where they had erected a hut for themselves. They were on the eve of departure, and we were all highly pleased at the meeting.

Being armed with rifles, we procured a supply of provisions, brandy, and some opium, which latter we determined to use freely, if attacked with cholera.

About nine o'clock we started, twilight's gloom being already set in. Having to cross a creek, we were under the necessity of seizing a canoe belonging to a shanty keeper, but fastened it securely at the other side. Detroit was about ninety miles by land, and we concluded on proceeding thither by pursuing the course of the river and Lake St. Clair. There being no road, we were obliged to penetrate through the forest by an Indian footpath. There had been rain a short time previous, and



we were completely wet by the long grass and underwood. Fortunately the sky was illuminated by stars, or we never could have found our way. About twelve o'clock we arrived at a log house, and requested admittance; but the unruly conduct of those who had gone before prevented us from obtaining it, and we were under the necessity of passing the night in the open air on some wet shingles. In the morning we pursued our route, and had not proceeded far before we came up with the party who had started with Edwards, consisting of twenty men, all of whom were armed. Edwards had left them, in company with another, and they could tell nothing of him. The party now consisted of twenty-three armed men, without any definite object—without provisions for a longer time than two days, and very few of whom had money—in a very thinly-settled district, where the inhabitants could offer no resistance. A council was held, and the wildest propositions were made; some were for seizing on a sloop, which was proceeding down the river, and going in her up the Lakes to settle amongst the Indians; others were for proceeding through the Canadas to Niagara, and from thence to New York, or march on to Detroit, and oblige the settlers to supply them with provisions. This was the most feasible, and was determined on.

We proceeded along the river, and about ten o'clock arrived at the little village where the three companies who had left the Fort were encamped. Here the cholera had likewise committed its ravages, and there were not two dozen remaining. We were informed the authorities at Detroit had put a stop to the troops proceeding there. Fearing winter should set in before I could reach a sea-port for the purpose of returning to Europe, I determined on proceeding at all hazards. The two who left the camp with

me were equally anxious to reach New York, and accordingly, separating from the rest of the party, we determined on proceeding through Canada to Niagara.

Michigan is a territory of great extent, but very thinly settled; the tide of emigration being principally directed to Ohio and Illinois. Gratiot is a strong fortification on the river St. Clair and Lake Huron. Immediately opposite to it, in Canada, the British government have formed an Indian town. There are great numbers of Indians settled on the borders of Lake Huron, both in the States and Canada; and, during my stay at the camp, I saw several large fleets of them proceeding to Amherstburg and Detroit, for the presents which they receive from the British and American governments.

Having refreshed ourselves by a few hours' sleep during the heat of the day, we continued our route along the river, and had not proceeded many miles when we perceived an Indian in a canoe, who came to us immediately on our hailing him, and agreed to take us over for a trifling recompense, and bring us a few miles further on the opposite side to the encampment of his party. It was evening. The banks of the river on either side were level, and little elevated above the water, covered with impenetrable forests, and as the last rays of the sun were declining, they cast a sombre melancholy over the scene, the recollection of which induced me to write the following lines:—

And now on board an Indian bark  
We glide along the noble stream!  
Strike! strike! the paddle, ere 't is dark  
We'll reach yon log-fire's welcome flame.

The sun fast sinking in the west,  
With brilliant tints has deck'd the sky;

'T was beautiful at eve to rest  
And gaze on such wild scenery.

'T was still as midnight; not a breath  
Of air disturbed our bark's swift glide;  
No sound but the broad paddle's plash  
Broke on the ear in solemn pride.

Far from the reckless white man's sway,  
Surrounded by the forest's shade,  
The Indians' humble wigwams lay,  
Whose log-fires faintly we descried.

Our goal is reached, our cares are o'er,  
And Indians kindly greet our stay;  
Now to a wigwam we 'll retire,  
And sweetly rest till break of day.

On reaching the opposite side, the Indians treated us with the most hospitable kindness, and in the morning one of them accompanied us five or six miles through the forest, and directed us to Talbot St. Forest and military road.

#### LIFE IN BUSH AND PRAIRIE—A GOOD SHOT.

After travelling some hours, we overtook one of the two ruffians I had driven off from the marquee. His companion had died a short time previous, and on his earnest entreaty we permitted him to accompany us, with a caution to keep a short distance in advance.

At Talbot Street, an immense forest district granted by the crown to an Irish officer of the Malahide family (Colonel Talbot), we came on the military road formed by the British during the American War through prairie and forest, of felled timber laid lengthways across, and extending from the Canada side of Lake Huron to Hamilton on Lake Ontario. Here in the gloom of impenetrable

forests we occasionally met a log house shut up, the owner having fled in terror from the cholera which was spreading in all directions from the camp. One of my two companions being unable to proceed further, we broke open the door of one of the houses, placed him on a bed, lighted a fire, gave him some refreshments and a supply of brandy and opium to kill or cure. Onward we pushed our way, lighting a fire at night to warm us and keep off the wolves. We slept and watched in turn at the foot of a tree, and finally emerged into an immense prairie, through which the military timber road was continued. The change of scene, from the gloom of the forest and the horrible scenes of blackened death, from bodies lying in every direction on our path, where they died in agony in efforts to escape; the revivifying rays of sun and the current of air rushing from the lakes, roused me from the stolid gloomy feeling which the constant presence of death in agony before me had caused, and my spirits resuming their natural elasticity, I enjoyed the change of scene, the glowing sunshine and the cooling breeze, the measureless view of the expanded plain, the long prairie grass, withering in its full ripeness, undisturbed by man or beast, interspersed with immense sheets of water, and waving boggy surfaces, showing an appearance of ominous import to man or any other animal having the temerity to venture off the well-formed rude causeway penetrating across its treacherous surface, and bidding it defiance so far and so wide as it extended.

It was noon, and our friendly and distant neighbour, old Phoebus, shed his glowing beams across our wilderness; the heat would have been intolerable, were it not for the lake breeze and the chill of the swamps, which emitted their exhalations under his powerful influence.

The forest we left had disappeared in the distance behind, and we could see nothing for miles around but the great plain of swamp and grass surrounded by the horizon; but our road, though rough, was in good order, and sure to terminate in some approach to civilization. The fellow we permitted to join us we made keep at a respectful distance, having a sharp look out at his dogged movements and scowling look, hitherto concealed in the shadow of the forest, and now unpleasantly visible in the open prairie light. Before emerging from the forest we made him fill a large empty powder tin with water running from a rivulet into the swamp, and although holding little or no converse with him, we shared with him our brandy and provisions, and tolerated his presence at a short distance during our meals; from my encounter with him in the camp, I had made it to be distinctly understood he should act under my orders whilst in our company, and as he had seen a specimen of my handy-work, I had little trouble with him, seeing his best course was that of perfect quietude.

Having pulled up for dinner, we sat on our haversacks and discussed the merits of our Ishmaelitish meal of Yankee pork and biscuits, finishing off with a stiff pull at our brandy case and a draught of the woodland spring. Our repast over, we moved onward, trusting ere nightfall we should have passed the swamps, not the most agreeable position for a night's bivouac. We had proceeded about two hours, when at a great distance before us we observed a black speck on the road. Being too large for a bird, and wild deer not being partial to browsing in swamps, we concluded it was what turned out to be the case, a traveller, who approached as we did, and in about an hour we had a full view of a responsible looking man, riding a



stout black horse, with a pair of capacious saddle-bags, his travelling cloak strapped to his waist, a slouched felt hat, jack boots, and a pair of pistols in his belt. When we met we had a halt. He supplied us with cigars, to us quite a luxury, and we passed the brandy flask, of which we had a plentiful supply from camp. He was a trim-built, independent-mannered fellow, about forty years of age, wore an ample beard, had a resolute countenance, full of intelligence and keenness, was greatly interested in our adventure, and appeared unconcerned at the idea of travelling onward alone. He was an Indian trader, had sent on a sloop from Amherstburg on Lake Erie to meet an Indian tribe on Lake Huron, and intended stopping at one of the log houses in the forest. Being told of their desertion, he said he would find out where we left our companion and stop there, and if he remained alive might be of use to him. While sitting in bivouac with our equestrian friend, our rowdy equerry amused himself shooting buzzards at long range, which falling in the swamps, were useless to us, but afforded him a ferocious species of delight, common to a certain class of sportsmen, who shoot birds and animals useless to them, and never intended by their Creator to be wantonly destroyed. While pursuing this amusement, I could not avoid observing his sinister looks at the stranger, and the attention he paid to the horse accoutrements and saddle-bags, but attributing it to the fellow's nature, I thought no more about it.

As our position in the swamps was not a desirable one to lag in, we finished our palaver with a parting draught, and proceeded on our different routes at our accustomed pace, revived and pleased at the encounter, without passing a thought on the possibility of our fellow not follow-

ing. We had proceeded about two hundred yards, when I turned round to look after our late acquaintance. I was astonished to find our fellow still at the place we had reposed; his rifle was in his hand, his back to us. The stranger was moving at a slow pace, little suspecting his position. I almost fancied I heard the click of the lock as the fellow cocked the trigger, saw him put on the cap, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and was in the act of taking aim. Not an instant was to be lost. No consideration about magisterial inquiry, sending for trial, or judge and jury. An unoffending traveller was about being murdered by a villain, with the evident object of seizing his horse and effects, and escaping before we could reach him. My rifle was presented, and in a moment the fellow tumbled on the prairie. "Served him right", cried my companion. The firing made the stranger look round, and we reached the spot about the same moment. The fellow was shot through the back of his head. The trader expressed his acknowledgment in the warmest manner. Rooting up a large stone slab from under the pine sleepers, we tied it round the wretch's waist, and flung him into a deep swamp. The trader begged me to join him; I was just the companion he wanted; offered me half profits; but it would not suit. Buzzard shooting at long range was explained, but turned out dangerous practice. I sold the fellow's rifle to the trader for twenty dollars, had another nip, and again parted. It was long after sunset when we reached the forest, where lighting a fire, we bivouacked for the night, supped, watched alternately, and in the morning, our object being to reach Great Bear Creek, we continued our course along the military road in the forest, and reached it about mid-day, when hailing a young In-

dian fishing in the creek, he brought us to the other side. Here we procured some refreshments, but were not suffered to approach the house; after which we pursued our course along Great Bear Creek, and had proceeded more than a mile when we were met by two Americans in full retreat, who stated that the Canadians and Indians were driving back forty or fifty of their comrades. On receiving this information we turned off to the right, along Little Bear Creek, with the intention of proceeding to the Thames settlement; but had not, however, proceeded far, when we perceived three others following us. As it was evident the numbers had alarmed the Canadians, I determined that our party should not be increased, and accordingly presenting my rifle, threatened to shoot the first who advanced. As they were unarmed, this had the desired effect, and they immediately returned.

Pursuing our course along Little Bear Creek, we arrived at a prairie which we imagined was our route, and entered it accordingly, but the further we advanced the greater the distance appeared before us.

After travelling through it about five miles, most of the time being up to our knees in water, we determined on a retrograde movement, and accordingly turned off to the left. We had not proceeded more than a mile when we were stopped by a branch of the Creek. We were now completely bewildered; to proceed further was impossible; we were up to our hips in water; the evening was fast setting in, and before we could return a mile it would have been completely dark. We gave up ourselves for lost, when, fortunately, I got up on the trunk of an old tree, and at the head of the Creek, about two miles from us, I discovered two canoes; putting my foraging cap on the end of my rifle, after some time we were

perceived. No poor fellows reprieved from execution could have been more rejoiced than we were when we saw one of the canoes making towards us. The owner, a French Canadian, congratulated us on our escape, and brought us safe to land.

Our guide conducted us to a log-house, such as my readers might expect to meet with in the wildest part of North America, completely surrounded with forest, and having a few cleared acres, just sufficient to afford a miserable existence to the poor emigrant. Our host received us cordially, and provided us with a comfortable supper; but as he had a large family and but one room, we declined his invitation to sleep in it, as I had on the same clothes which I wore when supporting Dr. E—— in my arms; we therefore retired for the night to a heap of excellent straw, and would have slept with tolerable comfort, but for the howling of the wolves in the forest, which kept us awake most part of the night.

Next morning we agreed with the Canadian to take us to the Thames settlement, for a New York shilling each, in his ox waggon.

After a substantial breakfast of mush and milk, and presenting our host with an excellent razor, we proceeded in our new chariot at a brisk pace along the edge of the prairie, blessing our stars that we had not pursued our journey on the preceding evening, for none but one well acquainted with the country could have discovered the way, besides the danger from wolves, bears, and rattlesnakes, had we passed the night in the forest.

When within five miles of our destination our waggoner stopped at a log-hovel, and had a long conversation with a female in Canadian French, the result of which was his informing us that there was a stop put to the Americans

travelling through the country, and a fine of fifty dollars on any one who had harboured them. The cholera was fast spreading through Michigan and Canada, and no intercourse was permitted between the two countries.

We were now in a situation almost as bad as when we first started. The Canadians would not suffer us to proceed, nor would the Americans allow us to return. My companion had changed his clothes for civilian's with the Canadian.

I was the only one in military attire; and on arriving within a mile of the Thames I recommended my companion to proceed, which he accordingly did, and left me to an hour's meditation in the prairie; after which I commenced my journey onward, and on arriving at the bank of the river, hailed a Canadian on the other side, who brought me across. The sympathy I received from this man was extremely agreeable to my drooping spirits. He resided immediately opposite where we landed; a fine old man (his father) came out on seeing me, and perceiving from my wearied appearance that I was in need of refreshment, he desired his daughter to bring some to me. In a few minutes I perceived an interesting French girl tripping towards us from the cottage porch, her beautiful hair flowing in ringlets over her well-formed shoulders, and a round hat tied carelessly under her chin; having arrived at the gate she hesitated to come farther (the fear of taking the cholera filled every one with dread), and casting at me a look in which tenderness and pity were blended together, handed her father some provisions and a tumbler of spiced wine, which he presented to me, regretting that he could not bring me into his dwelling. He then informed me that four Americans had perished in the prairie, and that twelve miles further on a guard was posted on the bridge



crossing the river, to prevent any Americans from proceeding further. After returning my acknowledgments for the kindness I had received, and receiving the exclamation of "God speed you!" from the old man and his son, and a gracious farewell salutation from his lovely daughter, I continued my route in the direction of the obnoxious bridge, which I determined to pass (if possible) at midnight. This settlement, at the mouth of the Thames, is one of the oldest colonies which the French established in Canada, and is considered the richest and best cultivated portion of the Upper Province; the houses are all remarkably neat, and there is a very handsome chapel. The inhabitants are hospitable, and present an appearance of Arcadian happiness not often to be met with even in the rich and well-cultivated districts of North America.

After proceeding a few miles I overtook my former companion, and we resolved to linger in the settlement until midnight, and then pass the bridge. The neighbourhood was laid out in farms; and as there was but one road, we had to pursue it. On approaching the bridge we perceived a large house, before which was a blazing log fire, which we soon discovered to be set apart for the abode of our comrades who had been detained. On the bridge a temporary guard-house was erected. The night was dark, and a strong gale was blowing, which produced a loud crackling noise amongst the trees. By the light of a log-fire before the guard-house we perceived four men, three of whom were lying on some straw, evidently asleep, the fourth sat close to the entrance, on a log of wood, with his face directed towards the fire; consequently it would have been impossible to pass the bridge without being perceived; his arm rested on his rifle, and those of his comrades lay within their reach. There was a strong flood in the river,

which was wide and deep; and even had we been expert swimmers, the danger of crossing it would have been great in the dark, and that of losing our clothes almost certain.

The bridge was about one hundred yards in length, and built of wood; being arched, there was consequently a great deal of frame-work underneath, on perceiving which I pointed it out to my companion, and then slinging my rifle across my shoulder, and taking off my boots, which I fastened to my belt, my companion following my example. I proceeded to the leeward side, and getting underneath, pursued my way with the aid of hands and feet, sometimes on top, sometimes underneath the beams, like a person climbing up the inside of a ladder. After half an hour's toilsome exertion, suspended in mid air, we found ourselves safe on the other side of the bank, and not making much delay to look behind, we continued our course all night, and at six o'clock next morning were more than twenty miles from the guarded position on the Thames.

On entering the Long Woods, Oxford district, we were informed that three Americans were dying in a hut, to which we were directed. On our arrival we found two of them in the last stage of cholera, attended by a German comrade; a third had just been buried. They had come by Great Bear Creek, having eluded the Indians and Canadians, and had suffered dreadfully in the forest. On arriving at the little village in the neighbourhood of the Long Woods, the inhabitants received them with great kindness—erected the hut in which they were residing—supplied them with necessaries—and sent a distance of twenty miles to procure them a physician. Taking charge of a letter from one of the dying men to his wife in New York, we proceeded through the Long Woods, a district of forty miles, which during the war with the Americans was

wholly unsettled, and the British had to form a road through it to convey their munitions of war, etc., to the lakes. The district is now thickly settled, with the exception of the Indian reserve lands, which we had entered, extending twelve miles along the meandering banks of the Thames, in the neighbourhood of which river we again were. These Indians, the Moravians, came to Canada with several other tribes at the period of the revolutionary war, and were presented by the British government with extensive settlements on the banks of the Thames and Grand Rivers.

On approaching their settlement, which was on the opposite side of the river, I was struck with astonishment and admiration at the beauty and regularity of an immense plain planted with Indian corn. In no part that I had travelled had I seen such a truly Arcadian picture. Numbers of Indians, male and female, were engaged in hoeing; at a distance appeared a regular, well-built wooden town, with a church in the centre, the steeple of which was surmounted with tin, which shone with radiant splendour in the noonday sun. I was standing on an eminence on the bank of the river; beneath me were a party of Indians with their squaws and children, amusing themselves; some bathing in the limpid stream, others about proceeding to the woods in search of game, with rifles in their hands, and the children gambolling on the grassy turf. This to me was a most interesting spectacle. Here was savage life in its most delightful form. Nay, so great was my enthusiasm, that, but for one obstacle, I could have for ever renounced the society of the whites, taken a red wife to my bosom, and dwelt with them, hunting game and hoeing corn, for the remainder of my life.

I determined on paying them a visit, and expressed my

intention to my companion, who refused to accompany me, stating the hostility of the Indians to our party, they being in the greatest dread of sickness.

My resolution was not to be shaken; and, descending the bank, I approached an Indian who was at some distance from the rest of the party digging roots. Having heard a good deal of their hospitality, I determined on addressing myself to his feelings, and accordingly said: "Father, the sun parcheth the earth, and the home of the white man is far distant; a stranger seeks the red man's hospitality, he is in want of food". When I first spoke, he turned round, not having perceived my approach; and when I had finished, he pointed to his companions, and without further notice he commenced his operation of root-digging. This man's countenance presented the most uncouth appearance of any Indian I had seen. He was old, his hair was gray, and his face was deeply stained with the juice of the blood-root. On approaching his companions, I perceived them drawing back from me with terror. Seeing one of them getting out of a canoe, I approached and offered my hand in token of friendship. He immediately drew back with horror, and exclaimed: "You Yankee, you sick". I now stood a little embarrassed, but could not avoid admiring the symmetry and beauty of the figures before me. Most of the men were about six feet high, a dark copper colour, and presented a noble appearance. Just at the moment, two youths came in from hunting, with rifles in their hands, carrying a deer which they had killed; their figures were thin and agile, and most beautifully formed. They wore a loose frock fastened by a belt to the waist, pantalets extending from the middle of the thigh to the ankles, and moccasins, with a string of beads round their necks, and long black hair flowing over their shoulders.

This was the dress of all the males; that of the females differing only in the length of the frock, which extended below the knees. I now approached the main body, who were assembled at the foot of an eminence, and again asked for refreshment; but on perceiving a muttering amongst the men, together with a display of rifles and scalping knives, I thought it most prudent to make a retreat, and rejoined my companion.

I could not ascertain the original name of this tribe, that of Moravian being derived from the religion which they professed, a clergyman of that sect residing amongst them. Almost all the tribes who are settled in towns are French Catholics.

Having returned to the main road, we were completely beset with mosquitoes, myriads of them continually alighting on us, and getting under our clothes. Before we arrived at the end of the Indian reserve, a distance of about ten miles, my hands, face, and several parts of my body were covered with blisters, the effects of which I did not recover for more than a month afterwards.

After sunset we arrived at a tavern, where we procured an excellent supper and a comfortable bed, two luxuries to which we were long strangers.

On the following morning, having parted from my companion, I pursued my way through the Long Woods, being now in a thickly settled district. After travelling about thirty miles, I stopped for the night at a tavern in Eckford township. On the next morning I was informed one of our party was dying at the house of a settler named Graham, and receiving the direction, I proceeded towards it. This part of the country had only been settled within a period of six years by fifty or sixty families of Highlanders: their lands were very little



cleared, and the log houses of the rudest kind, many of which were not more than half roofed, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the season.

I reached the house of Graham about ten o'clock, by whom I was greeted with kindness, and invited to enter. I entered the room where lay the invalid, which was darkened. He was lying in a comfortable bed (it was the best in the house which Graham had resigned to his guest). I approached the bed-side—Graham's wife was pouring some nourishment down the throat of the unconscious youth, whose eyes presented a most ghastly spectacle, and his countenance was dark as the Ethiop's skin. Little did the poor people imagine they were attending a cholera patient. On approaching sufficiently near to distinguish his features, I was horror-struck: "Good God! Edwards", said I, "is that you?"—The dying youth on hearing his assumed name mentioned, attempted to look at me; his lips moved, but he was unequal to the task: I mentioned my name—he stretched out his hand,—which I took in mine, and gave a friendly pressure: a gleam of satisfaction was visible on his countenance. Pointing to a table near his bedside, I perceived a letter; then making a sudden effort, he exclaimed (pressing my hand which was still in his): "It is my last request". His hand fell from mine—his lips ceased to move, and his spirit fled its earthly mansion.

Poor fellow! thy miseries are over! thy stricken spirit has yielded to the storm! No longer shall thy bosom heave with sighs, or thy cheek be furrowed with a tear.

The poor people informed me that two days before he appeared at the threshold of their door, but not having strength to proceed further, fell on the ground; they immediately brought him in and gave him some re-

freshment, of which he appeared much in want. He said that after leaving the camp he proceeded along Great Bear Creek with one companion; on the second day his companion died in the woods, and he was plundered by the hostile Indians of his boots, coat, and money, and that for two days he had eaten nothing. The evening of his arrival he had written a letter, and expressed his conviction he was dying. The letter was addressed "Miss B——, —— Street, London". Placing it in my bosom, I exclaimed, "Were my life to be the sacrifice, this sacred trust shall be fulfilled". In the evening the funeral took place, the danger of contagion rendering it absolutely necessary. Graham selected a spot about one hundred yards from his own dwelling, on a grassy hillock at the foot of a willow tree, for the grave of the hapless stranger, whose remains were interred with every mark of solemnity, and attended to the grave by most of the neighbouring settlers. The scene was affecting; it was the first death that occurred amongst them, and the decent solemnity of their appearance, and pity for the deceased, (a fine young man about one-and-twenty) drew tears into my eyes, and I mentally exclaimed: Here, amongst these poor and simple people, virtue and hospitality reign triumphant.

The funeral service being over, the Highlanders' hospitality would not suffer me to leave their settlement, and one of them insisted on my remaining with him for the night. Accordingly, after parting with the hospitable Graham and the remainder of the funeral party, I accompanied him to his humble but hospitable abode, where I spent a night more congenial to my feelings than I ever experienced on the softest bed of down, and partook of a supper of mush and milk, with a greater zest than I ever

had enjoyed the most costly viands. Such a charm doth kindness and hospitality (when least expected) diffuse over the heart. The inmates of the mansion to which my conductor led me, consisted of his father, a fine old man, a brother who was an idiot and cripple, and a sister, whose countenance, though emaciated by sickness, bore traces of having once been beautiful. Poor girl! the change of climate and hardships sustained in settling in wild uncultivated forests, had undermined her constitution, on which consumption was making rapid strides: did my circumstances permit, how gladly would I have changed thy miserable pallet for a bed of down, and thy rude fare for such delicate sustenance as thy situation required. But desire without power is of no avail; and the kind feelings of the heart must remain dormant for want of ability to render them of service. On my unexpected entrance, she made an attempt to rise from the bed on which she was reclining, and with difficulty was able to sit up; then with a sweet melodious voice she bade me welcome to their humble home.

Supper being over, contrary to my most earnest entreaties. she insisted on getting up to prepare a temporary bed for me on the floor, although her tottering frame had to be supported across the room. Having done every thing in her power to render me comfortable for the night, on a sign being made by the old man, she retired to the bedside, and kneeling, as did her brother (I of course following their example), joined them in their evening prayer. The old man spoke in Gaelic (the only language which he understood), but his daughter responded in English; and more than once a prayer was offered up for the safe journeying of the stranger, and blessings invoked on the hospitable Graham. Such an image of piety did she pre-

sent—so soul-felt appeared her devotion—so pure and holy beamed her countenance, as it was averted in the direction in which I knelt, that it shall never pass away from my recollection.

In the morning, the moment of my awaking, I started up to continue my journey; but my host had risen long before me, and prepared breakfast, of which he insisted on my partaking; after which I took my departure, receiving the good wishes of all, and a blessing from the invalid, from whom I did not part without a tear of regret.

In the course of a few days I arrived in Brantford, on the Grand River, called after an Indian chief of that name, who held the rank of captain in the British army.

In the neighbourhood of this town a number of Indians are settled, consisting of the Mohawks, Delawares, and a remnant of the Six Nations, who had emigrated to Canada during the revolutionary war. These (like the Moravians) are settled in wooden towns, and have some fine farms, but are greatly degenerated both in their morals and race, arising from their intermixture with the whites. There were numbers of them in Brantford on my arrival, the most of whom were intoxicated, with the exception of the squaws, some of whom were extremely beautiful.

On leaving Brantford I proceeded along the river to take a view of their settlements on the opposite side.

The day was very sultry, and the water too enticing for me to resist the opportunity of refreshing myself in its silvery bosom. I accordingly undressed and dived into the crystal stream, but scarcely had I arisen to its surface when two Indian girls apparently about eighteen, made their appearance about fifty yards lower down, on the opposite bank; they likewise undressed, not having perceived me,

and springing into the middle of the stream, swam and dived with considerable skill for about half an hour, during which time I had dressed myself, and stood enchained to the spot by their beautiful figures and graceful evolutions. When I was on the point of leaving a squaw made her appearance, with two fine boys, one of whom immediately stripped off, plunged into the stream, and swam to the other side, where unloosing a canoe he brought it back to convey his mother across. In the interim I had addressed the other youth, but neither he nor his mother understood English. Presenting him with a handsome penknife, with which he was highly delighted, I took my leave, highly refreshed with the cool bath which I had taken, and reflecting with admiration on the sylph-like forms of the Indian bathers.

Shortly after leaving the river I noticed a school-house off the road side, on entering which I perceived a venerable old man surrounded by about forty Indian children, all in full costume. The master informed me that he did not understand the Indian, or his pupils the English language, but taught them by sounds, with the assistance of an English primer. There are schools for educating the white children at a distance of every five miles in the settled districts of the province, and on the afternoon of each day, when I met

“The playful children just let loose from school”,

they invariably took off their caps and bonnets, a token of respect which they are taught to pay all strangers.

In the neighbourhood of Brantford I killed an adder about three feet long, which was the first venomous serpent I had met with: this surprised me a good deal, considering the immense forests and morasses through which I had



travelled. The only reptiles I had met with of the serpent species were some garter snakes and others of a harmless kind, numbers of which I killed. After leaving Brantford I continued my route passing through Ancaster and Hamilton, the latter a very elegant town, and arrived at Queenstown.

On the morning after my arrival at Queenstown, I proceeded to view the stupendous Cataract of Niagara, of which so much has been said and written. It is impossible for the imagination to conjure up a more magnificent scene. The spray is visible at a distance of five or six miles, ascending to the clouds in an immense body beautifully sparkling in the sunbeams. On approaching the falls, the loud roar of the water in descending is deafening. The woods extend close to the banks of the river, and it is impossible to see the falls until within a few yards of them.

Emerging from the forest, the scene which suddenly strikes the beholder is truly grand. I advanced to a projecting cliff, and for some moments was lost in astonishment at the magnificent sight before me—

“A matchless cataract, horribly beautiful”.

The falls are divided in two curvatures, separated from each other by a large rock, called Goat Island, which is covered with trees. This rock might more truly be styled the “Isle of Tears”, or “The Region of Mist”, for it is continually encircled with spray, the heavy fall of which soon forces the beholder to a hasty retreat. The curve on the American side is upwards of seventeen hundred, and that on the Canadian exceeding two thousand feet. The height of the falls is one hundred and forty-nine; and the breadth of the river eleven hundred. I heard the noise at

Queenstown, seven miles distance, when the wind was light and coming direct from them.

There are a number of fine farms in this neighbourhood, cleared land averaging about twenty-five dollars per acre; and numbers of capitalists have lately settled here, invited by the beauty of the scenery and the contiguity of the falls. Within three miles of Niagara is Lundy's Lane, where a battle was fought between the Americans and British; and at Queenstown was fought the celebrated battle of Queenstown Heights, where General Brock was killed, to whose memory a handsome monument has been erected. Queenstown is a very inconsiderable place. On the opposite bank of the river is a handsome American village called Lewistown. Having remained a few days to recover from my fatigue, I passed on to the town of Niagara, fourteen miles from the falls, where I went on board the Great Britain steamer for York, the capital of the province. The town of Niagara is a military station, where Fort Edward is established, a fortification of mud; it is a pretty village on the border of Lake Ontario. On the American side of the river is Fort George, which presents a much more reputable appearance than that on the British side.

At Niagara I altered my original intention of proceeding to New York, any communication between the two countries being prevented along the boundaries, in consequence of the cholera.

In three hours after leaving Niagara I arrived at York, now Toronto, the capital of the province of Upper Canada. This is a disagreeable and irregular built town, consisting of two or three streets of brick houses, devoid of taste or elegance, presenting all the appearance of a newly settled provincial town, and cannot bear comparison with Hamilton. The house of assembly and barrack are exceptions:

these are handsome and well built, and the barracks are of considerable extent. Making a stay of two or three hours at York, I went on board a steamer bound for Prescott on the St. Lawrence. Lake Ontario presents an appearance similar to Erie, being about the same extent, and, like it, studded with numerous and beautiful islands. Kingston, at which we touched, is a considerable town, and has a very extensive navy yard. The Rideau canal runs between this and Montreal, to avoid the interruption in the navigation of that part of the immense chain of water communication which assumes the name of the St. Lawrence, by means of the Rapids. From Kingston I proceeded to Prescott, (seventy miles) down the St. Lawrence. As this is one of the largest, so it is one of the most beautiful of the American rivers; of immense width, it is covered with innumerable islands, each of which is separated by a broad and rapid stream, and each outvying the other in beauty and verdure. This portion of the river is very truly styled "The Thousand Isles", each of which in itself would form an imaginary paradise.

In solitude,  
What happiness, who can enjoy alone;  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

Touching at Brockville, a neat little village, we arrived at Prescott, a tolerable town, but far exceeded by Ogdensburg, on the American side of the river. Here I cannot avoid drawing a contrast between the towns of Canada and those of the United States; the latter possessing all the bustle of enterprise and commerce, well and tastefully built, and elegant in their appearance, whilst the former present a heavy and dull appearance, are badly built, filthy in the extreme, and having little or no trade, except in the transmigration of poor emigrants. From Prescott to Montreal

the mode of navigation is by means of long, narrow, flat bottomed boats, called batteaus, which are towed back by oxen.

The morning after my arrival at Prescott I procured a passage on board one of these batteaus. Leaving Prescott at nine o'clock in the morning we stopped at St. Anne's about mid-day for refreshment, and arrived at La Chine, within nine miles of Montreal, at one o'clock next day, being a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, having stopped seven hours at Coteau Lac.

The Rapids commence about thirty miles below Prescott, and extend nearly to Montreal. The principal of them are the Gallooz, near Prescott; the Long Saut, or Long Rapid, extending eight or nine miles, near Cornwall; the Coteau Lac, at the end of Lake St. Francis; the Cascades, and La Chine, near Montreal.

The sensation felt coming down these Rapids is delightful; the light fanning breeze between each, assisted by the strong current, wafting us along; occasionally the men took to their oars, to keep clear of any dangerous shoals; then arose the hoarse boat glee, in Canadian French, which, united to the half-savage appearance of the boatmen, and the wildness of the scenery around, had a most romantic effect; and when we entered a rapid, the batteau darted forward with the rapidity of lightning to its termination.

Those rapids having a world-wide celebrity from Moore's popular song, my readers will pardon the insertion of it.

#### A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn!  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the day-light 's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl ?  
There is not a breath on the blue wave to curl ;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh, sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayer,  
Grant us cool heavens and fav'ring air.  
Blow, breezes, blow, etc.

A number of islands in the neighbourhood of the rapids are inhabited by Indians who receive very considerable sums of money for piloting the rafts or drams of timber which come from the head of Lake Ontario during the spring and fall. These rafts generally consist of about fifty logs, in two layers ; that underneath consisting of pine, and the upper one of oak. The timber trade gives employment to a great number of men : in the winter season they are employed in the forest, felling trees, and forming the rafts, and in spring and summer bring them down to Montreal and Quebec. It is rather a curious spectacle to see those rafts crossing the lake and coming down the St. Lawrence. On the lake it is very dangerous in rough weather. They sail along with the aid of planks set up erect in different positions, according to the wind. The only way of keeping them in trim is with immense oars, placed at the bow and stern (if the two ends may be so designated), and placed in the centre on a pivot. Acting as levers these answer the purpose of a rudder. When the wind is not fair, these oars must be continually kept in motion. Each raft requires about a dozen men, and sometimes they are months coming from the head of the lake to Montreal.

On my arrival at La Chine, a petty little village, I pro-



ceeded on foot to Montreal, nine miles distant. Opposite to La Chine is a very considerable Indian town, called Cocknawago.

The Indians here dress similar to the Canadians, who are a very swarthy complexion, and it is sometimes difficult for a stranger to distinguish one race from the other.

Montreal is a good town, but there is nothing in it worthy of admiration. The houses of the respectable inhabitants are built of stone, and very much resemble prisons in appearance, having sheet-iron doors and window shutters. The tin roofing, however, gives the town a very imposing appearance at a distance. The dwellings of the poorer classes are of wood, and are tolerably neat. It contains a population of thirty thousand, principally French Canadians. The cholera made dreadful havoc here, as it did through both the provinces, and was particularly severe amongst the immense number of poor emigrants who had arrived previous to its breaking out. The Canadians treated them with great kindness, had houses built for them outside all the towns, and supplied them with food and nourishment, medicines and medical advice. During my stay at Montreal, I repeatedly walked down to the beach to see the innumerable rafts which were continually coming down the stream. Such as are intended for Quebec (the greatest number) stop about three miles below the town. Here about a dozen of them are bound together with young trees (rendered pliable by twisting), forming a surface of about eighty yards in length, and thirty in breadth. They proceed to Quebec generally in four days, but are not unfrequently dashed to pieces, either by bad management, or driven by storm on shore.

After remaining a week at Montreal, where I procured citizen's clothing, I proceeded on a raft to Quebec, both

for novelty and economy, my constitution having become inured to hardship in my two months' wandering, enabled me to feel pleasure in the trip, and I arrived in Quebec about the 17th of August, 1832. The banks of the St. Lawrence are thickly settled from Montreal to Quebec by French Canadians. At the distance of every nine miles, there is a handsome village and chapel; the inhabitants are poor, but remarkably neat, and their whitewashed cottages look extremely well. The French in Montreal, who are engaged in boating, rafting, etc., are a cunning, drunken, disorderly race of men, as are persons of the same class in every society. But the French Canadian peasant or artizan is frugal, sober, and harmless, and attached to his family. Their countenances are grave and thoughtful, and wholly free from that vivacity and animation for which the European French are so celebrated. They are a handsome race of people, having good features, dark olive complexions, and brilliant black eyes. The females wear a stuff petticoat, over which is a short cotton frock, barely reaching the knee, and a round straw hat. This I found to be their costume from the mouth of the Thames to Quebec. The St. Lawrence, from Montreal to its exit into the gulf, presents a noble appearance. The current is so great, that vessels have to be towed by steamers up to Montreal.

The approach to Quebec is through a number of coves. The land on each side is very high, particularly on the side of the town, where are the celebrated heights of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's glory and death. Quebec is an irregular and inelegant built town, containing a population of about twenty-seven thousand; it is remarkable for being one of the strongest fortifications in the world, and is built on a steep hill, round the base of which is a narrow,

filthy street, upwards of three miles in length, inhabited by the poorest class of Irish. Here they have their Wexford and Wicklow taverns, their signs of St. Patrick and Daniel O'Connell.

Since Quebec fell into the hands of the British in 1759, it has been rendered almost impregnable from the river side, and the fortifications have been nearly all rebuilt. It commands a most imposing position on a curve of the St. Lawrence, and any approach from the sea is rendered almost impossible, whilst the immense height of the banks of the river, which are almost perpendicular, would render an attack descending the river fruitless, were the heights sufficiently guarded by redoubts. But there is nothing to prevent any enemy's gaining the heights above the town, and with an army entrenched on the plains the principal difficulty would be surmounted. The heights of Abraham which Wolfe ascended, are about three miles west of the fortress. The walls of the Upper Town are almost on a level with the plains, which are elevated a little above it, and consequently form a commanding position for an invading force.

The fortifications are surrounded by a moat, about eight feet deep and ten wide, and being of very considerable extent, would require a numerous garrison for their defence. Hence the necessity which Montcalm was under, when he found that Wolfe had gained the heights, of marching out to fight him on the plains, where both leaders met an untimely fate. In 1775, it was besieged by Montgomery and Arnold, with less than four thousand Americans. Arnold led one thousand men by an unexplored route through the forests, during which he lost one-third of his men, and appearing before Quebec without artillery, attacked the upper town; whilst Montgomery attacked it

from the river side, and penetrating to the gates of the lower town, was killed, with most of his officers and men. Arnold, without artillery, and not having more than seven hundred men, carried several barriers defended by cannon; but from the smallness of his force he was compelled to surrender, after several hours' hard fighting. Were the Americans ever to obtain possession of this fortification, British power in Canada will become extinct; for the Canadians, without the assistance of the British, would be wholly incapable of self-defence. The populations of the upper province are scattered over an immense extent of territory, numbers of whom are disaffected to the British government, and a considerable portion of whom are actually American citizens. The Indians, who formed powerful allies to the French and British, are no longer the same race of hardy, daring, ferocious warriors, which they proved themselves in the latter end of the eighteenth century. Their habits and manners have been considerably changed. Their hatchets have long been buried in peace; and few, if any, in the British territories have ever witnessed a combat. Settled in villages and on farms, they have exchanged the scalping-knife for the hoe, and their roving, warlike life, for the more peaceable occupation of raising corn and cattle. Of the emigrants who annually arrive at Quebec, few make their sojourn in the Canadas, but proceed to the more inviting and prosperous territories of Ohio and Illinois, where they meet better encouragement and better prices for their labour. The French inhabitants of Lower Canada are a quiet, inoffensive race, and would, in all probability, be benefited, were they to become a portion of the United States, whose enterprising citizens would improve their circumstances by trade and manufactures, and instead of being the poorest portion of North

America, might be manufactured into a very respectable state.

In 1839, six years after the above was written, Papineau headed an insurrection which would have been successful but for the British settlers in Upper Canada under Sir Alan M'Nab. J. A. Roebuck, M.P. for Bath, as his agent, defended Papineau's proceedings, and was near being expelled from the House of Commons for doing so.

#### EASTWARD—HURRICANE—HOME AGAIN.

"Ship ahoy!" was shouted from shore, the afternoon on which we left Quebec. "Ay, ay, Sir!" re-echoed from the quarterdeck: the boat was launched, and in ten minutes the captain was on board.

"Where is the pilot?" demanded the captain, addressing Mr. M——, the first mate. Before the latter could reply, a stout, rough-featured personage made his appearance from behind the binnacle, enveloped in a huge overcoat of stout blue cloth, under which a portion of his comfortable pea-jacket was visible. "Well, pilot, is all ready?" "Yes; shall we hoist anchor?" "When you like", returned the captain, and darted down the companion-way to the cabin. The pilot giving some directions to the mate, retired to his former station at the binnacle, against which he reclined, looking at the current of the river, to discover the moment of the tide's changing, gazing at the clouds to ascertain in what point the veering wind was about to settle, or contemplating the operations of the seamen on deck.

"All hands on deck!" shouted the mate, the moment the pilot left him: his call was instantly answered by the ship's crew making their appearance. "Man the windlass", continued the former. Each with a handspike proceeded



to raise the anchor; and the ye-os of the men as they strained their whole forces at their handspikes, and the clinking of the ponderous chain cable, sounded in sonorous harmony together. In about an hour the mate announced to the pilot that the anchor was beneath the bows. "Man the helm—square the yards", exclaimed the latter, in his gruff Canadian accent: his orders were executed. "Reef the foretopsail—loose the jib and mizen". "All right", rejoined the mate, when the men had accomplished their tasks. "Let the men have grog", continued the former; all hands flew aft and received the welcome allowance. In ten minutes the stentorian voice of the pilot was again heard—"Stand by the anchor, the jib, foretopsail, and mizen". "Ay, ay, Sir!" resounded along the decks, and the men were at their posts. "Clear away!" In a few minutes the vessel was unmoored, the sails unfurled, and we were passing down the St. Lawrence at the rate of eight knots an hour. The night was fine, and about twelve o'clock we cast anchor, the tide returning up the river. Next day the pilot left us, having accompanied us to the gulf, ninety miles from Quebec, and returned in his boat, which had been taken on board. Passing down the river we had a fine view of the falls of Montmorency, nine miles below Quebec. These are upwards of two hundred feet in height, and fifty or sixty in width. On each side of the St. Lawrence there is a lofty ridge of mountains, uninhabited, and presenting a bleak and barren appearance.

The forecastle of a merchantman is the residence of rather an extraordinary community. There, it would be imagined, amongst men of equal rank a perfect equality prevailed: but such is not the case: some man of intriguing disposition, or powerful strength, is generally the master of the rest, and no monarch possesses more despotic sway

over his subjects. There is no community more jealous of their rights and dignity, and the skipper dare not put his foot upon the ladder which descends to their habitation.

Our voyage to the Irish coast was favourable, with the exception of a mutiny which occurred on board at the foggy banks of Newfoundland, and lasted about an hour. Leaving Quebec about the 23rd August, 1832, after passing the barren and gloomy rocky Island of Anticosti, four hundred miles from it, we crossed the Northern Atlantic, and the first land we sighted at early dawn on the 6th October, was Cape Clear, off the coast of Kerry. The weather was most favourable, the sun-rise beams shading the water, whilst the mist of the night flitting from the island like a volcano of thin, pale smoke, revived our dormant faculties after a six weeks' voyage, and made me feel that quiet grateful sensation so natural, especially at sea, on nearing home, after a lapse of nearly two years, and that home having passed through the frightful ordeal of cholera, leaving me in a state of the most anxious uncertainty as to what devastations it might have committed amongst my relatives and friends. Our course lay about ten miles from the coast, so that we had no opportunity in the haze of the morning to view that of Cork and Waterford, excepting the Old Head of Kinsale, the summit of which became visible as the mists were clearing off. With glasses we could see Hook and Crook, at the entrance to Waterford Harbour, and keeping clear of the Saltees, we quietly neared the coast on passing them. The day was beautiful, and a gentle land-breeze wafted us gracefully and cheerily along. Every inch of canvas was spread out to catch the favouring breeze, and the bark steered boldly inside the Tuscar Rock, whose whitened Light-House column in the day, as

its bright light at night, warned mariners of its fearful and dangerous proclivity. The mist had passed away, and we could sight the mountains of Forth, Vinegar Hill, and the Wicklow range in the distance, forming a noble background. The yellow sand banks, the pebbly shore, with, now and then, projecting rocks as we passed along some elevated beach; groups of peasants carting home the harvest, the green verdure of the grazing fields, the browsing cattle, elegant mansions, snug farm houses appearing and disappearing in the panorama, formed a magnificent foreground to the scene; whilst the closely wooded district passing Wicklow, Delgany, and Powerscourt to the west, and Bray Head on our course, produced a contrast so beautiful and varied, that the eye could dwell and the mind contemplate for days without wearying—scenery which could be gazed on at every change of position with delight.

The day had been beautiful, the land breeze all that could be desired, and during our whole course along the coast our royals were set. The evening was closing in after our passing Wicklow Head, and the sun, retiring over the Wicklow Hills, cast his resplendent beams over mountain and plain, gilding the hilltops and plantations with its bursts through the streaked shadowy clouds, and reflecting the shapes of our canvas and rigging in the rippling tide as we neared along, until it disappeared altogether, and was immediately succeeded by a full harvest moon, rendering unnecessary the operation of sounding, for by its light our skipper seemed to know every spot along the shore. The few passengers on board with some of the crew were dancing with the captain's permission on the quarter deck to the tunes of a violin. Howth and Poolbeg lights were visible to our right, the lights of

Kingstown Harbour right on our track, Bray Head was just before our left, and every eye was strained and every heart palpitated as the termination of our long voyage appeared in view. We had just approached Bray Head, at our coasting distance of about two miles, when suddenly we were enveloped in total darkness, an immense cloud had passed across the moon, a terrific hurricane burst in every direction around us, forked lightning darted through the rigging and along the deck, the masts creaked with an ominous sound, thrilling every failing heart, the vessel swayed as if going on her beam ends, and all was horror and confusion, the whole scene occurring as it were in a single moment, when the captain, who had been in the cabin, rushed on deck. In an instant he ordered the helmsman to be lashed to the wheel, the carpenter to the mainmast with his axe, called on the passengers to assist in saving their lives, and directed that all but the top-gallant sail should be close reefed. Some of the seamen and passengers went to the pumps, and some to the capstan to let go the anchor if necessary. With others I dashed up the rigging of the mainmast. The scene was grand and terrific—the forked lightning darting in every direction and affording us light to work, the roar of the hurricane, the creaking of the masts, the ye-os of the men with handspikes lowering out the chain cable of the anchor, the sharp plashing sound from the pumps, the surging of the mountain wave, and the screaming of the women as they were swept along the deck, was appalling, and as I looked down from the tiny spar of the top-gallant sail to which I was holding as I reefed with my feet on the rope swinging beneath it, I felt as if every instant I would be dashed into the surf, brained on the deck, or rent to pieces by the lightning. To sailors the

position was awful: what must it have been to a young "land-lubber" like myself, who had never ventured before higher than the crosstrees in fair weather during the voyage? Yet strange to say, in that terrible space which extended to about fifteen minutes, my spirit appeared to soar above its ordinary sphere, I held my footing on the thin rope and my grip on the sail in clewing it up, as I perched at the extreme end of the spar, overhanging the raging surf beneath with an utter fearlessness which afterwards astonished me, and a tenacity of purpose in clinging to my frail support, as if the vessel and its living freight depended on my individual exertions. The reefing of the sails had eased the vessel: ours was the last before the gale, and as my companion on the leeward spar and I on the windward had reefed it half way, we heard the shrill voice of the captain shouting, "Bravely done, lads! bravely done! Come below". We descended, drenched and almost stiffened with the chill of the hurricane which whistled through the shrouds as we moved downwards, and on reaching deck I was carried off to the cabin. Giving me a hearty shake of the hand, the captain thanked me for my volunteer service, and presented me with a stiff glass of "old Jamaica". After shifting my clothing I hurried on deck, where I saw my half-reefed top-gallant sail the only canvas aloft; the vessel was all right, the hurricane had considerably abated, the dark clouds had passed away from shading the moonlight, the jib was hoist, a few reefs loosened from the mainsail, we moved steadily along, and about midnight anchored outside Kingstown Harbour, without losing a single spar either from our rigging or deck cargo.

Were it not for the decision, skill, and coolness of that wiry, little, gray-eyed, gray-haired man, Captain



——, the Duncan Gibb would have been driven on her beam ends into the channel, and her live freight into Davy's locker, whilst her hull and timber cargo would have floated a sarcophagus to enlighten newspaper readers with the dreadful catastrophe to the Duncan Gibb and all souls. Had the hurricane been from an easterly direction the vessel would have been dashed to pieces in a few moments on the rocks at Bray Head. The Duncan Gibb belonged to Jos. Wilson, Son, and Co., of Dublin.

#### STILL HARPING ON THE WEST.

I omitted mentioning that General Scott commanded the Michigan expedition. He was then about fifty years of age, with open manly countenance, dark hair tinged with iron gray, and fine portly figure. The day after our arrival at the camp, Henry Clay, son to the celebrated statesman, was interred; and the General with his staff, having seized a sloop in the river, left for Detroit. He afterwards conquered Mexico, annexed Texas and California, and died in 1865. On my arrival at Quebec, I presented my papers to Pemberton, Brothers, an eminent Irish firm, who received me in the kindest manner, advanced money for my outfit and passage, for which I gave a draft on my father, and I had a home at George Pemberton's until the vessel sailed. The hospitality I received was truly Irish, and I shall never forget it. They were a little surprised in seven years after, on receiving a large consignment of goods on sale, from "the young adventurer".

## FORWARD, 1861-1868.

The recent confederation of the Canadas with the other colonies has been a move in the right direction, for, whilst the new kingdom is linked to Great Britain by a velvet cord, it enjoys all the benefit of self government and material assistance, if needful.

The Great Trunk Railway, crossing the St. Lawrence by the noble Victoria Bridge, must form the back bone of the new UNITED STATES, to be branched off in every direction. Whilst the great seaboard of Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, with their maritime population, will be highly advantageous as consumers of the luxurious products of the Canadas, the former will have the full advantage of a home market amongst the population of two and a half millions in the latter for their great staple supplied by the fisheries; and as ice is an indigenous crop, they can forward their fish as continuously to the towns and villages throughout the Canadas as it is supplied daily to Billingsgate Market from the ports in the German Ocean. The flourishing town of London, seventy-six miles west of Hamilton, is built where Henry Edwards died and was interred; and the site of Ottawa, the capital of the new confederation in the district of the Rapids, the Grand, and Three Rivers, was then a forest wilderness.

In closing my American sketches, after a lapse of thirty-three years, I composed the following in reference to the great war, and trust they will not be considered out of place:

## BALLAD.

## THE "CHIVALRY" OF THE SOUTH.

When ruthless war, which southern men  
Commenced with pirate's brag,  
And Davis raised at Charleston  
The foul and felon flag,  
Throughout the North the welkin rang  
With armed hosts and brave,  
Who vowed to right the black man's wrong,  
And free the down-trod slave.  
The Southerners had far many a year  
Prepared their *coup de main*,  
And in the Presidential Chair  
Buchanan worked their plan.  
To China's coast, or to Japan,  
Or cruise in Europe's breeze,  
The fleet was scattered o'er the main,  
Far, far from Federal seas.  
At Utah and far western posts  
The Federal troops were placed,  
Whilst all along the Federal coasts  
Conspiracy was traced.  
The Federal bombs, the Federal guns,  
In Charleston were stored;  
And stealthily in Southern streams  
Were ironclads prepared.  
At Wilmington, Savannah, and  
New Orleans, and Mobile,  
They ready had the projects planned  
To fortify them well;

And from the British arsenals,  
With quiet, cautious move,  
Rifles and swords and projectiles  
And Blakeny guns of proof,  
In every vessel hailing from  
The Thames or Mersey shore,  
Were brought to seal the black man's doom,  
To crush the Northern power.  
To study scientific wars  
Buchanan sent express  
Selected Federal officers  
Pledged to the Southern cause,  
To view Sebastopol, and plan  
Its wonders and its power;  
To see the ever-famed Redan,  
And Malakhoff's great tower;  
To see the rifle pits and those  
Who, "bravest of the brave",  
Unflinching stood o'erwhelming blaze—  
In victory found a grave.  
Returned those men who took the vows  
The Federal cause to serve,  
At Westpoint learned 'neath Federal laws  
The duties of the brave,  
Sent by Buchanan to the South,  
On treason plots proceed,  
In organizing plans of death,  
Fomenting treason's spread;  
And from the Bay of Chesapeake  
To where the gulf stream roars,  
Along the wide Atlantic's coast,  
And Mississippi's shores,  
Those traitors spread with venom'd hate

Insidiously their power;  
And Carolina's northern state  
Prepared for treason's hour.  
Now through the States since Washington  
In glory passed away,  
The Presidents were Southern men,  
And Southern views held sway;  
The black race sighed in helpless gloom,  
No cheer, no refuge they—  
The rack, the lash, the chain their doom  
Should they for freedom pray;  
Unless some Providential road,  
Rare opening to their flight,  
They on the northern free soil trod  
Escaping bloodhounds' sight.  
Not long this chance the Southern men  
Left open to the slave,  
And fugitives were hunted down—  
No Northern men dare save.  
The "Dred Scott" law was passed to claim  
From Northern Christian men  
The hunted wretch—like poacher's game,  
To goad him back again.  
No mercy then: with demon's power  
The fiends drove their prey  
With bloodhounds leashed to make them cower,  
Revolvers held to slay.  
The Southern "Chivalry" shone grand  
With fresh refulgent rays,  
Their "Coat of Arms", the black man bound,  
The bloody lash its frieze;  
And on its shield each bloody spot  
Recording told the tale



Of woman's unprotected lot,  
Of children's brutal sale.  
Aye! their own flesh and blood they sold  
Their daughters, sons, and brothers.  
O glorious "Chivalry"! behold  
This banded race of robbers,  
Who dared God's image thus defile—  
The suffering and the brave.  
O Heaven! blot out the monstrous ill!  
Avenge the Southern slave.

2nd April, 1865.

## BALLAD.

## THE "CHIVALRY" OF THE NORTH.

The Northern men, to stop the spread  
Of slavery in the west,  
Put forth their strength, and towering led  
The voters to their post;  
And with triumphant echoing rang  
The sound of victory won,  
As spread through every gathered throng  
The telegraphic line.  
Astounded! Southerners stood aghast:  
Their tyranny was o'er;  
Their "Southern Cross" was crossed at last,  
Departed was their power.  
No more Buchanan's traitorous soul  
Shall guide the reins of state,  
No more new territory shall  
Far spread the black man's fate.  
Lincoln, the unassuming, stood  
Great champion in the van,  
To keep the constitution good,  
The "Dred Scott" law to ban.  
The Southern bravos gnashed and ground  
Their venomed teeth with ire,  
As cannibals in savage land  
Roast victims at the fire,  
'Till friendly tribes upon them fly  
With overwhelming power,  
Who hunt them from their brutal prey  
And scatter them afar.

In Congress they revolvers held  
To bully true men there,  
And bowie knives they had concealed  
Like cobras in their lair.  
But vain the bravos' bullying shout!  
The noble North men held,  
Unswerving in their grand redoubt  
The constitution's shield.  
Brave Charles Sumner led the van  
Denouncing slavery's spread;  
With bowie knives was left for slain—  
And Southerners cheered the deed!  
O Southern Chivalry! your fame  
Shall sound in lady's bower  
Like hissing serpent's forked-tongue's aim,  
To poison and devour.  
O Southern Chivalry! your name  
Shall float o'er Negro's graves,  
With fell Dahomey's bloody fame,  
Who filled your marts with slaves.  
Baffled in Congress, they retire  
To brood felonious strife;  
Surround Fort Sumpter with their fire,  
And lo! rebellion's rife!  
The Fort with Federal guns is ta'en,  
By Southern traitors fired;  
The felon flag is hoist amain,  
And felon war declared.  
Now through the North the tocsin's sound  
Is heard with sternest tone,  
And Northern men assemble round  
The "Stars and Stripes" again,  
Which furled had been for fifty years,

In quiet peace reclined.  
But now shine forth its sparkling stars,  
And floats high in the wind,  
Resolved the traitor knaves to crush.  
Throughout their land arise  
Myriads of dauntless men who rush  
To where the foul flag flies.  
From every northern home the youth  
And stalworth men come forth,  
And rush on to the glorious fight,  
For freedom and the North.  
No record in this simple lay,  
The deeds in four years' war,  
In those faint lines could e'er convey  
The sacrifices there.  
The beardless boy, the noble sire,  
The widow's son, the mother's love,  
The new-made bridegroom—all aspire  
Home, love, and freedom's cause to prove;  
And bravely did they keep their vows,  
Though serried every line,  
Though thousands fell before their foes,  
And thousands mourned the slain.  
Still onward rushed the noble brave,  
Cheered on by woman's love;  
By woman's smiles and tears to save,  
And heaven's smiles from above.  
On! on! they rush, though winter's snow  
Spread o'er the Southern plain,  
And famed Potomac's torrents flow  
To make their passage vain.  
On! on! they rush, though fevers spread  
Throughout the bivouac;

On! on! through dying and through dead  
They press their stubborn track.  
On! on! they rush, where Southern sky  
Low'rs scorching sunbeams down,  
And Southern foes are ever nigh,  
Like Parthians on the plain.  
On! on! they rush, where every town  
Embrasured stopped their way,  
With rifle pits, embankments strong,  
And rifled ordnance play.  
Host after host in bloody fight  
Fought, reeled, returned again,  
Nor parted 'till impending night  
Surveyed the thousands slain.  
Host after host in swift pursuit  
Or swift retreat were seen,  
And many a gallant column met  
The fate of gallant men.  
Still, as each honoured corpse arrived  
To mourning friends at home,  
Rushed on fresh noble men with speed  
To win, or meet their doom;  
And for the cause their fathers fought  
Against oppression's power,  
They rallied round and nobly wrought,  
'Till conquest crowned the hour  
When Richmond fell, which held at bay  
Their hosts in four years' strife,  
Till captive held was General Lee,  
And Davis fled for life.



## EBEN GRAY.

## A FEDERAL MAIDEN'S DIRGE.

Speak, silent heart, oh! speak, and say  
If thou wilt still sigh on;  
Two years have passed since Eben Gray  
Returned a shrouded one.

Oh! how we sought, in joyous youth,  
Spring flowers and summer's bloom,  
And the deep glade and sunny path  
In sprightliness to roam.

Alas! those scenes soon flitted past,  
And low'ring clouds appear;  
The trumpet sounds its sternest blast  
Of war, relentless war.

Two years have passed since o'er your bier  
I sat in silent woe;  
But, oh! there came with gushing tear  
Its gleam of sunshine too.

Flow on, my tears, nor cease thy stream;  
Sigh on, fond heart, as thus I lave  
The flowers which smile with brightening gleam  
Thus watered o'er my Eben's grave.

Flow on! my tears, in dewdrops rise  
With perfumes from the flow'rets' bloom,  
And mingled with them those fond sighs,  
Shall waft to Heaven from Eben's tomb.

Yes, sigh, fond heart; flow, tears, still flow;  
My spirit yearns to be with thee;  
That hope becomes my sunshine now,  
That I may to my Eben flee.

Your country called, to arms! to arms!  
I could not longer bid you stay;  
And as I felt fond love's alarms,  
I blessed you on your distant way.

Oh! little did I think my fears  
 Would in such mourning end,  
 When offering up my fervent prayers  
 That Heaven would blessings send.

You fell! but in a righteous fight,  
 Fell nobly in the van,  
 Fell for your glorious country's right,  
 And thus I mouru you gone.

Mourn o'er my gallant Eben's tomb,  
 In silent sorrowing weep;  
 My gushing tears still flowing come,  
 But cannot wake thy sleep.

Speak, silent heart, oh! speak, and say  
 If thou wilt still sigh on;  
 Oh! doth my Eben's spirit stray  
 Around his weeping one?

Yes! sighs relieve my o'erpressed heart,  
 And gushing tears subdue my sorrow,  
 Love, hope, and death their signs impart,  
 I'll join my Eben's tomb to-morrow.

May, 1865.

#### AT HOME.

On the 7th October, 1832, I arrived by a Kingstown low-backed car from on board the "Duncan Gibb" in the old city, not without feelings of intense anxiety, as the cholera had made great havoc there as elsewhere. On inquiring, I ascertained my father had removed to 24 Mountpleasant Square, West, not far from my old schoolmaster's, Keely's academy. Hither I drove at jarvey's fullest speed, and was received with a *cead mille failte* by my father and all. Not having heard from me for nearly a year, they gave me up as lost, and, of course, I was lionized for some time, and to each new comer I had to go rapidly through my adventures. My friends

were all safe and well. Uncle Will had started as a maltster in Pim Street, near Portland Street, where I first saw day. Uncle Sam had left his Kingstown villa, and followed his profession at 68 Aungier Street. Uncle George was hale and still a bachelor. She, for whose sake I returned, received me as I expected. Uncle Will had an express sent to him, and he and uncle Sam turned out in the evening, and on the following morning I appeared at Laurel Lodge to breakfast. Having recruited and amused myself for some time, attention was then directed to my settling in life.

#### AGAIN A WANDERER.

On the 30th January, 1833, I left for London with the intention of entering a merchant's counting house.

Passing from Liverpool to Manchester, the celebrated Chat Moor attracted my attention, as it did that of Robert Stevenson some years before, an immense bleak and barren morass; it put me forcibly in mind of the American prairies. Stevenson carried on his railway through it, to the astonishment of statesmen as those of science. At Manchester I stopped, I think, at the Star, the leading hotel; and as my journey onward was at eight o'clock, P.M., I had no opportunity of surveying in the dark winter's evening, and dozed away in the mail until passing through Stockport and Stafford. I was thoroughly roused on approaching the smelting furnaces at Wolverhampton, through which and Birmingham we dashed along, the guard's horn sounding right merrily, as the workers were proceeding to their different avocations. I remained two days in Birmingham, and arrived in London on Sunday evening, the 3rd February, 1833, where I stopped at the Bull and Mouth, opposite the

Post Office, Saint Martin's Le Grand, and the following day retired to private lodgings at 89 Aldersgate Street, not far from the Post Office.

The day after my arrival I proceeded to the house where Edwards' letter was directed. The door was opened by a servant in livery, and on my inquiring for Miss B——, I was informed that she was at home. After musing half an hour, my reverie was interrupted by the entrance of two ladies, one of whom, from her youthful appearance, was evidently the object of my visit. Her figure was about the middle size, and exquisitely formed; her dress was rather *neligée*, and her dark tresses hung gracefully over her elegantly formed shoulders; her countenance was beautiful, but strongly marked with the impression of mental anxiety, and her dark eyes seemed fixed in saddened recollection.

Her companion was about double her age, graceful and dignified in her appearance, and was, as I conjectured, her mother. They received me with politeness, and waited for me to inform them the purport of my visit. To have handed poor Edwards' letter without preface, would, I felt aware, be productive of unpleasant consequences; and, endeavouring to break the subject in as delicate a manner as possible, I mentioned that I had recently returned from North America, where circumstances had brought me acquainted with a young gentleman who went by the assumed name of Edwards, but that the initials of his real name were F. Y. Both ladies uttered an exclamation of surprise. "O my God!" exclaimed Miss B——, "it is Frederick, my poor dear Frederick!" and her eyes glistened with the hope that I was the bearer of some pleasing tidings, and that perhaps he would soon return. Perceiving the effects which

my communication produced, I endeavoured to check it. I mentioned the tidings I had to communicate of my poor friend were of rather a melancholy nature, and presented his letter to the trembling Louisa, who with difficulty surmounted sufficient energy to break the seal. She had not sufficient time to peruse it ere she fainted away. I caught her in my arms and bore her to a sofa; and her mother being too much agitated to render her any assistance, I instantly rang the bell, and some attendants conveyed her to her own apartments. On taking my departure, Mrs. B—— said her poor Louisa would wish to see me when sufficiently recovered, and in about a week I was ushered into the drawingroom where Louisa was lying on a sofa; but oh! how changed! Her countenance was ashy pale, and her long taper fingers, as she extended them to me, showed the havoc made upon her frame. At her desire I drew a chair near the sofa, from which she was unable to rise, and sat down. Pulling the letter from her bosom, she said: "My poor Frederick, when I last saw him, I little thought I should be now mourning his death; but", said she, putting his letter into my hand, "I will soon follow him". The tears started into her eyes, and passing her hand across her brow to hide her emotion, she bade me read. The letter was as follows:

"Eckford Township, Upper Canada.

"One whose head has been bowed by misery and misfortune, the consequence of his own ill conduct, and whose spirit is on the eve of taking its flight from hence, dares to address her who was once his friend, his companion, his—— O God! my soul shrinks with horror at the recollection of the misery I have inflicted—the happiness I have lost. But, Louisa, forgive, pardon your



dying Frederick. Dearly has he suffered for his errors. Hardships, famine, pestilence have been his lot. Through all his faults and misfortunes you have been the idol of his thoughts. His hand trembles at approaching dissolution. Once more he solicits forgiveness. Louisa, forgive your repentant, dying

“FREDERICK”.

At her request I recounted the circumstances connected with her lover with which I was acquainted: our first meeting, and, ultimately, his death and funeral. She heard me with composure and resignation; but the gnawing worm was in her heart, and had nearly reached its core. Her physician ordered her to one of the watering places. She expressed herself pleased in my company, and during her stay I spent part of each day with her. She said that I was Frederick's friend in his misfortunes and death, and that I should be her's. Taking advantage one evening of her apparently improved spirits, I drew from her the following recital: Frederick was left early an orphan; his father had been an eminent merchant, and on his death left his son a considerable property, and placed him under the guardianship of her father. They were reared together, and the friendship of childhood ripened into love, warm, ardent, and sincere. Their affections were not thwarted, and Louisa's parents looked forward to their union with pleasure. Frederick was everything they could desire to make their daughter happy—affectionate, amiable, and accomplished. When he returned from Oxford, just as he had reached his twentieth year, his friends perceived with painful anxiety that he had become reserved and thoughtful, and even to Louisa he was changed. They

soon heard that he was a visitor to the gambling table; he was rarely at home, and when there his strange and unusual conduct was only productive of uneasiness to all and misery to her.

Her father died in about twelve months after, and Frederick, now free from all restraint, gave full scope to the ruinous propensities he had acquired: still he was kind and affectionate, and declared his unalterable attachment to his own Louisa. He removed from their house after his guardian's death; but rarely a day passed without his visiting her. Two years had elapsed since her father's death, and the day for their nuptials was appointed, when, one evening, as she was expecting him at the usual hour, the following note was placed in her hands:

"Conviction has at length arrived, but accompanied with beggary. Last night I lost my all at the hazard table. Forgive a wretch who has already made you miserable. O Louisa! do not curse one already at the lowest depths of misery.

"FREDERICK Y——".

She never saw him after, and she heard that he had gone to America. On her departure from London with her mother, we parted to meet no more. After my return to Dublin I met with an English paper in which I read the following:

"Died at Bath, after a lingering illness, at the age of nineteen, Miss Louisa B——, of —— Street, London".

I remained eight months waiting on expectancy and on promise; but as the houses to which I was introduced were agents to Roe and Meyler and other Dublin firms, it became quite apparent they had no disposition to instruct any one who might become a rival in the mysteries

of London commerce. Whilst there I made the most of my time in seeing everything worth looking at, and rambling into almost every nook, street, and square in the great metropolis. Went to all the theatres, of course. At Covent Garden on the 25th March, 1833, I saw Edmond Kean, the last time he ever appeared, when he was carried off the stage. On the same occasion Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) made her *debut*; and Charles Kean having been reconciled to his father after considerable estrangement, played *Iago* to his *Othello*. Madame Vestris was also in her glory at the Olympic, where I her saw in *Don Juan*, the *Barber of Seville*, and other pieces. Charles Matthews was her manager, afterwards her husband.

I present the following copies of epistles written to friends:

“London, 1st March, 1833.

“J. K. MAINWARING, Esq.,

“Liverpool.

“MY DEAR MAINWARING,

“’T is a fact, I assure you, ’pon honour, that I, poor witless wight, have conceived the daring resolution of writing the travels, reminiscences, etc., etc., not of a Byron, a Parry, a, a, a——do not start, my dear fellow—’t is of your humble servant. Now, what think you of my courage? I have already gone through a quire of foolscap in three days (I hope I will not have to wear it at the wind up). O ye gods! tremble ye knights of the gray goose quill, ye wielders of the Perry and the oblique and the Mordant, for the mighty, the daring, the chivalrous Meyler bids ye defiance! Ye envious critics, avaunt! nor dare to incur his ire, or, by the infernal gods, ye shall rue the day when first you soiled the product of the

paper mill with your vile and filthy productions. Oh! for a learned quotation to treat the fellows as they deserve, but, alas! my reminiscences of classics are too faint to supply me with such, and, in plain English, I send them all to 'old scratch'.

"Believe me, my dear fellow,

"Your attached friend,

"WALTER THOMAS MEYLER, JUN."

"89 Aldersgate Street, London,

"5th March, 1833.

"MISS MEYLER, Laurel Lodge, Co. Dublin.

"MY DEAR ANNA,

"An' so! because you gallop away at Montague's, you think you can gallop over me, and inflict your satire and ridicule with impunity! but 't will not do, Anna! 't will not do! Perhaps when some poor, pining, pitiful lover throws himself at your feet, and sighs forth the pangs of hopeless passion, then you may find a willing victim; but not so with me! I assure you, madam, I possess a spirit of too high and lofty a nature, tamely to submit to such unprovoked treatment, and hereby give you warning to desist, or you shall incur my just and dreadful ire, and feel the effects of my eloquent and splenetic goose quill, hem! You attack me for not informing you how I arrived in London. Well, then, you must know, that on the evening of the 30th January, the day on which I entered my twenty-first year, I arrived at Kingstown per coach from the famous city of Dublin, alias Dublina or Eblana, called after a Danish princess of that name. Went on board the Comet, one of his most gracious majesty's mail steamers, and after a fine passage, during which I was most energetically sea-sick, arrived in Liverpool at six o'clock next morning. At eleven

I started by the railroad, and arrived in Manchester at two o'clock, proceeded by coach at eight o'clock for Birmingham, where I arrived at six o'clock next morning. Remained in Birmingham two days, and arrived in London on Sunday the 3rd of February, 1833. All I can say about London this present writing is, that it is a noble city, contains fine houses, fine shops, fine women, fine men, fine bridges, fine squares, fine palaces, fine gardens, clever cheats, robbers, and gamblers. You can judge for yourself when you come here. As to your inquiry, whether the house of parliament is like a palace, a house, or a cottage,—it is neither, but a mixture of all. The chamber where the lords sit is about the size of Montague's dancing room, not so handsomely fitted up, nor one hundredth part as interesting. \* \* \* \*

“Your ever affectionate brother,

“WALTER THOMAS MEYLER, JUN.”.

“London, 9th March, 1833.

“THOS. RAYMOND MEYLER, Esq., Distiller,

“care Messrs. Roe and Meyler, Dublin.

“The epistle of Walter Thomas Meyler the Younger, to his worthy and well-beloved Thomas Raymond Meyler, Esq., greeting.

“Whereas, having arrived in this great and mighty metropolis of the three united kingdoms, on or about the 3rd day of Feb., 1833, and being engaged on the present evening in that most luxurious and delightful occupation of inhaling the perfume and exhaling the odoriferous and circling clouds of a real Havanna—not such clouds as are to be seen emerging from your mash kieve. No! no! they were of azure blue, and ascended in most graceful curls from my orifice. Well, as I said before, while luxuriantly enjoying a real Havanna, I bethought me



that I had not written to that raiser of spirits and blue devils, that mighty exorcist, without whose aid our life rolls on in dull nonentity. I immediately repented of mine error, and sat down to write the present delightful and entertaining composition.

"Well, my dear fellow, that I am seated down in London there is no manner of doubt, scribbling nonsense of all kinds, but which, in the absence of all other, you must remain satisfied with for the present. \* \* \* \* \*

"I am your attached brother,

"WALTER THOMAS MEYLER, JUN."

"London, 21st March, 1833.

"M. M——, Esq.,

"New York.

"MY DEAR M——,

"What the deuce has become of Meyler? is the soliloquy which, no doubt, you have long since made regarding my ultimate fate, from the period of our parting in New York, in June, '32. Well, here is the redoubtable hero himself, seated quietly in London, wielding his pen for the purpose of relieving your doubts as to whether he is in existence, or had been carried off to the regions of bliss on the swiftly-gliding wings of cholera. Having experienced a variety of perils, hardships, etc., I arrived at Quebec, after travelling to Lake Huron, the whole of Upper and Lower Canada; taking shipping from Quebec, I was safely deposited on Kingstown Pier on the 7th of October, 1832, from thence to my father's, Mountpleasant Square, and, after remaining a few months with my friends, I have arrived in London, where I intend remaining for a few months. As I am writing my 'Traveller's History' for private circulation, I shall defer rendering you any account until it has gone through the hands of

the printer's devil, when your recollection will be brought to many scenes which we have met together in our expedition through Virginia, to the White Sulphur Springs, and back to New York.

"How get you on among the Yankees? Have you yet entered the hymeneal bonds, or do you venture at all amongst womankind?

"I conjecture, however, from some mysterious hints which you gave me before parting, that you are married, or on the eve of it. \* \* \*

"Faithfully yours,

"WALTER THOMAS MEYLER, JUN."

"London, 22nd March, 1833,

"89 Aldersgate Street, Goswell Street.

"MISS MEYLER, Laurel Lodge, Dundrum.

"MY DEAR ANNA,

"Oh! the dull monotony of a bachelor's existence! Plague on, it that I should be doomed an exile from my fair and beautiful one, and left brooding o'er my own brainless ruminations. I rise at nine, make my own toast and tea (cursed bore), after which I read or write as the whim takes me until two, when I send for a beefsteak, eat it without relish or appetite, and on removal of my dinner equipage, I continue my reading or writing until four, I then retire to my toilet, shave, dress, oil my hair and whiskers, and stroll to the West End, the Strand, Pall Mall, Regent Street, and sometimes to St. James's or Hyde Park; return to tea at seven, after which I play at chess with my young chums, smoke cigars, or go to one of the theatres. I have been to see the Colosseum and Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The former contains a splendid panorama of London, covering forty thousand square feet of canvas, and the optical illusion is

so great, and each street, building, house, etc., so perfect, that were a stranger to be conducted blindfolded to the place of exhibition, when the bandage would be removed he would verily believe the scene before him was the busy city itself. The gardens attached to the building are beautifully laid out. The entrance is through a long arcade or green house, planted with the rarest exotics, at the end of which is a beautiful waterfall, shooting forth its crystal contents into the sunbeams. On the right after leaving the arcade is an artificial grotto, than which there could not be a more perfect imitation of nature. Spars and stalactites glisten in every direction, and through an aperture, apparently at a considerable distance, the ocean appears, the surf beating against the rocks, and a vessel almost dismantled driving towards the shore. The imagination of the beholder becomes deluded, and he almost fancies the scene reality. Having been through Weyer's Cave in Virginia, at the Falls of Niagara, and been nearly wrecked at Bray Head, you will expect I should be a tolerable judge of such matters. On the left of the grotto the approach is through a beautiful grove of flowers and shrubs to a Swiss cottage, inhabited by a guide dressed in the Swiss costume. He conducts the visitor to the window of his cottage, from which is a grand view of Alpine scenery, immense towering precipices and foaming cataracts, dashing their glittering spray over the impending rocks. The visitor is then conducted to a rural arbour, the view from which is enchanting, and in addition to the former, a beautiful lake is seen below, on which a variety of waterfowl are in pursuit of prey.

“In the Zoological Gardens the different animals are innumerable, from the vulture to the wren and humming-

bird, and the lion and elephant to the monkey and dormouse. I spent nearly an hour in feeding two elephants, some monkeys, bears, waterfowl, seals, otters, etc., etc., with buns, biscuits, etc.

“Your affectionate brother,

“WALTER THOMAS MEYLER”.

“P.S.—If you don't write soon,  
I will send a lampoon  
Which will plague so much,  
And your feelings so touch,  
That you 'll fly in a hurry  
And write in a flurry.  
So save your poor feelings  
From such tantalizings,  
And beg I 'll receive  
The excuses you 'll give  
For not writing before.  
So now I 'll give o'er;  
But ne'er give me reason  
To chide any more.

“W. T. M.”

Notwithstanding my dolorous letters to my sister, I really spent a most agreeable time, especially during the summer. My letters to Messrs. H. and J. Johnston and Co., of Bush Lane, bankers and Irish agents, procured me an invitation from Charles Butler, the able and respected managing partner, and, taking his directions, in the gorgeous month of June I proceeded by coach to his country residence, some miles distant from the leviathan collection of cities. Here he had an elegant villa house surrounded by a fine old English park and plantation. I spent two very agreeable days, receiving the most hospitable and kind attention from my host and his able and interesting lady, surrounded by a group of boys and girls of whom any parents might be proud. This firm stands proudly in

existence at the present day, notwithstanding the crushing vicissitudes which have made such havoc with the old London merchants and bankers, and, in about four years afterwards, they were my London bankers and agents, when we had transactions to very large amounts.

The junior partner of Mackintosh and Co. (distillers), a very elegant fellow, invited me to a bachelors' party at Morley's, and, on the following day, sent me a case containing a dozen quarts of Roe and Meyler's old malt; a very agreeable and apropos present, with which I astonished my London friends whilst it lasted, it then being an impossibility to procure such nectar at any retail establishment.

I made several trips to Greenwich, where I had an introduction to a retired gay military invalid, Captain George Pardy, who, many years before, served his time to Uncle Sam as a solicitor, but, in the furore of the Peninsular War, changed his inky occupation to become a hero. His wife was a very elegant woman, and with them I spent many an agreeable afternoon, strolling through the Hospital, talking to the old warriors along the banks of the Thames, or on Blackheath. He was a dashing, eloquent fellow, notwithstanding his two walking sticks, and raised a laugh in every direction as we moved along, quizzing the boarding-school lasses on the promenade, bantering the old sailors, larking with the nurse maids on the heath, the fish women on the river side, and the pretty pastry-cooks, into whose sanctum we retired occasionally to enjoy a bun, a nip of brandy, and their smiles and repartees. I brought down with me four bottles of my stock, and many a jovial evening I closed with him as I dashed for the last train.

In Stamford Street, Surrey side, I had also made a most



desirable acquaintance, Edward Dwyer, connected with the *Standard* and *Morning Herald*. His time was principally occupied in his professional duties, but I spent an occasional evening with him, and always had a free pass to the Lords or Commons, saw the old Duke on repeated occasions, and the leading men of the day, Russell, Melbourne, Peel, Brougham, etc., etc. I was also introduced to the Athenaeum, in Finsbury Circus, where I availed myself of a library and reading-room, took many a stroll by the City Road to the pretty little village of Islington, and, in fact, wandered through all the leading and transverse streets from Chelsea to the extremity of the Mile-end Road at Bow, visited Westminster Hall and Abbey, the Temple, and all the Inns off Temple Bar, dined at all the eating-houses in Bucklersbury—there still—at a celebrated one in the Strand, near Miss Kelly's theatre, a well-known dining-house in Charlotte Street near the Haymarket (noted for Cranberry tarts and other pastries), in fact, dined in every direction where I strolled during the fine summer weather, and pushing on in some other direction made out a restaurant in the evening, where I had coffee, fresh butter, and roll. I frequently indulged in a plate of delicious "natives" in the Strand, and a draught of Barclay's from an adjoining licensed victualler's.

My favourite strolls were to Islington and the rural districts surrounding. Barnsbury and Highbury Parks were enclosed private properties, as were Highbury Hill and Highbury Vale, and almost impervious to strangers. Dalston, Ball's Pond, Stoke Newington, Clapton, Kingsland, and Hackney, were small but pretty villages, whose adjoining lands were laid out in dairy farms and market gardens. Bethnal Green was a retired village inhabited by weavers, and the quaint old church of Hackney showed

its antiquity and proved its loneliness by the paucity of the surrounding population. Victoria Park formed part of Hackney Marsh. Bow Common was the home of gipsies and other wanderers from Cockney land for recreation and retreat; and close by Stepney Church and near the gas works, this year, 1866, is a street called "the World's End". Highgate and Whittington's Stone, ascending the hill, were quite an excursion trip. Islington extended to the parish church of St. Mary in the High Street. No Upper Street to Holloway or Highbury Barn. No Cannonbury Square. Liverpool Road, from the old Angel Inn, and Holloway Road were the great northern mail routes through the arch at Highgate. Excepting private parks and dairies, houses were only occasionally met with, so much so that the entire line of roadway was as rural-looking as if fifty miles from a city. There is one of the extensive old dairies still in full operation at the north-east side of Liverpool Road, about an acre in extent, with extensive out-offices and cattle sheds, roofed with red tiling. The continuance of Piccadilly beyond Apsley House and Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, branching north, north-east, and north-west to Paddington, Chalk Farm, Camdentown, Primrose Hill, Notting Hill, and Bayswater, were all rural districts, enclosed by brick walls, on which were to be seen, in every direction, well impressed in whitewash, "Buy Robert Warren's Jet Blacking", and all the varied puff announcements from the city. The quaint and picturesque village of Chelsea, perched on the banks of the Thames at old Battersea Bridge, and within a furlong of the modern Cremorne Gardens, still remains in its primitive and romantic beauty of ancient days; but the new districts of South Kensington and Brompton are daily threatening its ex-

tion; and shortly, Tom Tug's "Jolly Young Waterman", the painting of the "Chelsea Pensioners", and pet compositions of landscape painters, will be amongst its few mementos, with one sad exception. The great Turner—the son of a hair-dresser near Covent Garden Market, whose glorious collection of paintings in the inner room of the National Gallery is worth the whole of the mediaeval and general collection (excepting those of Reubens, Titian, and Rembrandt), presented by him to the nation as a free gift—suddenly disappeared, and after a few years was discovered dead in Chelsea, where he resided in retirement, under an assumed name. Strange fatuity! What could have induced this bright son of genius, whose works were beyond price, and the touch of whose pencil was like the enchanter's wand in the creation of wealth as of gems of highest art, to immure himself thus from his fellows? Had the intellect soared beyond itself and become monomaniac, or did he lie by to learn the value of posthumous fame? Certainly the house in which he lived and died should be preserved as a sacred relic, and his statue in purest marble sculptured and made visible to all surrounding districts. Notting Hill is a glorious spot, seated above surrounding flats, with its panorama across the valley, of the wooded highlands, extending from Highgate to Alexandra Park and Hornsey Wood, and that delight of west London, the conical crust of mother earth, Primrose Hill, intervening. It is now built on in the most novel and beautiful style of villas, and is decidedly the most picturesque portion of the new cities which have arisen since my visit in 1833, in all the districts I have named; and which have been created from the extension of the Metropolitan and Underground Railways, and the omnibuses, sweeping the city population to realms and

residences undreamt of twenty years previous, expanding their intellects and their lungs, and extending civilization and refinement amongst the cooped-up city middle classes, which ages would not otherwise have accomplished.

My chums in Aldersgate Street were Edmund and Frederick Fowler, sons of Corry Fowler of Dublin, and brothers to George Fowler of Anglesea Street, merchant. Edmund afterwards settled in Melbourne, became one of the firm of Gill, Fowler, and Co., amassed a fortune, and returned to settle at home with his family. He and they were lost in the Royal Charter at Holyhead, about 1863. Frederick wandered about the world for some time, and is now, I believe, settled in the United States. What a race of rovers we Hibernians are! not a spot on the globe civilized or otherwise where they do not turn up. Pioneers of progress and prominent founders of new nationalities, they appear to glory in their mission.

As the period of my stay in London was waning, I wrote to my father suggesting my return, and on receiving his reply with a bank order to pay my way, I prepared for my departure in spending a few days amongst my friends, and particularly with Captain Pardy and his wife, Edward Dwyer, and the two Fowlers. Having packed up my traps, I started in the mail, from the Post Office at seven o'clock on the 1st of October. The day and evening being particularly fine, I took a box seat on the near side of our whip, and gave a parting glance to the monster city as I passed through the different well-known streets extending to the then pretty village of Islington, through the Liverpool and Holloway Roads and the arch at Highgate. I was interested and amused at Jehu's description of the variety of beautiful country seats and the owners as we journeyed on passing the extensive and noble

parks of Barnsbury and Highbury, now all built on. We kept chatting and smoking until approaching midnight, when a sudden change took place in the atmosphere, and a smart frost set in. I muffled myself up, passed my cruiskeen to coachee, being a portion of the dozen quarts reserved for the occasion, and endeavoured to keep myself awake, but with every jolt or cracking of the whip I found myself roused up from a dreamy existence which I was enjoying. The frost had become severe, and I felt it bitterly; the road was quite hard, and where any water pools were on it, the ice cracked with a sharp sound. The low iron rail to the seat was barely above the cushion, and occasionally I felt toppling over, as the coach swayed to and fro. The coachman cautioned and roused me, and by great exertion I resisted the dangerous attack of somnolency until we reached Rugby to breakfast. Here I changed coaches, passed again through Coventry, Lichfield (Sam Johnson's birth-place), Stafford, Crewe, Warrington, to Liverpool, where we arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, being just twenty-four hours in our journey from London. The same journey was performed by me in seven hours by rail in 1866. As I only left my box seat when stopping for meals or changing horses, and having been nearly frozen to death on the way, the ice being several inches thick, my first move on arriving at the Adelphi was to swallow a stiff glass of brandy, take a warm bath, a very light supper, and tumbled into hammock, where I lay until a late hour the following day, with kind permission of the chambermaid, who brought my breakfast to the bedside. I spent the afternoon and following day with my friend Mainwaring. We strolled to Everton, St. James' Walk, and various interesting localities we had visited together on



my first arrival, went to the theatre, supped with him, and talked over our boyhood scenes, and those of after-life, and future prospects, crossed to Birkenhead, on to the quaint old city of Chester, dined together at the Adelphi on our return *via* Woodside Ferry, and parted with him at George's Pier, on board the steamer.

CITY OF THE DEAD.—LIVERPOOL, 1829, 1833, 1866.

On my first visit to Liverpool, the immense quarry at the head of Rodney Street, bounded by St. James's Walk and near St. Matthew's Church, which had been excavated from time immemorial in raising the puny fishing village into a great city, was completely worked out, and as a lurking place for loose characters of every description, became a puzzle to the citizens. In the midst of cotton, sugar, rum, molasses, tallow, oakum, pitch, and all the etceteras stored in the Goree Piazza and Dale Street, an imaginative Irish youth, who loved the songs of the old land, and gloried in the melodies of his countryman Moore, had obtained a gem from home, which, among the innumerable modern reprints, appears to have been forgotten. The text-book, whose chaste and elegant style we trace through Bulwer's writings—the model of prose, the essence of poesy—*The Epicurean*, which, as if to cloud its glories and swamp its popularity in forgetfulness, has been altered, when the period of copyright had elapsed, to *Alciphron*: Seated on a cotton-bale at George's Pier during his spare meal times, or reclining on the green sward of St. James's Walk on a summer eve, with the Mersey rolling beneath, and the white sails of the merchantmen moving along its waters; on the other side, the Cheshire shore extending to the River Dee, beyond which Conway Castle and Snowdon were visible

when the atmosphere was clear, my young friend, J. K. Mainwaring, studied *The Epicurean* with the intensity and feelings of an enthusiast. Immediately beneath his perch on the verdant bank, was the unsightly, extensive, and quarried out vacuum, disagreeable to look at in the day, dangerous to pass near at night. A burst of brilliancy irradiated my friend's natural genius. The idea was seized, and anchored deep. A necropolis! a city for the dead! Once produce an enthusiasm in a community, and the yeast is sure to ferment. On my visiting the great quarry with Mainwaring in 1833, some hundreds of men were at work, forming it into shape, facing down the high soft stone boundaries, with hatchets, picks, and chisels, opening the giant walls of rock, and working with energy and skill. Seated on top of a hill, it was perfectly drained, and the only moisture visible was from a streamlet trickling from the rock boundary at the north side, celebrated for its medicinal qualities. The spell of *The Epicurean* worked through my friend's fervour; and visitors to Liverpool can behold the result. Walled in with high iron railings and gates for protection, planted with all the most beautiful and suitable hardy trees and shrubs, walks cut in the road descending its fifty or sixty feet in a labyrinthine style continued on the level below, roadways in sloping ascent to the chambers of death, hollowed in the rocky walls, well executed monuments of mourning, and at the point of a curve, a small Grecian temple, with plate glass doors, enshrouding a noble full-sized statue of Huskisson by Chantrey, in purest marble, recording his melancholy death at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Nothing equal to the chaste beauty of this memorial in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, or, I believe, elsewhere, excepting Hogan's

Davis at Mount Jerome; well worth a long day's railing in fine weather, and a glorious rejoinder to George Frederick Cook's sarcasm on the *Bricks of Liverpool*. Curved like a boomerang, a noble and quiet temple of peace, the remains of humanity, absorbed by the living trees and shrubs, and again blooming as it were in new form and fresh beauties, to create contemplation and placid delight, inducing the weary pilgrim on earth to long for its rest and seclusion. Such was the City of the Dead on my visits in 1829, 1833, and 1866, in which latter year I dined again with my friend Mainwaring at the Adelphi.

Our artists are neglected, grossly neglected, even after death, when they become immortal. It is time to rouse from this silent, selfish apathy, and take the few resident ones by the right hand. Nationality! why we export nearly all our national genius out of the land, and of the few remaining, it would be almost better for them to be sawing ice in Canada, than be chilled by the frozen, selfish, niggardly patronage they receive; and respect for the dead is such that Hogan's noble statue of Davis is mouldering away for want of protection. Must we seek American sympathy as in the famine? Protect this gem before too late; and if you will not take pattern from Liverpool, take an original idea from me. A Christian cemetery is not exactly the place for Pagan emblems; but the Pagans of Ireland were converted by its apostle, and their rude but picturesque temples applied to Christian purposes. Erect one of those Druid's grottoes, impervious to the weather and substantial to last for ages. Enshroud Hogan's *chef d'oeuvre* with it, adding the modern plate glass door, which in *chiara scuro* can be managed to be unobservable unless on close inspection, and you will perform a work creditable to yourselves and your country.

O'Connell's statue will come to grief unless looked after. Why not enclose it in a plate glass shade? Hogan, residing in Rome, near the dome which shaded the urned heart of his chieftain, elevated the carpenter's boy of classic Cork to the pinnacle occupied by Phidias and Canova. Invited to reside in his native land, left the city of his fame to do so; and churchmen who gloried in his Dead Christ, and laymen who all but idolized his statues of O'Connell and Davis, allowed his great heart to burst from neglect, and like a squeezed lemon—the *debris* of bitterness—it was laid in the tomb, I believe without even a wild rose to mark the spot.

George Sharpe, who, for thirty years, educated the maidens of our upper ten thousand in the noble art of self-amusement,—copying the glories of creation,—had he resided in London, would now be dwelling at Bayswater or Notting Hill, in rude health and ample fortune, instead of being the mournful model of a paralysed and broken-hearted apostle of refinement. How his former pupils can forget his manly face and benevolent smile, his boyish simplicity and his kind and talented instruction, I cannot conceive, unless they have altogether ignored their teaching, and relapsed into mere dolls of frippery and fashion.

Wm. Howis, who, avoiding the sublime gloomy shading of Poussin and Wilson, aspired to the glorious brilliancy of Claude Lorraine; whose landscapes of native scenery are works of beauty, and whose talents, if occupied in delineating the scenery of the Thames, the Avon, the Vale of Aylesbury, or the Lakes of Cumberland, would have placed him in a high elevation in modern art, dwells in a murky house in Jervis Street, facing his last home, the graveyard of St. Mary's, instead of residing in a villa on the shores of Bray, where the early sunrise, stealing into his

chamber, would rouse him to life and action, and its retiring beams o'er the Wicklow hills, tone down his feelings to repose, part of the interval being occupied in his artistical pursuits at home, or rambling through the beauties of landscape snatching up their gems.

Before entering on counting-house details, which to many may not be interesting, I here take a

LONG SKIP—1827 to 1868—MUSIC—A DEAD FIDDLER—  
MESMERISM—A CITIZEN—A DEAD ARTIST—A CAUTION.

Although I could split peg-tops, shoot snipes, spear eels, hit a sixpence at two hundred yards with a rifle ball, or, like Munchausen, catch cannon balls, but, unlike him, prudently waiting until they had ceased hopping on the strand, could make love, write sonnets, sing some of the Melodies, as, "Fly not yet", "I'd mourn the hopes", "Believe me, if all", or, "Woodman, spare that tree", as an alternative of the threatened tumbler of "salt and water", and often made the chamber ring in that pious melody, "Venite Adoremus", and that jolly one, "So say we all of us". I could neither play the Jew's harp, the fiddle, or whistle an Irish jig, yet I have been always passionately fond of music, and shed tears in Washington on hearing "Home, sweet Home" played by a young girl on a piano as I passed an open window, and felt spell-bound a year since on hearing an old itinerant musician play "Savourneen Dheelish" on the flute at Upper Rathmines. One winter's evening, in my juvenile days at New Holland, Mainwaring and I were at the wake of a blind old fiddler, at No. — Bath Street, Irishtown, just behind the church. The funeral had been duly provided for in the usual way, by placing the lid of the coffin on the footpath, with a plate to receive the stray offerings of



passengers, and to which we "lads of the village" had contributed a fair quota. As the old fellow was a favourite, we honoured his remains by crowding about them; but the operation becoming dry, parties began to yawn, and would have levanted but for the genius of a young imp about twelve years of age, who proposed to the bereaved one that he should sell the fiddle for the public weal. The moist eyes of the widow brightened at the idea. The youth perched himself beside the corpse, put up the venerable instrument to public competition, and it was knocked down to me for ten shillings. Bolting off to my savings' bank for the cash, I told my brothers not to fasten our garrison window or be alarmed if I came in early in the morning, and retiring with the purchase money, we had a jolly spree, the widow, of course, included. I retired about two o'clock in the morning, and roused the dogs and the garrison at home by the most villainous scraping of catgut. In the morning the fiddler was placed in a hole, scraped in the pauper portion of Irishtown grave-yard, and duly transferred at night to the sack-'em-ups, who had purchased him from the widow. I darted to Wiseheart's in Suffolk Street, bought a gamut, and under instructions from my senior opposite neighbour, George Cahill, I committed it to memory as if taking a continuous dose of Epsom salts, practised the bow and the gut for a week, lost patience, cursed them and the gamut, smashed my instrument of discord, and put fiddle, bow, and gamut into the fire.

As I was not doomed to be a fiddler, I also escaped being a ventriloquist, mesmerist, or clairvoyant. The first, I believe, marticated in the various "Do-the-Boys" boarding schools, where flatulency appeared the chief object of attainment, through the "Squeers" style

of creature comforts. In such a concern as this, youngsters' intellectual capacities became inverted to the pit of the stomach, and on the principle of the Æolian harp, first the low moans and then the stifled louder groans in passing through the valve of the throat, assumed an audible shape and expression, and bursting in every direction, terrified pedagogues, their better halves, and their cook-maids, believing the ghosts of sundry "Smikes" were surrounding them. The lads discovered their advantage, improved on the discovery, and adopted a gamut of their own, well known to Matthews, Gallagher, and many others.

Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, was the first to introduce mesmerism, which he had learned from a rattle snake on Long Island, said to be the venerable friend of our first mother. Smith deluded his female victims and, through them, his male followers, into a system worthy of his able instructor. If females expose themselves to the basilisk gaze of designing professors, they cannot deny that they do so with their eyes open, and if unpleasant secrets have been exposed, they are their own executioners. I tried the subject, but like the fiddle, it was no use, as I could find no one able to operate on me, and rested content with what Mrs. Yelverton styles the "odid force" which dame nature supplied me with, and clairvoyance to me is a sealed book; but I have not heard of the £100 note, lodged in the Bank of Ireland, twenty years since, being claimed by any clairvoyant, describing its number and signature. About the year 1847, in passing near Bussell's, in Westmoreland Street, a friend invited me to a seance, to be held in a drawing-room, to which he escorted me; a number of ladies and gentlemen assisted, and an interesting girl, about thirteen years of

age, was asked a variety of questions, the answers to which appeared astounding, unless the girl was previously schooled for the exhibition. I forget the details, and the subject did not interest me further. Political agitation—its consequence, my imprisonment, close application to business on my liberation, in 1849, to retrieve its effects, drew my attention from all other matters.

In the drawing-room where the clairvoyant seance was held, I was forcibly impressed by the tall, handsome, gentlemanly figure, fine proportioned head, expanded forehead, oval features, sallow complexion, brilliant black eyes, and curling black hair of a young fellow who forcibly reminded me of a Spanish Mexican I had met on the Potomac many years before, and I would have taken him to be of similar origin, were it not for the fluent, graceful manner in which he spoke English. I met him casually for years afterwards in the city, but my absorption in business affairs prevented my inquiring about him, although the name was familiar to me in print in connection with the glories of Apollo, whose prominent, energetic, and talented apostle he appears to be. It was not until I saw a large sized photographic portrait, at Foster and Scott's gallery, in Westmoreland Street, that I recognized in J. J. Gaskin one of the few men I have taken an interest in from first sight; a mutual friend introduced us, and I have appreciated the circumstance ever since.

With that fatuity, common to many Irishmen, of clinging to the "old sod in fair or foul weather", Gaskin, unfortunately for his interests, chained himself to his native city; whereas, had he flitted to London or New York, his abilities and appearance would have commanded patronage which the pauperized condition of our city has denied him at home to anything approaching his qualifications

as a writer and compiler of educational works he has been long known. As a teacher of Hullah's system of singing, I believe he is unequalled. His works, published at the University Printing Office, have long been class books, and the style and ability with which he published his memoir of the Earl of Carlisle will hand his name down with that of his friend and patron to remote posterity. An elegantly bound volume holds a prominent position in the Royal Library at Osborne; another in that of Marlborough House. As a citizen, Gaskin has performed his duties, ever prominent in organizing concerts for charitable purposes. An ardent worker in placing Goldsmith's statue, and in endeavouring to place that of Burke. Like others, he must feel the melancholy position in which the city and country are placed, and, being a bachelor, I would strongly urge him to "order his wings and be off to the west". It is a singular circumstance that a man of his appearance and accomplishments should be still unmarried, but I presume the galaxy of beauties with whom he has been so long associating, has retained him in bewilderment as to where to choose. Now, girls, if this really desirable companion once flits to London or New York, he is lost to you for ever, and you will sigh over his portrait in vain. Secure him before too late. Screw up your moral courage, appoint a quiet committee of parties suitable for the position, and draw lots for the prize. He does not look like a St. Kevin, and if once a Benedict, he would learn to "husband his resources". In the language of Macaulay I would say of

J. J. GASKIN,

"In the career of all men there are elevations and depressions—fits of energy and times of carelessness—high aims and humble objects—alternations of triumph and despair.

Sometimes we are inclined to smile at the eagerness displayed in the pursuit of a phantom; sometimes we are moved to tears by the cry of agony wrung from a disappointed spirit. Sunshine and shadow, calm and tempest—these follow each other in the life of a man as certainly as in external nature; and sometimes, even when the clouds are at the darkest, a gleam comes athwart the mass to light up the glories of the rainbow”.

The following lines, composed some years since, may act as a caution to men of genius, who fritter their lives away in a barren soil.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE WILLIAM H. COLLIER, R.H.A.

Written on contemplating the “Wintry Morn on Carlisle Bridge”, the last painting by poor Collier, who died of want during its exhibition in the Royal Hibernian Academy, it having been rejected by the selection committee of the Royal Irish Art Union, as was his magnificent painting of the “Ransom”, the previous year.

A wintry morn aye 't was to thee,  
As the keen blast around thee singing,  
When sketching chill and penury  
'Mongst humble sons of industry

Thy soul was wringing.

Nipp'd in expanding bloom it died,  
Finished its last, and fled.

Genius of art, thy native soil  
Bears you at last—as first, afar  
From foreign patrons' gilded smile.  
Alone thy loved—thy native isle

Thy guiding star.

Pretended patrons wooed thee to the post,  
You passed triumphant, but the prize was lost.

Hollow pretence! to foster native art  
Thousands with ardour freely gave their gold:  
Proud of bright genius which thus shone apart  
From all compeers—thy country did its part,

But how be told,

FALSE CRITICS—chosen umpires of the doom  
Of Erin's genius—chased it to the tomb.



As the steamer moved along, I watched the Cheshire and Lancashire coasts, the forests of masts in the docks, the white windmills in the distance, and the dangerous rock at the entrance to the Mersey, until, being wearied, and the sun long sunk in the horizon, wishing to avoid sea-sickness, I took a double-shotted horn of brandy punch, retired to my hammock, and slept soundly until day-break, when I had the glorious Dublin Bay, with all its varied and charming scenery, in view, picked out a lively jarvey on landing at Kingstown, dashed along the Rock Road in gallant style to Mount Pleasant Square, where I arrived just in time for breakfast and a hearty welcome.

As I approached my twenty-first year, the period of independent action, I felt it necessary to take up a serious position, and, as a commercial pursuit was the one I had fixed my aspirations on, I applied pretty closely to prepare for the counting house, by rehearsing my early arithmetical studies and practising writing, in making a fair copy of my "Travels" and "Trifles in Poesy", for the printers, during the period of which I stopped chiefly at Laurel Lodge. The day after being of age, the 30th January, 1834, taking an opportunity to have a private interview with my father, I told him I was prepared to enter at once into commercial matters with every attention, but on the sole condition of my being immediately married, otherwise I should at once leave the country and never return except with the same object. My father at once saw it was folly making any obstacle to a resolution which had been held so unswervingly for nearly five years. Our nuptials were celebrated; I secured a lovely and amiable bride, and by special invitation we went to reside at Laurel Lodge.

## A LIFE CAMPAIGN.

As I had now a stake in society, my views were promptly seconded. I was placed in the office of John Pidgeon, who set me to work in practising calligraphy, but it was a useless task; that savage O'Gallagher had left the mark of the beast, destroyed what might have proved first-class, and book-keeping to me, as an artist, was plainly not my vocation. However, the waste-book, day-book, journal, and ledger were handed to me to tot, calculate, check, and at these nothing could escape me. Stock had been taken shortly before my appearance; the books were being closed, and the balances transferred. Stock-ledger, cash-ledger, were posted up, but a balance could not be struck. I became at once a first-class accountant: took in the whole range of double-entry as if by intuition to the longest columns, checked the most abstruse interest and accounts current, worked in earnest, discovered the error; the books were closed through the discernment of the "rambler", and I became A 1 with my friend P——, my father, and uncle, and a living wonder to Uncle Will and my juvenile brothers.

One of my talents was proved; the checking of all the books was placed in my charge, which I did daily with rapidity and correctness, and, as my writing would not suit, my attention was directed to another department. The house of Franklin and Roe, then Peter Roe and Son, then R. and H. Roe, and H. Roe and Co., and then John Pidgeon, was celebrated for half a century before, as one of the leading wholesale houses in Ireland. The partners had amassed wealth and retired one after the other. They had been my father's partners in the chemical works at

Pembroke Lodge; he was also manager of the quay establishment, as buyer and salesman, from which he retired with the Roes to the firm of Meyler and Roe, in their new patent still distillery, Mount Brown, and the establishment was handed over to their cousin and brother-in-law, John Pidgeon; but with the old heads and skill in management, the business rapidly had declined; his *forte* was that of a first-class book-keeper, accountant, and correspondent, but his adaptation for the other branches was almost *nil*, and, thrown on his own abilities, he not only suffered in health, but also had the mortification of finding rival houses were carrying off the most respectable and wealthy customers of the old firm.

The trade was principally in teas, then solely imported by the East India Company, and the duty on which was required to be paid before shipment from London, thus locking up the Irish trader's capital by doubling the necessary advance of first cost with the duty. The old firm was also one of the most extensive in the sugar and wine trades, and acted as agents and consignees for several foreign houses and one or two English manufacturers.

Resolving to try my qualities as a "bag man", my friend Pidgeon carefully compiled a well-bound, clasped pocket ledger, or stock-book; in this he filled up the stock of East India Company's teas, with their different chops or break's, numbers, brokers characters, or tasting the || or | marks of each chest, and the tare and trett, all absolute matters of importance to buyers. He also gave me a list of the stock of sugars, samples of which were on view from two to four o'clock, at Franklin's broker's office, Commercial Buildings, giving me the East India Company's sale book, with Styan's tasting sheet,

and a number of invoices to deliver to customers by way of introduction; also two or three samples of Bristol refined sugar. He sent me on my first commercial expedition, and, as his habits were most methodical, he made out a list for me, giving different directions for each day of the week, when having no special appointment to make sales or receive settlements.

My first excursion was to T. Green, William Pattison, Peter Keon, John Langan, Tom Egan, Catherine Maguire, Edward Holdright, Francis Gardiner, Patrick Egan, J. Fallon, J. Smith, M. A. Ham, returning to the office at half-past one to enter my collection and hand over my cash. I was received most favourably by all but Frank Gardiner, who happened to be in a vexatious mood on my addressing him, when he in a brusque manner said he was too busy to attend to me. Leaving the shop I said, "Mr. Gardiner, if you knew who my father is, you would not treat me so rudely". "Who is your father, my lad?" On my mentioning his name he grasped my hand, pushed me up to the drawingroom, took out a decanter of wine and biscuits, apologized for his reception, clapped me on the shoulders, wished me every success, and I became his white-headed boy, until he retired from trade many years after, during which I handled many thousand pounds of his ever-ready cash. John Langan and his amiable wife received me as if I was a relative, and he backed me out to the last in a similar manner. On reaching the counting-house I related my adventures, which gave every satisfaction. At two o'clock I was introduced to Franklin's office, Commercial Buildings, and to every one in the trade who made their appearance, and as an encouragement and compliment, with P.'s assistance, I managed to dispose of twenty hogsheads of

raw sugars, and five of refined, a progress very satisfactory and most encouraging.

My career now was most successful; the business of the house became tenfold what it had been during Pidgeon's own management. I became a universal favourite with every member of the trade, and introduced new branches of business in the establishment. The house on Crampton Quay was given up to me as a residence, to which I moved from Laurel Lodge, and there, after my day's operation, I generally employed my evenings in checking and overhauling the books and accounts, which was rather a laborious task, but one I took an interest in. On George Roe's introduction I became a member of the Chamber of Commerce. My tea sales astonished Pidgeon and the Roes, who, having a private office where Robert, Henry, and George met every day, the sales-book was handed to them as an interesting exhibition. In addition to the first named parties I made a secure patronage with Adam Calvert, Wm. Calvert, J. and J. Malone, Andrew Rogers, John Murphy, P. and P. Larkin, John Keogh, John Cannon, Wm. Fitzpatrick, Patrick Fowler, J. and R. Taggart, Richard Beer, C. and J. Smyth, William Malone, Andrew Risk, Walter Furlong, S. Quelch, John Phelan, P. Brady, and a host of others in every quarter of the city. Charles Bewley, one of the most enterprising of his family, chartered the schooner *Hellas* to Canton, and imported the first cargo of free trade teas into Dublin. The monopoly of the East India Company having been abolished, his example was followed by John M'Donnell of Gardiner Street, and T. O'Brien, Fleet Street, and, on the death of their brother, by Thomas Bewley and Co., causing a complete revolution in the old-fashioned style of business in that article. The imports into London,



Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Belfast, and Cork, became enormous, and as my friend P—— was too timid to engage in such heavy speculations, I thought my occupation as a first-class buyer and seller of tea was departed. With great difficulty I prevailed on him to order a few hundred chests through Charles Bewley, on the second trip of the *Hellas*, which was also done by Callwells and Horner, R. and J. Turbett, Joshua Watson, and one or two others, all competitors in the wholesale trade; but a petty affair of this kind damped my hopes, and for a time my tea sales were seriously interfered with by Dublin sales, held occasionally by Thomas Bewley and Co., whilst Timothy O'Brien and John M'Donnell generally sold their cargoes on arrival amongst a number of large buyers in the wholesale trade, who supported them. After a short time a complete revulsion took place in the trade; the women of Dublin and elsewhere discovered the teas were weak, or washy, as some of them described it, with wild and unpleasant flavour. Thousands of chests lay on hands with the buyers and importers, and there was a universal cry out for the old company's tea to mix them off. As the same objection was to all the importations elsewhere, it was evident in the rush and inexperience of the new purchasers in the Chinese markets the Hong-Kong and Canton Chinese were too smart for European buyers. The markets all through the three kingdoms became glutted, and a new class of men were introduced to Dublin as tea brokers, in opposition to the old system, when the business was done through London agents, charging one per cent. commission, who employed the brokers whose half per cent. was added to the other. — was one of the first arrivals, and being a pushing, sheer, talkative, knowing fellow, of good business man-

ners, he at once opened up a connection with almost all the wholesale houses. The old London brokers were non-plussed, and Styan and Son, Hulbert Layton and Co., Parker and Sons, Ewart and Co., and the others had to throw over their commission friends and seek the direct support of the Irish houses, who were then the principal buyers of congou teas. This state of affairs brought me again into action, as we were generally the largest holders of East India Company's teas, of which I took care to have a considerable stock in London. I became most particular in my purchases of the free trade, and with the value I selected and the East India Company stock, I recovered my position and increased it to treble the amount. It was customary at the period to canvas all teas shipped from London to Dublin. Our transactions with —— were not extensive, only occasionally ordering through them, as a check on our other brokers. The custom in London, then as now, was to have dock warrants giving numbers, weights, tare and tret of each lot of nine or six chests of tea, and those warrants had invariably been sent by our old agents inside the canvas of one of each lot of teas, with a black mark on the outside to indicate their position, and they were invariably sought for by me as a check on the invoice, and as a document I could exhibit if necessary to our buyers. From the first we could get no warrant from —— . On application he wrote to say they were retained by the dock company as delivery orders, but as there were always duplicates for the purpose, I knew this statement to be incorrect, and expressed my dissatisfaction not only to P—— but other parties in the trade.

The last lot of our last purchase through —— had arrived, and I went to the warehouse to see that the store

clerk was re-weighing them, when, to my surprise and satisfaction, I observed the warrant mark on the chests. In a moment I ripped the canvas open, hurried to the office, compared the warrants with the invoices, and found the supertare of one pound was not allowed on the parcel. This allowance of one pound extra tare was frequent, and in this case, a handsome revenue to ———, besides his commission out of their Dublin trade alone. My pious friend P—— was horrified at the cheat. At two o'clock I took the warrants and invoices to the Commercial Buildings, and exhibited them publicly: that evening's mail all his correspondents demanded the warrants of their teas from the commencement of transactions. Indignation was felt by all. The warrants arrived, and it was found that super tare teas were invariably selected. ——— was called on to refund, and for years after he never made his appearance in the market, nor did he establish an agency until he thought the transactions were forgotten, and even then the only chance was in appointing men in whose honour buyers could rely. For the last ten or twelve years his firm have been doing a trade with some respectable houses, who were not in existence at the time, and knew nothing about their antecedents. The duty on teas was divided into two classes. Congous and green teas paid 2/1 per pound duty, the congous in quarter chests, netting about 84 pounds; Canton boheas, netting 400 pounds, and ordinary congou or Fokien boheas, netting 84 pounds, paid 1/6 per pound. The Canton boheas were used for mixing, and the others being canvased same as congou, passed off to the country as such, and left a good extra margin of profit to the wholesale grocers. The Liverpool traders were always a wide awake people, from their first commencement of the

slave trade, which advanced a small fishing village to an immense commercial town, and the bricks of whose houses were stated by George Frederick Cooke on the Liverpool stage to be cemented with Negro's blood. In connection with their Chinese confreres, they commenced shipping fine congous in Fokien chests, with a bohea layer on the top for customs inspection. This little trick of smuggling was carried on for two seasons with great success, and large sums were realized by it, the Chinese paper brand being easily defaced. The customs, however, discovered the operation, and the duties were at once equalized, obliging the holders of genuine boheas to pay up the one and six pence duty before the change came into operation, which, of course, was done with the entire stock in the three kingdoms. As free trade teas declined afterwards to nine pence per pound for common congou in bond, and boheas stood the holders in ten pence per pound, the loss to the latter was enormous, in fact, they became unsaleable; for bad as the wild flavoured washy new teas were, the large boheas were discovered to form an odious comparison after the use of smuggled Fokien congou, and could only be worked off in small quantities for mixing purposes.

In April, 1835, I received a handsome amount in cash from my mother-in-law, which I never sought for, and often regretted its not having been settled on my bride. As I could not invest in any branch of our own trade, with Pidgeon's acquiescence I purchased about eighty puncheons of whiskey from Roe and Meyler and John Jameson and Co., at two and six pence per gallon, when protection was in its glory, the corn laws in stringent operation, and boat or bulked oats were sixteen to seventeen shillings per barrel. Within six months I disposed of

the parcel at one shilling per gallon profit, thus realizing five hundred pounds, a portion of which I expended in the purchase of furniture, insuring my life for one thousand pounds, and altering a cottage in Carysfort Avenue. This was my first trade speculation.

The fetid exhalations from the Liffey we found most stifling and injurious, and in the summer of 1835 I took on lease one of Craig's cottages, Carysfort Avenue, where we removed to, and highly offended my neighbours in the same range, by elevating the parapet and putting an ornamental stucco front. From my veneration for the memory of the great Napoleon, I baptized this unpretending *rus in urbe* Malmaison, after his favourite retreat, and was often amused at the critiques of passers by on the *soubriquet*. My father and his family were living in Merrion Avenue, and we spent many evenings there: my wife and infant daughter were special favourites with him, and our strolls through Stillorgan Park, Merrion Avenue, the sea side, Seapoint, and the district around, were not only pleasant, but a decided advantage to me, in withdrawing my too close brain-work from its commercial brooding and speculations, to enjoy scenes around me which I ever delighted in. In May, 1836, we returned to Crampton Quay; and as I had furnished the cottage in a very handsome style, I set it to my friend Pidgeon. My father's health, delicate for a long time, was greatly impaired, the sea air was pronounced unsuitable. He went to reside at Laurel Lodge, where two of my sisters were then living, and continued declining amidst every attention. He died on the 27th September 1837, of bronchitis, and was interred with my mother and her family in St. Mark's graveyard.



THE THIRTY TYRANTS OF INDIA—EAST INDIA COMPANY'S  
SALE IN LEADENHALL STREET, 1836.

In those halcyon days of royal revelry, when the masses of mankind believed in the divinity of kings, and the better classes of their subject slaves, not only bowed to them and worshipped them, as devout pagans did their hand-made idols, but risked their lives and properties in war at their bidding. When their ordinary funds were exhausted, it was common to raise subsidies from wealthy subjects, or companies or individuals, and give in exchange a royal charter for the possession and enjoyment of monopolies, as in the case of the Bank of England and the East India Company, without the consent of the parliament assembled; in Canada the Hudson Bay Company, which will have to be destroyed by legal means or by a revolution; in Virginia, which a revolution wiped out in 1778; and in Ireland, where a company of traders in London enjoy the rents and profits of the finest portion of the north.

In such manner, in the year 1668, a company of London merchants obtained the privilege of trading to the East Indies from Charles the Second, and from the commencement they established the most exclusive policy; none but the armed East Indiamen, commanded and manned by their servants, were permitted to enter the Indian Ocean. No Europeans but their own servants were permitted to land on the great peninsula or the innumerable islands. Following the example of the Dutch, their settlements, and the ports they trafficked with, were hermetically sealed to the remainder of their countrymen, nor had a stray native of Britain the slightest chance of becoming a nabob, a grand vizir, or potentate, as was the

fortune of several adventures from the French settlements at Pondicherry. We have a tradition that Lord Macartney made an embassy to China, but I believe solely in the interest of the monopolising Company, and his work was so expensively printed, and the copies so rare, that few felt an interest in seeking it, especially since the war with China, in 1837, entered into for the flagitious purpose of insisting on poisoning the Chinese with opium, contrary to the mandates of their emperor, gave us possession of the Island of Hong-Kong, and a general insight into that empire, added to considerably by the last war, when the English and French burned the imperial portion of the city of Pekin. The East India Company craftily followed the wake of the Portuguese, who discovered the passage by the Cape and the Mozambique Channel in 1478; they traded along the coast of Eastern Africa to Calicut, Ceylon, Ormus in the Persian Gulf, and the Portuguese, unfortunately for them, having ceded the Island of Bombay to Charles the Second on his marriage with Catherine of Portugal, they had an important position (by royal permission) to form a settlement and establish a factory without incurring the odium of piratically seizing it as their predecessors had done; from this pivot they quietly worked along, now raising disputes with the Portuguese, now with the native sovereigns, practising unheard-of atrocities through their agents, deposing princes, seizing principalities, carrying on war, rapine, and plunder, in the most despotic and irresponsible manner. The governing body of trading despots in Leadenhall Street, having emperors and kings as their viceroys, and the proudest of Britain's proud nobility considered it the highest honour, higher than their own or any other sovereign could confer, to be appointed Governor-General of India, under

the haughty control of this new trading oligarchy, many of whose members having an origin not superior to that of the celebrated Whittington. In the impeachment of Warren Hastings a light was thrown on their atrocities, and it was evident, from that date, their doom was looming in the future, whilst, after the battle of Assaye and the conquests of Wellington, the Crown and the Company were thunderstruck at the report that his talented brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, was about being crowned Emperor of India. Happy, perhaps, for the natives had this occurred; but the rumour died away, and the Marquis died quietly at home in the arms of his democratic wife, Miss Carol of Carolton. This system of government and monopoly was strongly attacked from an early portion of the nineteenth century, and, if I mistake not, Joe Hume, who made an immense fortune in India, was an active agitator in the matter. I am not going further into the subject than to state that their trading charter expired in 1835, and their governing powers in 1856, after the Sepoy war, when their army was disbanded, and such as chose received into the imperial service. They have not since been heard of. The East India House has been levelled, and a splendid range of commercial establishments erected on its site, and the honourable proprietors are only known as recipients of the dividends from East India stock which was secured to them on their deposition.

In 1835 the trading powers of this great company ceased altogether; such of their vessels as were fit for continuous service were bought by merchants in London, Liverpool, and Bristol. All the leading ports in the three kingdoms had their direct imports from China, London and Liverpool, of course, taking the lead.

The new great firm of Acramans, Bush, Castles and Co, formed in Bristol, the most extensive and enterprising in the three kingdoms, whilst the swift, beautiful little schooner, "Hellas", not more than two hundred tons, sent out by Charles Bewley, was amongst the earliest and safest arrivals, and made the port of Dublin and its enterprising owner celebrated in the new free trade. This trade was carried on to a large extent for several years in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, but within the last ten years London appears to have monopolized it altogether. Acramans became bankrupt, while no one ever dreams of looking for an arrival in Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast, or Cork, London decidedly beat all hollow; but her merchants went the right way to work: started out clever, active men from their own establishments as their resident agents; shipped manufactures and Spanish dollars to those agents to exchange for tea, having, of course, a profit on their shipments, and purchasing on the very best terms. Traders in the other ports transacted their business through those houses and their agents, who, of course, had the profit on consignments and the profit of commissions. Had Charles Bewley lived, I think it would have been very different, as far as Dublin was concerned; but he left few behind him, and those having money left them by their fathers, clutched it, let their establishments sink down to the position of mere wholesale grocers, instead of becoming enterprising, extensive importers, or let them die a natural death. The result is, the old race of Dublin merchants is nearly extinct, and their places being supplied by younger firms with new blood, energy, enterprise, ability, and knowledge, who have learned by the previous system and know how to take advantage of it.

The company were gradually clearing off their stock at quarterly sales in the theatre or saleroom at Leadenhall Street, and as East India Company's teas were likely to bear a preference in the market whilst any were to be had, owing to the more judicious selection by their experienced buyers than those of the free trade, we were anxious to get into stock to considerable extent, and it was agreed that I should start and attend the December sale of 1836, which was the last but one. The system of selling was by quarterly sales at the India House, the purchases were made through London brokers, the chief of whom were Thomas Styant and Sons, Hulbert, Layton, and Co., Ewart and Co., Thompson and Co., W. Parker and Sons. Catalogues were issued a month before sale, and those brokers were employed to buy for account of the *bona fide* purchasers by agents in London, who charged one per cent. commission for their trouble, and half per cent. for the brokers. The system was to send orders to those agents, and buyers were altogether dependent on their acuteness and activity to insure good value. We had not been perfectly satisfied with our allotments for some time previous, and consequently my excursion to head quarters. I understood the trade well, studied my catalogue with care, compared the different chops or breaks as tested by the tastings or character of the different brokers, and made up my mind not to be done brown. Thomas Styant and Sons were the standard tasters, and their characters of black teas, which were almost exclusively purchased for the Irish market, were as follows, which I give to remind past traders as well as inform present ones.

The buyers never had an opportunity of either seeing or tasting the teas, so all was done on the broker's cha-



racter. Bohea, ordinary congou (Fokien bohea) but mid. But mid., ra. coa. But mid.; ra. bl. lf. But mid., ra. coa., ra. bl. lf. (favourite character). But mid. and mid. But mid., bl. lf. But mid., bl. lf., ra. coa. But mid., ra. strong. But mid., bl. lf., ra. strong. But mid., bl. lf., strong. But mid., wiry bl. lf., strong (best black tea). But mid., bl. lf., strong, little Pekoe flavour. But mid., bl. lf., strong, little Souchong flavour. These two last were the finest and most delicious flavoured teas imported then, and very rarely since.

The average consumption of teas at the period I allude to was twenty million pounds, the duty one and six pence on bohea, and two shillings and one penny on congou, increased by five per cent. at commencement of the Chinese war in 1837 to two and two pence farthing. The consumption in 1864 was seventy millions, at one shilling duty, exhibiting the folly of high protecting duties, especially on articles of consumption and civilization. With the breaking up of the charter also was established the privilege to bond teas throughout the three kingdoms; previous to this the duty had to be paid before leaving the East India Company's stores, requiring the grievous and useless locking up of trader's capital. The brokerage business has been exploded in the Irish markets, and buyers receive samples direct from the wholesale dealers; and as competition has made all parties sharp, and a party selling by false samples is quickly left alone in his glory, the system appears about the best both for buyers and sellers.

On the 1st December, 1836, to attend the Company's sale at Leadenhall Street on the 4th, I started by Holyhead steamer (a cock boat compared with the Ulster or Connaught), and was surprised to meet Wm. Newcombe of Fleet Street, who, I surmised, was on a similar mission to

my own. We proceeded by mail coach through Wales to Birmingham, thence to London, and stopped at Lovegrove's Hotel, the London Coffee House in Ludgate Hill, a crack commercial one, and still in existence, but the contrast between it and modern ones is as great, as that between the dingy little cock boats and their successors. Newcombe (an old trader, about thirty years my senior) and I made no allusion to the object of our visit to the metropolis; but as we were both keen rivals in the trade, there could be little doubt on either side as to the cause. Having in 1833 spent several months in London, wandering through its ways, I was well acquainted with localities, and after proceeding to Bush Lane, where our agents, H. and J. Johnson and Co. had their counting house, very much to their chagrin, I stated my object in coming, and requested an introduction to Messrs. Styan, their brokers, stating I would instruct them at the sale to commence at noon that day. Of course there was no alternative, and before the sale commenced I was placed in the little theatre forming the saleroom, the rising seats of which were gradually elevated from the stage, on which latter the chairman of the company, the secretary, and the selling broker were stationed. Taking my seat to the right of the broker's pulpit, between the two Brothers Styan, I was not surprised at seeing to the left my fellow traveller, placed between his two brokers, Hulbert and Layton. Our innovation on old practice evidently astonished the buying brokers, seeing two provincials, especially Irish, taking such a prominent position in their old house at home. But the foundations of that old den were crackling; the chairman, secretary, board, and broker were on their last legs, and we appeared like apostles of a new era, a new dispensation, anxious in glorying at the downfall of a

monster tyranny, to carry away some of the spoils as an exemplification of their utter ruin.

The old custom had been to transmit written instructions to the buying broker, to whose judgment as to price or quantities everything was left, and never did such an occurrence take place within the walls of that old temple of monopoly as that of two buyers being placed beside their brokers and instructing them when and what quantities to bid for. The Irish market was the principal one for black teas, which, of course, were the only ones we directed our attention to, and Styán and Sons, and Hulbert, Layton, and Co., being the chief brokers for Ireland, they were naturally anxious to see how the veteran and tyro Irishmen would proceed. As I before remarked, this was the last sale but one. The custom was to put up about five million pounds per quarter, at a setting up price, say one and two pence or one and four pence; any teas not advanced on, say a farthing, were withdrawn at once, and put up following sale without reserve. On the first day's sale I had my breaks marked, and had a farthing or a penny bid as suited my views; as Styán was closely watched, the bid was followed out lively, and at the close of the sale it appeared an advance of two pence to three pence was established, whilst I had not a single lot crossed off.

My friend Newcombe left the saleroom with his brokers in great glee, and, rather ungenerously, I felt highly satisfied at the result. Meeting at dinner in about an hour at Lovegrove's, whilst discussing our pint of sherry, he informed me he had secured a thousand chests prime value, that the market was sure to run up four pence to six pence per lb. the following day, and that he had made a lucky hit. Having nothing to boast

of, I sipped my sherry, turned the conversation to some other subject, smoked a cigar, had a cup of coffee, and went to Drury Lane. On the following day I appeared in my previous position, those breaks which had been valued too high at former sales, were put up without reserve, and the broker, on one lot being knocked down to him, had the privilege of taking the entire break or chop. One Irishman was "bunged up"—of which I was quite aware—the market opened exceedingly quiet, I watched for my marked breaks, all unreserved ones—told Styán to buy; on first lot being knocked down—"Any more?" "Yes! yes!" until I had secured the entire break, and thus break after break until I had one thousand five hundred chests. Now two thousand five hundred chests between two buyers was no inconsiderable quantity. Other customers had to be supplied, and a brisk competition between the brokers commenced. I was supplied early in the day, and prices advanced to those of the previous one. I buttoned up my coat, bid Styans and Johnson and Co. adieu, and started off by evening mail to Oxford, where I stopped for the night, I think at the Crown Hotel. Early in the morning I strolled through the university grounds, surveyed its noble ranges of colleges, and, of course, the city; proceeded by day coach to Stratford-on-Avon, visited Shakspeare's mansion, proceeded by evening mail to Birmingham *via* Coventry, stopped at Birmingham that night, the following on to Holyhead, and home, was first in the market, valued my purchases at the average cost of the sale, kept my friend Newcombe and other rivals at bay, and eventually, I swept many of them out of competition altogether.

The East India Company, disappointed in their monopoly of tea, directed their attention to other objects, and

amongst them the monopoly of supplying opium to the Chinese, which was smuggled amongst that extraordinary people contrary to repeated edicts from Peking prohibiting its import as deleterious to the nation at large. Determined to put an end to this nefarious practice of the *Honourable* East India Company, which would not be tolerated in any nation having a governing power, the mandarins at Canton, acting on instructions, took active proceedings against the native and English smugglers, the result of which was a declaration of war by the East India Company, to coerce the Chinese government into an acquiescence. Obstinate as the Chinese authorities have proverbially been, this atrocious attack on their national authority roused an intense spirit of indignation and opposition, the result of which caused a suspension of all legitimate trading with the British. The route for obtaining information in Europe was long and tedious, and that which was received in the first instance was mystified and misrepresented as a petty squabble with the Canton mandarins, leading Europeans to believe it would soon terminate, and no account had arrived of any interruptions of trade of any serious import. It was my habit on hearing the English postman knock at Crampton Quay in the morning at once to take the letters from the box, and having done so as usual, was at once struck by the intelligence in the letter of Johnson and Co., that hostilities had commenced at Canton, and that there was a total suspension of all trade with the British. I read the letter at half-past nine o'clock, finished breakfast, and at once laid the plan of my campaign. One of the virtues of Irish merchants, and proof of some energy, was, that no matter what distance they resided at from the city, they were generally to be found in their counting-houses



at half-past ten o'clock, with the exception of my friend Pidgeon, who generally attended some prayer meeting in the vicinity of the Black Rock, where, at this time, he had succeeded to the occupation of my cottage, Malmaison. As I was intimately acquainted with every class of tea, their quality and value up to the previous evening in our market, I at once crossed the Metal Bridge to R. and J. Turbett's, and found James just disengaging himself from his spurs, having arrived in his habitual way on his brown cob. The market for some time previous for both East India Company's and free trade teas was excessively dull, and holders were sick looking at their stocks. On broaching the subject of purchase J. Turbett seemed highly pleased, it not being usual for opposition houses to buy from each other, and I was content to let him feel the compliment. Knowing he had a large stock of East India Company's teas, I inquired about them, on which he threw open his stock-book, and in a few minutes the entire were written off to J. P. at the very lowest wholesale price; we passed mutual contract notes, and I received a flattering congee on leaving. I then proceeded to James White and Co., Sackville Street, and purchased all his large boheas, 400 lbs. each, about 200 chests, and his Fokien or ordinary congou, at 2s. 4½*d.* per lb., 2¼*d.* over the new duty, followed my career to John M'Donnell, Gardiner Street, Timothy O'Brien, William Newcombe, and every wholesale house where I imagined there was anything worth buying, and finishing off at Francis Mills', our next door neighbour. I entered our counting-house about half-past eleven o'clock, just as my friend Pidgeon was arranging his toilet, after the prayer meeting excitement and his subsequent railway trip and walk. Knowing his nervous temperament, I did not disturb him, and his

toilet being completed, he appeared from his private office, and was rather surprised at seeing me indoors at that hour. I quietly placed Johnson's letter in his hand, and observed his satisfaction as he alluded to our stock, which I had so amply replenished at the East India Company's previous sale. I then handed him Turbett's contract, which with others amounted altogether to about 2,000 chests. His florid complexion acquired an additional flush. He looked at me, then at the little responsibilities, amounting to about £10,000, and was astonished. I showed him they were made on the usual trade terms of four months, but not until the buzzing about the war with China, and a consultation with Messrs. Roe, did his nervousness subside. Made still calmer when, at two o'clock, he discovered the teas were worth a profit of six pence per pound, say four thousand five hundred pounds on the morning's purchases, and that our competitors were cleared out of their Dublin stock. I took my usual stand at the broker's office, where all was excitement about the Chinese news, and I was congratulated on my speculation, knowing that if P—— had been in the way not a single lot would have been purchased. Standing outside the office, about half-past two o'clock, I observed P—— and Mr. Newcombe in conversation, the latter excited, and using very energetic motions with his hand; conjecturing the reason, I advanced, when he attacked me for not advising him before I purchased, and called on P—— to cancel the contract. I merely observed that he had equal opportunities, and if his agents did not inform him, or if he had not examined his London letters before he had the extreme pleasure of making me so large a sale, it was his own or his agents' neglect of the first principles of business; that I did not learn my

business to teach him, but, on the contrary, to oppose him in every legitimate manner in my power; that if he thought fit to buy them back at six pence per pound profit, he could have half-an-hour to decide, during which time I would not offer them elsewhere, and if P—— thought fit to cancel his contract, I would put the others in the fire. Newcombe, who was a keen northern, saw he was only breaking his teeth against a file, and, as the conversation was held in the courtyard, and attracted the assembled commercial men, who enjoyed the whole affair, he retired in dudgeon at having met his match. In half-an-hour I sent the broker's clerk to ascertain if he would buy back, but he was met with a growl, and made us all laugh at his description of my woe-begone competitor. My fame was now established as a rising genius in my profession, and, as it rarely happens that one chief article in the grocery trade advances without being followed by others, the mania of speculation to hold over extended to raw and refined sugars, coffees, and many other articles. Our refined sugar purchases were chiefly made with three Bristol houses, Brice and Co., Guppy, Brothers, and Holden, Vining and Co. With those houses I made contracts for three months delivery, for about six hundred hogsheads in all, at seventy-five shillings per hundred, the deliveries to be made so that we should have an arrival every week. I added largely to our raw sugar stock, and moved both quietly without pressing them on the market, whilst I pushed off large parcels of our tea stock at a full profit. Pidgcon's health was declining, and the speculations did not serve his nervous system. His doctor's recommended him to retire from business, but, having been brought up to it, he could not make up his mind to do so; at the same time, in giving me every

credit for my management, he stated his resolution to enter into no more heavy speculations, and offered to divide the business with me. An arrangement was soon made; I consulted my Uncle George, who stated he would back me, which he did, with an advance of five thousand pounds. I took the premises, 25, now 20, Eustace Street, and Temple Lane stores, and before the end of 1837 I commenced business on my own account. P—— handed me over all the Bristol sugar contracts, sugar and other stock, with the exception of teas and wines, in which latter trade he determined to continue, but soon discovered a heavy stock, without an influential and conversant head to work it, was a very unprofitable concern. The firm became Pidgeon, Ussher, and Clarke; but no teas moved, and the market becoming a little flat, in the spring of 1838 I purchased the entire stock, and my friend P—— died in or about a year after, generally regretted as a most estimable man and a conscientious merchant.

The concerns 25, now 20 Temple Lane, I took from J. D. LaTouche of Castle Street on lease, the adjoining store 8 Temple Lane on lease from Henry Thompson, Eustace Street. Located close to the Commercial Buildings, with communication from Eustace Street to Temple Lane through the warehouses, the premises as business ones were first rate. Commencing in trade at twenty-four years of age, I received the usual congratulations of my friends, had my own stand in the broker's office, started a tilbury, by means of which I made my daily visits to the traders, and worked hard for independence. Of all the friends who rejoiced in the success of the rover, none was more enthusiastic than Uncle Will, and he displayed his gratification in his own sententious manner, astonishing others with his unwonted enthusiasm. After my return from

America, when I had married, he appeared to feel himself more lonely than accustomed, pined for some time in mute resignation, but meeting a buxom northern Presbyterian lass, sister to a clergyman of that persuasion, he followed my example, and set up an independent matrimonial establishment on his own account. Being too loyal a subject and too conscientious an individual, he never entered into the smuggling speculations necessary to acquire fortune as a maltster. He found the trade not thriving, and at my request he joined my establishment as cashier, and with him my interests were well cared. My business extended rapidly. A speculative turn in the sugar trade occurring, independent of my large contracts for refined, I purchased heavily in West Indian and Mauritius sugars. During a lull also in teas, notwithstanding the heavy stock I had taken from Pidgeon and Co., I bought largely in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow. I became a heavy importer of wines from Spain, Portugal, and France, etc., of olive oils and other produce from Leghorn and other Italian ports, fruit from Malaga and Alicante, brandies and Geneva from France and Holland, India Dutch spices, carraways, pipes, etc., from Rotterdam, spice in large quantities of every description from London, quantities of champagne from Charente *via* Marsellies, and carried on an enormous trade. One of my earliest supporters was Adam Calvert, at that time the most extensive wholesale grocer in the city, universally liked and respected. He was a small, bright-eyed, active little man, not more than five feet in height, wore iron gray cloth coat, knee breeches, and yellow topped boots. The East India Company's teas were his favourites, so long as they could be had, and as I was the principal holder, he paid me a visit early one day, when,



taking me by the sleeve in the gentlest manner, said: "Hast thee any East India Company's teas, child?" I had fifty chests of his favourite character duty paid in the warehouse, and producing my Company's tea book, and Styans' tastings, I satisfied him as to the quality; and knowing my customers and the extent of their purchases, I rarely made a second price, unless in a drooping market. Our business did not occupy five minutes. "Can thee take less, child?" "No, sir". "Give me a sale note. Can I have them this evening?" "Certainly, sir". I gave the sale note accordingly. "Now, child, if thee comes up in the morning I will give thee a check; of course thee will take off the eight days?" This referred to the usual custom of eight days elapsing before calling for a settlement, payment being by bill at four months from that period, or four months' discount at six per cent. per annum. The teas were delivered in the evening, and before eleven o'clock following morning I had my check for thirteen hundred pounds, on which I had three hundred pounds profit. Subsequently to this, the tea and sugar markets became wild; the trade was totally suspended with China, and the great speculators managed the markets as they thought fit. Holders hugged themselves as they calculated on their good fortunes, and my friend and competitor, James Gilker, and I, in a ride we had round by Enniskerry and Bray, were calculating on my becoming a director of the Bank of Ireland, and he of the Hibernian Bank. Brown sugars that we held at 60s. we sold at 85s. My stores in Temple Lane and Cope Street were crowded with refined, besides a large quantity in Shannon's crane. Refined sugar, that I held at 75s., I sold a parcel of to J. and J. Boyce at 114s. Teas that stood me in 1s. 4d.

to 1s. 6d. per lb., in bond, I sold in large quantities, 50 to 100 chest parcels at 3s. and 3s. 2d. Besides my Dublin trade, I sold large parcels in Cork, Belfast, Limerick, and Waterford, merely giving the buyers an order on my agents in London, Liverpool, and Glasgow to deliver, on being paid the first cost, and taking a check or drawing bills for the differences, which were my profits. In fact, for eighteen months I commanded the tea and refined sugar trade in the city, for, by dropping a penny on teas, or 1s. on sugars, where my profits were so enormous, I could at any time insure a sale; except to regular customers I would not sell less than fifty chests, and I closed the last of my stock to my friend, John Langan, at 3s. 2d. I also ran off most of my sugars, at the same time I kept a close eye to every other branch of my business; had my wine, fruit, or coffee sales about every month, and congratulated my friend, Gilker, who was also fortunate, that our vision was near being realized. I lived in Eustace Street for about twelve months, but the excessive brain-work requiring a change of scene, and anxious to live out of town, where I could leave the counting-house behind me, I took Number 8 Newington Terrace, Rathmines, from my friend, Thomas M'Evoy, whose son, Edmund, was one of my apprentices. The apartments we occupied in Eustace Street I handed over to Uncle Will, his wife and youngsters securing a valuable *locum tenens* during my absence, and in my twenty-seventh year I felt I was a made man.

My uncle George Meyler, and my father, Walter Thomas Meyler, left Tinnacurra, barony of Forth, county Wexford (the last remnant of confiscated lands), to their sisters. George served his time in Dublin to — Wade, a wholesale grocer in Bride Street, became distiller

in Costigan and Roe's establishment, and retired from it with an ample fortune in 1843. Where my father served his time I cannot recollect; being in Tralee, he levanted to old "Gretna" with Rebecca, eldest daughter to William Raymond, of Dromin, who died in five or six years. Rather strange this alliance, the lineal descendants of two Anglo-Norman pirates, Meyler or Meiler Fitzhenry and Raymond Le Gros, after a lapse of more than six centuries; and equally strange, his second marriage with Anne Fewtrell, daughter to William Fewtrell, an officer of customs, and descended from a Norman Huguenot who fought with William at the Boyne and Limerick, in which my father's family fought on James's side and lost nearly all the remnant of property Cromwell had left them. If fortunately or otherwise the jealous Eleanor, at Woodstock, had swallowed the contents of the poisoned chalice, instead of administering it to the fair Rosamond Clifford at the dagger's point, the descendants of Meyler Fitzhenry might have been fighting amid "the Roses" or on Bosworth Field, for the uneasy seat left by William the Norman, son to the glover's daughter of Farlese, to his unruly descendants.

Meyler Fitzhenry's scarcophagus, in Old Leighlin abbey, diocese of Leighlin and Ferns, is a splendid specimen of mural carving, more in the style of Henry the Seventh's period than that of the semi-barbarous one in which he died. It is within two miles of Leighlin Bridge, across the Barrow, uniting Carlow and Queen's County, and well worth a visit by passing travellers.

The commercial brokers were Richard Franklin, William Hone, and Henry Kyle, each of whom held a half side of the square at the Commercial Buildings; the stock brokers holding another half side then as now. Business

was transacted from two to four o'clock, and on auction days there was generally an attendance of the entire trade. Our raw sugar samples were exposed in drawers containing from ten to twenty new samples each, and refined sugars were sampled by loaves taken from the hogsheads and ranged on a centre table. At those offices general business was transacted and appointments made. In Franklin's office were Pat Hayes; Jas. Gilker, Jas. Rooney, and myself; John O'Neil having his samples in the auction sale-room overhead. In Wm. Hone's office were James Foxall, R. and J. Turbett, represented by Edward Beere, and Thomas Kelly. The auction room overhead contained William S. Hamilton and Co., and Abel Labertouche's samples. In Kyle's office were Frank Devitt, James Gray, James Hamilton, Jun. and Co., represented by Joe Waldo, Joseph Dwyer, and his son John. In the sale room overhead were the samples of Joseph Wilson, Son, and Co., and John Adair, the latter represented by James Stokes. Hamilton's, Labertouche's, and O'Neil's sugars were sent on sale or consignment from the West Indies. Wilson's and Adair's were from their own plantations. We in the lower office imported from Liverpool and Glasgow, the great emporiums for West Indian produce, and only purchased from our more aristocratic neighbours when we could obtain an inducement or in a suddenly advancing market. Wilson, Adair, and Labertouche sold only to the wholesale dealers. Hamilton and O'Neil sold by public auction to the general trade; consequently there was a continued rivalry between the cross-channel importers and the latter, tending to the public benefit. If the markets advanced, we kept them in check; if a fall took place, and if our stocks were heavy, they dropped the market at once and punished us in dull sales until a revival.

Our occupations at the offices were varied; sometimes, during heaviness in sugars, a brisk inquiry would take place for teas. The distillers' salesmen made their appearance at three o'clock; James Power, a universal favourite, represented Roe and Meyler; Maurice Prendergast, John Jameson; W. H. Badge, John Jameson; and Paddy Nowlan, an elderly swell, with tight pantaloons and Hessian boots, John Busby. Orator Brown, a clever extraordinary genius, who had been a working cooper, representing Guinness, occasionally dropped in and distributed his bon mots and snuff to the amusement of all parties. When not engaged, assembled round the fires in offices, or sauntering in the courtyard when fine, confidential whispers passed as to the solvency of buyers, and ominous looks and hints were evinced on an approaching smash. Other speculators were admitted to our cost. The Agricultural Bank was put on the market, and their active agent Hughes pushed their shares in every direction. The Talacre (Welsh) Coal Company was introduced by William Forbes Russell, and as with speculators there is no nibbling, many of us seized the bait to a large extent, and amongst others I was victimized to the extent of five or six hundred pounds. I escaped the Provident Bank, started by Tom Mooney, the baker of Francis Street, and W. H. Holbrooke, engraver, of Crow Street, who hied off to the West when it suited their purpose. The former turned up afterwards as organizer of the Fenians in San Francisco. If any continued dulness took place, we had our own commercial and political discussions, in which Pat Hayes took a prominent part. He was one of the ablest and most enterprising traders in the city, and being much our senior, he was always listened to with attention. I think I am



looking at him now, with his large proportions, being about six feet four and seventeen stone weight, dressed in his drab knee breeches, and gaitered to the knees. He had a fine open countenance, large bluish gray eyes, an expansive forehead, and a face expressing thought, pleasure, or anger as they affected him. If ever man was angered, Pat Hayes was, and if passion was ever exhibited in natural outbursting eloquence and true movements of indignation, they were by him at being swindled by the Talacre projectors. He walked through the brokers' offices denouncing the delinquents, put his Herculean fists in his breeches pockets, stamped like an elephant as he strode to and fro from the brokers' offices to the centre of the courtyard, raised his arms, walked quick up and down, then slow, stamping and gesticulating in the most excited and yet in the most natural manner, forming a first class study for an artist of the enraged merchant. His voice was heard in the outer street. He promenaded the Chamber of Commerce in the same style, and formed a striking contrast to the man of peace, Samuel Bewley the elder. John O'Neil, a fine old man of seventy, appeared amongst us on his auction days, as if taking a pride in his activity and shrewdness, being head of the firm of O'Neil, Stokes, and Co., in general trade, including pickles. From his very dressy appearance he was universally called and known as Count Pickle. He, James Gilker, and a host of other traders were all but ruined by the Custom House fire in 1834, and disappeared from the Buildings, until through the exertions of Daniel O'Connell the government paid all the losses, and which, with other noble traits of the Liberator, including his insisting on his political adversary, Sir Abraham Bradley King, receiving ample compensation

for being deprived of the office of King's printer, should never be forgotten. Tom Kelly, our neighbour in Hone's office, had been a partner with Andrew Ennis, Son, and Co. at the time of the fire, and conceiving the bright idea that the burning of a few thousand hogsheads of sugar in the Custom House stores in Dublin would cause a famine in the rest of the empire, he darted off to Liverpool and Glasgow, where the news had arrived before him, and purchased an enormous quantity at ten to twelve shillings per cwt. advance, which his appearance and mission contributed to. Returning to Dublin, he met a cool reception from his partner; and in a week or two, the market falling as rapidly as it advanced, his firm lost seriously by his flaming idea. In a year or so, tiring of his partnership, not much improved by the acerbity of old Andrew, he coolly filled a check for ten thousand pounds, walked down to the Bank of Ireland, and cashed it. Returning to the office, he entered the amount to his debit, coolly told Andrew and Son he had dissolved the partnership, and desiring them to furnish his account at their leisure, walked out of the concern, and commenced business on his own account in opposition. This was certainly the shortest system on record of dissolving a partnership without involving a chancery suit, with its interminable injunctions, charges, and discharges, and all such. Certainly his genius shone far more brightly on this occasion than after the Custom House fire.

The Custom House fire reminds me of a little of my own smartness. A consignment of claret and other French wines had been received on sale by Roe and Co. some years before, the *pro forma* invoice amounting to five hundred pounds. Whether from want of exertion or dulness of consumption, they lay for years undisturbed,

and were handed over to Pidgeon with other odds and ends to attend to. He could get no buyer to touch them. The Jersey house gave up corresponding on the subject, postage at that time being a consideration, and Pidgeon was in the act of preparing to reship them to avoid the duty, when, luckily for Jerseyans, the conflagration took place. During an absence of some days of Pidgeon from town, the order came for merchants' invoices to be handed in to the Collector of Customs. I lost no time in finding out the old invoice, added Scovell's charges, which were very heavy, to the amount, and also our *del credere* commission. On Pidgeon's arrival I had the amount snugly lodged in the Bank of Ireland. He opened his eyes and put his fingers to his forehead on my announcing the circumstances. But there was no help for our Jersey friends' good fortune and our commission. He resigned himself to the situation, and astonished the old Jerseyans with a remittance of their unexpected luck. James Gilker had only just commenced trade when he was burned out of stock, and there was as much gratification announced at his resuming business as there was commiseration at his forced suspension of it. But to no one was the fire so ruinous or repayment of loss so important as to Count Pickle, whilst I do not recollect that the Chamber of Commerce or any other assembly passed a vote of thanks to O'Connell for his generous and disinterested conduct.

Tom Kelly's appearance, forming a strong contrast to that of the Count, was not improved by his disenthralment from Ennis and Son. His shoes were if anything more slip shod, his hands were still thrust into his trousers pockets, his shirt collar still awry, one half stuck up beside his jaw, the other hanging down on his vest; he appeared as if he shaved every other Sunday, and his many holed

socks often streeled in the mud like a modern belle's skirt impended from crinolines. He appeared a man of independence in every sense as he leaned against the window sill in the courtyard, or stood with his back to the fire in the broker's office. But the accumulations went on, and when his family were becoming marriageable, he had the good sense to improve his toilet, and was a specimen of a fine hale old man of eighty a short time before his decease.

#### WINDING UP MY FIRST VOLUME.

The first time I heard of Sil Costigan was when shown his grave in St. James's Churchyard, but my uncle having been a disciple of his, and one of his successors, his name was often introduced at his table afterwards, and many queer anecdotes related connected with him, the following amongst others. Leaving a parish assembly, he met two friends, one of whom asked him how he liked the proceedings; he replied, he was so disgusted he left them with his "chateau under his arm". His friend replied that he was "much surprised he did not bring the wind-mill under the other". The old mill still exists.

Costigan was highly respected in the city and the Corn Exchange as a merchant, and amongst his Roman Catholic friends thought highly of as a patriot. He was not implicated with the United Irishmen who met at Oliver Bond's, but was denounced by one of those wretches of the period who traded in blood, but his political and spiritual movements were not noticed. More ornate than his friend and neighbour John Sweetman, who spent several years at Fort George, in Scotland, he died universally respected, leaving his family a handsome independence.



Amongst the celebrities of the day, Ned Byrne of Mullinahack stood foremost, from the great extent of his transactions as a foreign and general merchant, his concern extending from New Row to Usher Street, adjoining D'Arcy's brewery, vaulted nearly throughout; it now forms part of the Anchor Brewery, having been added to it by M. P. D'Arcy.

I remember my seniors stating that Ned Byrne established his son John Dominick Byrne in the Usher Street brewery (previously established by a vintners' society), to share the trade with Guinness; that he tired of it, sold it for prospective payments to John D'Arcy, his father having settled ten thousand a year on him; that Connolly (firm of Connolly and Somers), South King Street, settled a similar amount on his son, a cavalry officer. Verily there was money stirring at the period, and immense fortunes were made during the Peninsular war; but the reaction and fall of prices in farming, mercantile, and every description of stock (but the funds), ruined thousands after the fall of Napoleon.

John Keogh of Mount Jerome, and Edward Byrne of Mullinahack, with two or three others, went as a deputation to George the Third with a petition for Roman Catholic relief from the penal laws. Byrne was introduced by Keogh as Mr. Byrne of Mullinahack. "Mullinahack! Mullinahack!" mumbled old George, "I do not know any principality in my kingdom of that name!" They returned as they went, and it was not until the enormous pressure from without by O'Connell and the entire liberal party in 1829, and the foresight and common sense of Wellington and Peel, that emancipation was carried to avoid civil war, but with the shameless sacrifice of the forty shilling freeholders, whose tenancies



were perpetual, and independent of landlords so long as the rent was paid. But for this sale of the small farmers and peasants, to benefit the middle and professional classes, there would be no necessity to seek tenant-right, or emigrate from the country. For those who emigrated it was all the better, as they went to a land flowing with milk and honey, but for the unfortunates who remained and died in hundreds of thousands in '47 and '48, it was not only a lamentable but a criminal proceeding.

#### A NOBLE RACE.

In an old Dublin corporation book, which, I believe is in the Library of Trinity College, there is an entry dated 1740 stating that "Arthur Guinness was one of the most eminent brewers in the city". For nearly forty years, from its foundation until his death, another Arthur Guinness was president of the Chamber of Commerce and our first citizen. Since then Benjamin Lee Guinness has occupied a position which by his munificence has added to the family laurels as well as by his private worth. In the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral he expended approaching two hundred thousand pounds, and presented the citizens with the valuable site of the Exhibition Palace. Rarely do such escutcheons precede a patent of nobility, which was directed by the Queen to be conferred on him last year, and Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Baronet, bears his honour as unassumingly as if struggling for independence. Since the great brewery came into his possession he has completely rebuilt it, and extended it in every direction to more than double its previous size.

I recently requested a card of admission for my son George and myself, and on presenting it to the portly,

respectable, and well-looking employee who superintends the entrance, he introduced us to "Billy", the oldest workman in the place, and evidently a favourite. Under "Billy's" guidance we made a tour through the interesting establishment, and had all its glories pointed out. Commencing in the new empty cask store, about one hundred yards by forty, thousands of casks were piled like cannon shot; next the cooperage, where about sixty workmen were busily employed making casks; next the washing shed, where hundreds of casks were being cleansed; next an engine house, where three immense boilers were steaming away, two of them supplying hot water throughout the concern, supplied by a well one hundred feet in depth, made at great expense; then to the drying shed, where hundreds of casks were being dried with hot air issuing through pipes from the flooring; on to the tunning room, the mash kieves, the immense coppers for boiling the worts, the great cooling flats from which a continuous flow of liquor was passing through refrigerators; then the fermenting room, where the surplus barm was being pressed in machines, forming a concentrated heavy paste, sold at six shillings a hundred weight for distillers' and bakers' use and for export, the wash-pipes and the grain stores, for dairymen's supply; then the vat-room, with nearly one hundred immense vats, some containing three thousand hogsheads of porter; then to the store-room, with its thousands of casks being bunged up for delivery; into another department with more boilers and more engines; the hop-store, the coal-store, the malt-store, all in proportion; then the stables and dray-yard, and by a circuitous route our friend "Billy" brought us round to the "tap", where, introducing us to the store clerk, we were presented with a pint each of the pure barley juice

in primest order, nor could we leave without taking a second. Cool and refreshing, there was not "a headache in a gallon of it". We felt highly gratified with our visit and our draught, and I promised to pay "Billy" another visit, when I would show him his name in print. Asking him to show me some of the old concerns, he pointed out the "tap" as the only remnant, at the head of the store-room; it is about the size of a butler's pantry, evidently a relic, or, as Billy said, "kept for luck like an old horse shoe".

## STATISTICS.

## EXPORTS OF PORTER, 1865.

	Hhds.		Hhds.
Guinness and Co.,	99,239.	Watkins and Co.,	14,352.
Findlater and Co.,	27,925.	Phoenix Brewery,	8,890.
Manders and Co.,	26,526.	Sweetman,	7,881.
D'Arcy and Son,	23,806.	Caffrey and Son	1,761.
Jameson, Pim, and Co.,	19,107.	All others,	3,187.

John Power, afterwards Sir John Power, Bart., was a stout bluff man about five feet six inches, with good open countenance, anything but aristocratic, walked with rather a swaggering gait, and looked as if he cared for no man; undoubtedly his early interviews with the excise schooled him into defiance. He was one of O'Connell's pet chairmen, and also a friend in need when friends were failing. He pushed on his way, became a baronet, his son married into the Shrewsbury family, and was left an ample fortune and a title to dignify his aristocratic alliance. Sir James Power has carried himself well through life, and borne his honours meekly and like a gentleman. His seat, Edermine, on the Slaney, bounded by the high road from Enniscorthy to Wexford, is one of the most beautiful in the county.

Sir Timothy O'Brien, as I have elsewhere remarked,

graduated in Patrick Street, and became one of the most extensive wholesale merchants, especially in the China trade. He was many years a director and, of course, passed the chair as governor of the Hibernian Bank. He was one of the principal originators of the Alliance Gas Company, and as chairman repeatedly received the thanks of the proprietors for the unexampled prosperity into which he guided it. He was lord mayor on the Queen's first arrival, and received a baronetcy. A man of great natural ability and discernment, he accommodated himself to his different advancements in life with ease and respectability. He also was one of O'Connell's favourites.

John Ennis was never popular either with the public or his brother directors in various companies, especially the Midland Railway, of which he was some years chairman. Succeeding to a large patrimony, he was independent of the world, and as nature did not make him an Adonis she supplied him with an unamiable manner. He is undoubtedly a clever man, had for some years represented Athlone, was a respectable and business-like member of parliament, and had the advantage of a good early education. He served his time to H. and J. Johnson and Co., the eminent London firm of Cannon Street, formerly of Bush Lane. His daughter is married to the O'Donohoe, and he has recently been created a baronet.

One of the most deservedly successful men of the modern school is Frederick Stokes, J.P., chairman of the Rathmines Commissioners, and the great developer of its unprecedented extension and improvement. When a mere lad he was Robert Gray's manager, and at the period was remarkable for his thorough business habits, industry, and saving money. Before he was twenty years of age he had erected two substantial houses in Rath-

mines. On the death of his father he succeeded him as broker in the Commercial Buildings, and had all the leading sales during his period. He steadily pursued his building operations in Rathmines, speculated in large tracts of land on Leinster Road, Grimwood's nursery, on the Rathgar Road, and elsewhere, and with his own investment and that of others in building, his land has long since been covered with a large proportion of the township. He has retired from business with an income of four to five thousand a year in the prime of life, and holds a very high position in the commercial and social world. His manners are straightforward, and his observations point blank and to the purpose. A little brusqueness has in a few cases made him unpopular, but his public and private acts have proved him a valuable member of society and a sincere friend. His exertions on behalf of the Incurable and Meath Hospitals and other charities, do honour to his head and heart. His word is his bond, his influence great, and his advice looked to in cases of importance. He has troubled himself little with politics or bank or commercial directorships, having evidently made up his mind to live at ease. Recently he purchased the Portobello Gardens, laid the land out in avenues, and it is being rapidly covered with handsome edifices.

#### A GENTLE HINT.

It is singular that in the great township of Rathmines there is neither hotel, club-house, public library, or concert room: would it not be wise to induce the young fellows to take amusement near home, and save the gentler sex from neuralgia, diphtheria, lung disease, consumption, etc., in their journeys to and from the city, by having their own independent concert hall and opera house in their own township?



The failures of 1852 brought John L. Reilly (P. R. and Sons) prominently before the public; he succeeded his father in possession of the extensive crane and public stores, now Bewley's bonded stores in Cope Street. He had previously some respectable English agencies, and in the consternation produced by the failures, his standing secured him several additional, including foreign ones, he has since carried on a most extensive agency trade. Speaking about him to some commercial men in London, last year, I found he stood in a very high position as a commercial man; years since he disposed of his interest in the stores to Thomas Bewley and Co., and confines himself to his extensive commission business.

About the year 1854 Tom Naylor, of Wexford, was a resident in Dublin, as agent for an English house; a gay, light-hearted Irishman, universally liked, a good man of business, happy with his family when his duties of the day were over, and passing Bayview House regularly every evening (when not on the road) to his residence, Clontarf Crescent; he had a large family of young children, and was married to an amiable and domestic woman. After leaving on his Wexford journey his friends were thunderstruck on learning that he was drowned inside the mail at Dunkit, which was upset in a flood, trying to save the life of a lady, in which he succeeded, but sacrificed his own. Frank Devitt, he who so philosophically made a chair at the Dublin Library fire his office in 1852, to avoid being entangled in the web of responsibilities, one who in business habits was, you would imagine, callous as a flint, flew off to console the bereaved widow and her children, cheered them up, attended to their immediate wants, formed a small committee of friends, including the late Samuel Macartney Caldwell, and by their

exertions, with little assistance from the press, raised fifteen hundred pounds for the widow and her orphans. Frank Devitt exerted himself nobly until he accomplished his mission, and died a few years since with a safe conscience, having often congratulated himself at having so comfortable a retreat as the Dublin Library fire.

Richard Devitt succeeded his uncle Frank, greatly extended the trade, entered the corporation, in which he is a very prominent and useful member, and distinguished himself a few years since as joint secretary of the last famine relief committee. He has always been indefatigable in his pursuits, has prospered in them, and from his weight and importance amongst the liberal party is soon likely to succeed to the mayoralty—in fact should have done so in preference to some who have preceded him.

Dick Whittington was a lucky fellow; Dick Devitt is a cute one, and could scent a prison cell, a bishop, or a mansion house a long way off. In 1848, he, his brother Henry, whose untimely death was much lamented, and Smith, of Copper Alley, were members of the Citizen's Club, Anglesea Rooms, Abbey Street, of which I was president, John Savage, secretary, R. J. Devitt, treasurer. The "Corpus" Act was suspended, a consequent rush southwards and every other way; Savage came to me at Bayview House in the evening, and we immediately took a Jarvey to Bracken's, Eden Quay; we cautiously made our way through the lane and the rere of the house to the club room, when, bolting the door, we made a blaze of the books and papers. The following evening Devitt and Smith paid Savage a visit at his father's, in Abbey Street, to see the dangerous documents destroyed, and were agreeably surprised at being anticipated; their agitation was cooled, and they took leave. The following

morning Devitt had his auburn hair cropped and combed down on his forehead, stained his florid cheeks with walnut juice, like a gipsy, and appeared amongst the grocers with a bundle of Saint Vincent de Paul's bazaar books which he left in every direction, thus becoming a really useful and zealous voteen. Wherever he met the little friar with gray hose and black cape, who collected the pennies for forty years to erect Audoen's chapel, Devitt gave him a most gracious congee, stuck to his new agitation, escaped sharing Kilmainham cells with his confreres, imported Malaga wine for church purposes, became a white-headed boy with his Eminence the Cardinal, and, if not married, I think he would now be a bishop. If he has not made lots of "tin" it is his own fault; and as bound in honour to retrieve their unfortunate display of pettiness, after the Corporation instal Jas. Vokes Mackey next year as lord mayor, I hope to see my friend Devitt succeeding him.

Samuel Macartney Caldwell, as agent for Peek and Winch, of Liverpool, was one of the first pioneers from the wholesale English tea dealers in establishing a new style of trade in Dublin, which might have been secured by Bewley's, Turbett's, and other wealthy houses, if they had established their business head quarters in London with buying agents in whom the trade had confidence and who knew their business; had this been done, English firms would not have been enjoying the cream of the Irish trade for the past twenty-seven years. Caldwell was quickly followed by George Barney, for Peek Brothers, of London; Thomas Davies for Steans and Rowley; O'Meara for Moffatt and Co.; Thomas Ingledew for Absalom, Croker, and Co., and a host of minor ones, all sheer clever fellows, who had been brought up to the tea trade

and knew all about it; of course the London brokers were not affected by it, for "big fish or little fish", all teas should pass through their hands. Caldwell was then a regular knight errant of a traveller, pushed north, south, east, and west indefatigably, and established a splendid trade for his house. He was an off-handed, well-looking, clever fellow, with good palaver and a gentlemanly address, retired from the road a few years since, and died rather suddenly, in Stephen's Green, where he had established a very elegant retail tea warehouse.

Tom Davies (an ancient Briton) dashed into the city trade, caught large fish, like James Fallon and John Murphy, gave glorious dinners at the Bilton, realised slashing profits, looking as innocent as a maiden of bashful fifteen, became a partner with his firm, whom he astonished, was patronised by Joe Boyce, at whose house he met Sir Thomas Whelan's daughter, married, lived eight or ten years as a merchant, and died off. He was a stout-built, chubby-faced, well-looking fellow, and his florid complexion, light-brown hair, and bland manners made him a favorite.

George Barney is George Barney still, the same impenetrable calculating clever fellow, the same stoic if any attempt is made to pump him; in his manners or conversation appears as if he is always playing a game of chess; sticks to his business like a leech until on or off; stands well with buyers; looks little changed since his first arrival, and brushes along in his usual style.

I have heard nothing of Tom Ingledew for nearly twenty years, and fear he has returned to his original composition.

Charles Matson, O'Meara's successor as agent for Moffat and Co., is a tall, stout, solid-looking Englishman, a

good business hand, looks respectable, and bears the character; his trade is confined to leading houses, his conversation limited, and address blunt, quite the antipode of George Moffat, who, when visiting Dublin, was polite as a Frenchman, having a volubility of tongue nearly equal to Tom M<sup>r</sup> Anaspie, the celebrated artist and philosopher Matson is one who, I imagine, after dinner, instead of going to the opera, would prefer a quiet rubber of whist, moderately moistened with an occasional glass of the native made hot, or a bottle of crusty old Port. He is a favourite amongst his friends.

George W. Tawell has been agent for about fifteen years: with very gentlemanly appearance he combines affable manners, knows his business, and minds it; he is a general favourite, and deserves being so.

H. W. Hopkins, one of the juniors, has been four or five years a tea agent; he is a smart young fellow, well liked, and has little trouble in placing his samples. I wish him every success.

The modern invasion of Scots into Ireland presents a vast contrast to that in the time of King Jemmie, and they form a prominent portion of our citizens by their industry and enterprise, accumulating wealth and expending it in extension. As in the case of the wholesale tea trade, the Dublin merchants allowed Harvey and Co., Wellington Quay, to take the start of them in monster houses about 1827, and they opened with all the sensation and success of the novelty and value; and their first settlement was followed by Todd and Co., Mary Street, with similar success. It was not until Harvey retired, after amassing a fortune, that a few Linen Hall merchants had the temerity to creep out of their stone cage, and taking the clever active George Cannock as a partner,



started the firm of Cannock, White, and Co., in Henry Street. They had a struggle for some years, and on one occasion had to call on Pat Reid, a Scotchman, to assist them through, but eventually came out with flying colours, and Cannock retired a year or two since with a large capital, selling his interest to Sir John Arnott, a Scotchman, who had worked his way similarly, and had been thrice mayor of Cork, as another Scotchman, enterprising Peter Tait, has been of Limerick, and would be, I believe, elected for life if he permitted it. Those Scotchmen appear to have sucked in the *History of Dick Whittington* with their mothers' milk, whilst we, good easy folks, have been nursed on lollypops and lullabys. After Harvey and Cannock and Todd, Brown, Thomas, and Co., the Pims awoke from their lethargy and started in George's Street, M'Birney and Co. Aston's Quay, and more recently M'Swiney, Delany, and Co., Switzer, Ferguson, and Co., Brown and M'Conkey, Hazelton and Scott.

William Burns and Alexander Findlater started the Scotch grocery and spirit establishments, which extended through the city, to Kingstown, Rathmines, and various other districts, and at London Bridge Findlater and Co. have for some years had a very elegant establishment in the Railway Arches. William Burns and the Todds started Todd, Burns, and Co., and there is no mistake about their having all through carried on an immense and profitable trade; but instead of investing in the funds to lie idle and useless, they expended their profits in enterprises valuable to the country of their adoption, extending employment and circulating the wealth they have acquired again amongst the community from whose support they derived it. Harvey and Todd built extensively in the Rathmines township; Alexander Findlater established

the extensive brewery at Russell Street, Canal Bridge; Arthur Todd and Co, the extensive flour mills at the other side of the bridge; Johnston and Co., the monster bakery at Ball's Bridge, with retail depôts all through the city, in which they were followed by Todd and Co, who established similar concerns: thus by competition amongst themselves, and with the native houses keeping the staff of life at a moderate price to the consumers, Alexander Findlater, decidedly the foremost man amongst the modern extensive Scottish colonists, enjoys the satisfaction of having accumulated a large fortune without the envy of others, and with the good will of all. He is decidedly one of our first citizens, and has immortalized himself by the splendid Presbyterian Church he has erected in Rutland Square, which for beauty of architecture is, I believe, unsurpassed in its style. The building cost him twelve thousand pounds.

Amongst the modern Scotch settlers, not before mentioned, are Drummond and Co., eminent seedsmen in Dawson Street, and William Brunton and Co., having an extensive cabinet and upholstering emporium in Henry Street, successfully established for the last ten years, and well known for the elegant assortment of stock in accordance with every improvement as they have been introduced at the various great exhibitions. One great advantage derived from the settlement of those descendants of the ancient Irish Celts in the land of their forefathers, is, that they succeeded in arousing our modern mixed races to be up and stirring with the march of the times, and, as Charles the Twelfth taught Peter the Great and the Russians the art of war by hard fighting, so those invaders taught our natives the necessity of keen competition, moderate expenditure, and close application to business.

James and Alexander Ferrier established the great wholesale firm of Ferrier, Pollock, and Co. in William Street, formerly of Fishamble Street, at present, I think, represented by Alexander John Ferrier and Alexander Parker, both men of repute, the latter a participator in movements of social and moral tendencies, a J.P. and one of the Rathmines Commissioners.

John D'Arcy of the Anchor Brewery in Usher Street, (a gunshot from Guinness's) was one of the most eminent city merchants. Whilst a young man, he became proprietor of the brewery, having purchased it from Mr. Dominick Byrne for prospective payments, and passed through life with credit and renown. He was a tall, well-looking, gentlemanly man, with much suavity of manner and thorough business habits. He carried out the original idea of the Prince of Mullinahack in his competition with Guinness, and certainly succeeded to a large share of the trade. He was alderman and lord mayor, and generally lived in his elegant two-storied thatched cottage at Raheny. He died two or three years since, generally regretted.

Matthew P. D'Arcy succeeded his father, is vigorously carrying out the original policy, and at an enormous expense rebuilt the old establishment, and more than doubled it in extent to Bridgefoot Street on the west, and New Row on the east, being nearly a furlong in length, including the renowned Mullinahack and its half acre of vaults, which has recently become his property. I had great pleasure in being shown through the premises, erected in the most modern style, and with the most recent improvements in steam machinery, refrigerators, cask washing, drying, coopering, etc. About five-and-thirty years of age, excellent appearance, affable in his

manners, and an equal favouri teas his late father, he is a fine specimen of Norman descent, and his occupation is a vast improvement on that of the invaders. One of the council of the Chamber of Commerce, he will, of course, go through the routine of the Bank of Ireland directorship. He has recently erected a new copper boiler, which contains a thousand barrels of worts, with a supply copper vat on top which contains three hundred, the entire when filled weighing about two hundred and sixty tons. In passing through the establishment I could perceive no vestage of its original creation, or even an old horse shoe nailed to its portal as an escutcheon.

Henry and George Roe have succeeded their father and uncle in the great distillery, Thomas Street, where they have been doing a lucrative trade. Good business men, they are much respected, and following the example of the late George Roe, are sure of popularity. Extending to Watling Street and Bonham Street, they have doubled the extent of the old concern.

Daniel Litton, brother to the celebrated Edward Litton, Master in Chancery, is still a hale man, approaching the "sere and yellow leaf". He has been for half a century one of our first private wine merchants, and had as partner until his death his nephew, Falconer Hewson, of Pembroke Road, a respected moderate Conservative member of the Corporation.

Robert and Thomas Hewson, brother and son to Falconer, are in business in the same line a few doors from their uncle, doing a highly respectable trade, and great favourites with their friends.

Andrew and John Bagot commenced business about 1835, in Fleet Street, and pursued a lucrative trade from their start. John Bagot served his time to Mr. Litton.

They soon afterwards migrated to their establishment in William Street, and have for years carried on an extensive home trade, and in London and various leading towns in England. They have always stood high in estimation. Andrew was the principal originator of the exhibition of 1864. He is a life member of the Royal Dublin Society, and I have heard him speak well and to the purpose at several of the meetings. John has succeeded the late Francis Codd as honorary secretary to the Chamber of Commerce, one of the highest positions a commercial man can attain; he must possess the qualifications of ability and standing, and devote a considerable portion of his time to the duties without emolument. His predecessors were, Robert Roe, Charles Halliday, Francis Codd, three names foremost in our city annals.

Joseph Casson of William Street served his time to J. and J. Boyce, and has been in trade since '42, doing an extensive wholesale trade. Some years since he entered into partnership with John Sealy, an active business man, and the firm holds a highly respectable position. Joseph Casson is one of the moderate conservative members of the corporation, and much esteemed for his character and consistency.

Adam Woods and John Webb (A. W. and Co.) have greatly extended their concerns in Temple Lane since they started about twenty-five years past, having now a great block of buildings facing Cecilia Street and Crow Street. They are one of the principal firms in the wholesale spice and coffee trades, do largely in teas and sugars, and stand high in the commercial circle.

George Williams, Cope Street and Fownes's Street, is little changed in appearance since I first knew him, thirty years past, although quite a veteran in trade. He has



weathered all the various disasters which have occurred during his career in '41, '47, '52, and carries on a considerable wholesale trade.

His son, James Williams, has established a most extensive factory, extending from Fownes's Street to Crown Alley, for the manufacture of confections, and has succeeded to a great extent in interfering with the monopolies previously held by English and Scotch houses. James Williams and Co. are really the Bewley and Moss of their branch of sugar manufacture, and well deserve their position. They supply only wholesale orders.

Wm. Chambré having served his time to his cousin, James Foxall, commenced business at the Commercial Buildings about 1844, established a very extensive wholesale trade, escaped the disasters of 1852, took his younger brother John into partnership, and died a few years since in the prime of life from too close application to business. John Chambré, who has since carried on the business, is a general favourite, unassuming and gentlemanly in his manners, and of good business habits. His wine vaults extend under the court-yard of the Commercial Buildings, and his wholesale trade is very extensive.

E. and J. Burke are very extensive in the export to all parts of the world of Guinness's bottled porter. Their concerns extend from Abbey Street, to Bachelor's Walk, about half a furlong. I was greatly interested on visiting them and witnessing the steam machinery for washing bottles, corking, etc.

W. and P. Thompson commenced in 85 Gardiner Street, about ten years since, have advanced rapidly in position. Their premises and stores in Gardiner Street are elegantly fitted up. They have six outlying stores and

vaults in the locality, central ones 44 Mark Lane, London, and, I believe, are the only British firm who ship their own wines from Cadiz and Oporto. Their new tea mixing machine has become celebrated, and in 1867 their duty on wines amounted to nearly one-half of that paid by R. and J. Turbett, who are fifty years in the trade.

Edward and Anthony Fox have been long known as insurance agents. Edward is a prominent member of the Stock Exchange, the old monopoly in which he destroyed several years since. He is a shareholder and active member of many railways and other public companies, an excellent business man and good speaker. Anthony carries on a very respectable wine trade. The two brothers are general favourites, and stand A 1 in the city. I have taken out many life policies from them, and in using discretion in accepting life insurances, I do not remember a case where they permitted a legal dispute.

John Wardle served his time to Adam Calvert; in 1850 succeeded to the firm of Baker, Wardle, and Co., on the death of his brother, Jonas, and is one of our most extensive wholesale tea and sugar dealers: a most estimable citizen, quiet and unassuming in his manner, methodical in his business arrangements, ably seconded by his manager, Wm. Jeffares, an energetic and clever Wexford man, he has long since made himself all right, and having built a very elegant mansion at Rathfarnham, he has made himself all snug. His son, a smart young fellow, is training for succession. Paying all due attention to business, John Wardle takes the world easy, and a few years since, following Lord Carlisle's example, established a cricket club for his young friends and neighbours, and if he does not use the bat himself, he wears the cap and tunic, pays the rent, and distributes the prizes.

Henry Pattison married Adam Calvert's granddaughter, succeeded to the old establishment, rarely left his premises during business hours until he amassed a fortune, when he remodelled the old concern, which is now decidedly the most extensive wholesale establishment in the city. With all the modern improvements for extent and elegance, storage, yards, stabling, etc., there is nothing equal to it in remodelled London, E.C. Richard Clifford served his time to him: a handsome, active, clever fellow, thoroughly understanding his business, has been his manager for several years. Pattison resides in a handsome villa at Bray, is one of the handsome "Friends". A widower, in the prime of life, I cannot conceive how he escapes the witchery I allude to at the conclusion of this volume.

Patrick Bulfin served his time to the eminent firm of P. and P. Larkin, to whose trade he succeeded, which he increased tenfold. His firm, Bulfin and Fay, have long carried on a most extensive general wholesale trade.

Joseph Garrett, another handsome quaker, served his time to William Malone, and has for years carried on a lucrative and extensive wholesale trade. Some years since Henry Pattison rode a sleek black mare to a review at the Park, and in following the evolutions of the cavalry she became skittish, bolted, threw my friend Henry on the green sward, and broke his arm, which time and sympathy set all right. This mare is not as celebrated as Dick Turpin's, but her after history will be interesting.

Joe Garrett, in the same locality, ventured his stately person on the ice near the Zoological Gardens, his favourite dog following his example, in frisking about at the novelty of his position, bolted between Garrett's ex-

tended perambulators, tripped him up, and in the happy elysium of drowning, said to produce effects like opium, he commenced calculating the value he had given for his admission to the regions above. Some friendly drags disturbed his hallucination, restored him to the sod and the manipulation of the sample tea pots.

William Egan's new establishment, Capel Street, is extensive and well arranged, his trade very considerable, and ably managed by Hugh O'Donnell, president of the Grocers' Assistant Society, a most valuable fraternity, which he guides with tact and skill.

John Bebe was the first to introduce washing bottles by steam machinery; the mode is expeditious, cleanly, and most ingenious. Bebe bottles large quantities of Guinness's porter for home consumption, and I am informed his trade amounts to two thousand hogsheads of porter and ale in the year. He is a worthy, industrious, and enterprising fellow, and deserving of every success.

Bernard Kiernan is an example of the quiet, steady-going traders who mind their business and little else. After spending upwards of thirty years as a wholesale grocer, he has for some few years past resigned the management to his nephew, and with his niece takes an extended continental tour every season. Retired in his habits, wealthy by his own industry, he is respected by all who know him.

In connection with the trade the following statistics will be interesting. I fear there are some omissions, as I do not see Gilbey and Co. in the list:—

AMOUNT OF DUTY PAID ON WINE AT PORT OF DUBLIN.

Name of Firm.		1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.
		£	£	£	£
1	R. and J. Turbett, ...	6506	7470	7200	7423
2	J. and G. Campbell, ...	2198	2564	2987	3937
3	T. W. and J. Kelly ..	2815	3625	3397	3549
4	Wm. and P. Thompson, ...	2655	2906	2908	2996
5	J. M'Cullagh, Son, and Co.,	2464	2900	2455	2599
6	A. Findlater and Co., ...	1513	1635	1724	2523
7	Bewley and Draper, ..	1425	1531	1733	2175
8	Thompson, D'Olier, & Co.,	2066	2594	2405	2143
9	Kinahan and Sons, ...	1950	1982	1441	2047
10	Drake and M'Comas, ...	1073	1444	1975	2006
11	T. Bewley and Co., ...	..	...	2910	1965
12	H. Brennan, ...	2014	1994	2002	1912
13	G. F. Brooke and Son, ...	1441	1151	1808	1912
14	W. and J. Chambrê, ...	1065	1323	1123	1794
15	J. and J. Allingham, ..	2000	2026	1641	1786
16	Palgrave and Co., ...	660	905	1094	1750
17	F. Falkner, ...	1392	2056	1606	1688
18	B. M. Tabuteau, ...	1676	1807	1785	1687
19	Henry and Crawford, ...	2893	2374	2541	1672
20	George FitzGerald, ...	273	901	1080	1556
21	Bagots, Hutton, and Co.,	1348	1401	1221	1534
22	Bulfin and Fay, ...	828	1225	1677	1462
23	Andrews and Co., ...	790	1317	1131	1399
24	Fawcett and Co., ...	1309	1422	1245	1399
25	Marshall and Hinton, ...	683	946	776	1135
26	L. Heinekey, ...	875	1022	870	1067
27	R. Smyth and Sons, ...	843	1026	827	973
28	M. H. Chamberlain, ...	612	667	790	968
29	W. Mahalm and Co., ...	426	380	958	935
30	J. R. and J. T. Mallins, ...	262	604	817	927
31	J. Green and Co., ...	1504	993	521	916
32	A. Millar and Co., ...	820	878	919	899
33	J. Moore, ...	651	684	447	739
34	J. and C. Kennedy, ...	377	468	377	693
35	M. Rambaut and Sons, ...	...	681	751	683
36	Butler and Scott, ...	748	925	860	667
37	Campbell and Spinks, ...	599	698	535	665
38	Cockle and Ashley, ...	569	508	571	646



Name of Firm.		1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.
		£	£	£	£
39	Egan, Cottle, and Co., ...	429	469	571	646
40	Exham and Blackley, ...	310	1025	907	624
41	L. Malone, ...	...	210	194	594
42	R. J. Devitt, ...	227	342	390	532
43	W. Wight and Co., ...	394	518	327	518
44	P. and R. Hayes, ...	401	514	428	517
45	J. Bolger, ...	347	453	531	495
46	Waters, Brothers, ...	...	...	...	461
47	Casson and Sealy, ...	364	351	303	460
48	H. and V. O'Connor, ...	408	548	541	431
49	J. Murphy, ...	367	430	354	426
50	D. Litton and Harding, ...	321	348	484	418
51	Twigg, Hutton, and Brett, ...	1063	975	815	416
52	D. Black and Co., ...	409	479	348	415
53	J. Weir, ...	384	204	381	402
54	P. Redmond, ...	...	185	196	398
55	B. Ormsby, ...	132	315	284	394
56	P. S. Byrne, ...	365	330	411	393
57	C. Dennehy, ...	421	375	396	390
58	D. Moylan and Son, ...	192	248	381	389
59	J. Malone, ...	288	332	...	367
60	J. Morgan, ...	221	170	328	366
61	J. Begg and Co., ...	506	382	313	352
62	W. Russell and Co., ...	275	287	340	351
63	M. R. Keon, ...	...	..	...	305
64	V. O'B. O'Connor, ...	521	482	473	273
65	J. Roche and Co., ...	273	415	434	267
66	J. Flanagan, ...	...	...	...	249
67	J. Pillar, ...	110	151	...	240
68	W. Deaker, ...	...	...	...	238
69	G. Mitchell, ...	...	...	...	236
70	R. M. Johnston, ...	363	347	379	235
71	Jackson and Co., ...	127	154	...	231
72	W. Bolton and Co., ...	184	298	283	229
73	A. Fox and Co., ...	217	206	223	214
74	P. Gleeson, ...	...	...	...	203
75	W. Egan, ...	151	202	249	203
76	E. & J. Burke, ...	...	215	236	196
77	Plunkett and Dollard, ...	146	220	...	192

M. H. Chamberlain, twenty years in trade, has a very elegant and extensive establishment on Arran Quay; besides a large, tea, wine, whiskey, and family home trade, he bottles wines extensively in bond for export to military messes in India, the Cape, New Zealand, and China.

George Fitzgerald, Junr., about five years in trade, has recently removed to his new concerns, Brunswick Chambers, a very extensive and elegant establishment, the vaults are altogether free from foul air, damp, sawdust, mould, or cobwebs, which old traders imagined gave a piquancy to old Port; they are properly ventilated, lit with gas, and the temperature regulated with stoves and thermometers for Port wines. Sherries and other white wines in vats, butts, and hogsheads are stillioned in extensive distinct and cooler warehouses, carrying on a most extensive wine trade, shown by table of duties; he is also agent for Ind, Coope, and Co.'s Burton ales, Cassidy's whiskey, and several foreign houses, including Bellot et Foucaud of Cognac, who obtained the Dublin Exhibition prize medal, in 1865, for the purity of their brandy,

John Figgis, for many years head of the eminent firm of Figgis and Oldham, on the death of his partner, confined himself exclusively to the wholesale trade, in which he is assisted by his nephew, Thomas Gill Figgis, a smart, good humoured-looking, rosy faced Cupid, about fourteen stone weight, and thirty years of age. The family for more than fifty years has been amongst the most eminent in the city, and there is no man more respected than that mild, quiet-mannered, conscientious merchant, John Figgis.

Garret Byrne, cousin to the celebrated Mullinahack Prince, has for thirty years been an extensive rectifier and wholesale spirit dealer in Usher Street, and with his

interesting family resides in a very elegant villa in Mer-rion Avenue.

Morgan M. D'Arcy, brother to the late alderman, is an extensive hop agent in Cope Street, and from his connection possesses great influence with buyers. His hair is somewhat tinged, but in appearance and action he looks sound as a bell.

Christopher Langan has succeeded his father, my old friend and trade sponsor, John Langan, whose demise last year was greatly regretted. One of the most extensive wholesale whiskey dealers in the city. His manners were unaffected, his disposition kind and charitable, his business habits prompt and to the purpose, and his transactions of great extent without parade. His son, Christopher, has followed steadily his father's example, and attends much more closely to business than many would do if they had a similar amount of wealth.

Laurence Egan, just of age, has succeeded to his father's establishment a wholesale grocer; steady, attentive, and understanding his business, has very considerably increased the old trade.

Thomas G. White succeeded his father, Hugh, a celebrated vinegar manufacturer nearly twenty years since, and as a merchant and manufacturer has been deservedly popular. Born within sound of Saint Catherine's Bells, he can appreciate their chimes.

T. and W. Fayle are about the same period before the public as merchants and agents, and their firm is so united, that, like Cheerible Brothers, they are almost invariably seen together. Straightforward, honourable men of business, there is but one opinion respecting them.

James Vokes Mackey, Beresford Place, served his time to N. Anderson, the eminent tobacco merchant, and suc-

ceeded to his business, which he greatly extended. He is a highly esteemed, handsome, enterprising Limerick man, was nominated as lord mayor for 1868, but most shamefully treated by a clique in the corporation at the election following.

The Hibernian Buildings, Victoria Quay, a most extensive and elegantly arranged ladies' stay and crinoline manufactory, built by James Crotty, in which about fifteen hundred girls are employed, is a credit to his industry and enterprise. The crinoline making appears to have been abandoned, and stay making increased in proportion, from a sudden whim of fashion. Alderman James Crotty is the most extensive manufacturer in the three kingdoms, and exports to all parts of the world.

I have written my sketches of commercial men and others without any reference to order or their knowledge, and many will be surprised on reading my pencillings. I have been obliged to crush out some dozens of professional men and traders, notices of whom will appear in the second volume.

I cannot, however, close this volume without alluding to the shameful manner in which M'Anaspie has been treated by the corporation and the O'Connell Statue Committee. The former employed him to asphalte part of the footway between Shaw Street and Brunswick Street, which he performed in a very superior manner. On this sample pattern being finished, the credit was given to a corporation officer and his assistants! and the subsequent contract was given to London speculators, whose performance, consisting of boiled gas tar poured over gravel, after remaining for about a week, fearing the approaching sunny weather would cause passengers being placed under

false arrest by adhering to the sticky material, leaving the corporation open to various actions for damages, the stuff was as hastily rooted up as it was placed, and the vacuum filled with gravel!

The Statue Selection Committee, after feasting their eyes on M'Anaspie's noble designs for months in the City Hall, passed them and others over without notice or prizes, and gave the "job" to that eminent artist Foley, whose model is copied from M'Anaspie's grand column design, with the addition of wings to the four figures at the base! I here repeat the following extract from my lines on the death of Collier:

FALSE CRITICS—chosen umpires of the doom  
Of Erin's genius—chased it to the tomb.

My personal narrative will be continued in the second volume, as also sketches of professional men and many traders in almost every branch of business in the city and townships; the strange scenes through which I passed; travels in England, Wales, and Ireland; imprisonment in Newgate, Belfast, and Kilmainham, in 1848; scenes in London in 1866; failures; prostration of trade; London brokers; Mincing Lane sale-rooms; sketches of modern London; and innumerable others will be found highly interesting.

THOUGH LAST, MOST DECIDEDLY NOT LEAST—BEWITCHING  
"FRIENDS"—EUSTACE STREET MEETING HOUSE.

It would be very ungallant and ungenerous of me, if, in writing of Quakers and selecting handsome men from amongst them, to omit special reference to that interesting portion without whom the sect would become extinct. A really wonderful change has come over the spirit of the women in their apparel, and, as a natural



consequence, in their appearance, manners, external life, and intellectual development, the result of disenthralment from a style of dress as stiff and as quaint as the coats of mail exhibited in the Tower of London, in which knights of ancient days enshrouded their persons and their courage from the shafts of maiden's eyes at tournaments as from the lances of their opponents, and which if used in the present day, would set little boys and cur dogs snarling at the wearer.

The old witch of Endor bonnet, like a coal scuttle, gave place nearly twenty years past, excepting with a few antiquated dames residing in the Quaker's alms house, to whom the cast-aways were presented; then came the stiff paste-board covered with drab silk, and shaped like Henry O'Neill's sugar scoop, and finally changing and becoming beautifully less until the chignon was adopted by lively and independent minded lasses, and with it that love of a head-piece worn by Dublin, Lancashire, Parisian, London, and ubiquitous witches, which, like the transparent wing of a gossamer, leaves no reserved corner for the exercise of imagination. Once make an innovation, and old, obstructive, useless boundaries are swept away. The starched-up drab dress followed suit, and the strong ungainly shoes were kicked away and sent to the depot after the Endor visors. Oh, what a change! Reader, were you ever at a modern May meeting? You would imagine Cinderella's friendly fairy had used her wand, and one of my sex, and a bachelor, you would, as a penalty, if imposed on you as an aspiring Neophyte, consent to wear the polento-shaped hat worn by Samuel Bewley the elder, before being planted in his rotatory grave in Cork Street, and his coat, which would now be unique, together with Adam Calvert's iron-gray breeches

and yellow top boots, provided you had the privilege of sitting on the "opposition" benches, and moving your spirit whilst playing with your thumbs, in the direction of lovely and lively, sensible, well-educated maidens who crowd their side of the hall and galleries. I know, and could name many of them, but it might appear invidious, and I am not called on to enact a modern "judgment of Paris". So, my young friend, in anticipation of emerging from the "chrysolete" state, and obtaining a diploma from Samuel Bewley, Henry O'Neill, and Henry Russell, that you belong to the order, when, of course, you will be privileged to make advances, commit those lines to memory and learn to warble them:

"Whilst the lads of the village so merrily, ah!  
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along,  
And I say unto thee, that, verily, ah!  
Thou and I shall be first in the throng, in the throng,  
Thou and I shall be first in the throng".

Having the arduous duty to perform of correcting proofs of my second volume, I here close my first, and, gentle readers, hoping your perusal will nont end in disappointment, I here respectfully take my leave.

WALTER THOMAS MEYLER.

END OF VOL. I.











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WALTER THOMAS MEYLER, M.R.D.S.

“ I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me, while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earned.  
No ! dear as Freedom is, and in my heart's  
First estimation prized above all price,  
I had much rather be myself the slave  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.”

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